

HINTS ON LANDSCAPE
GARDENING

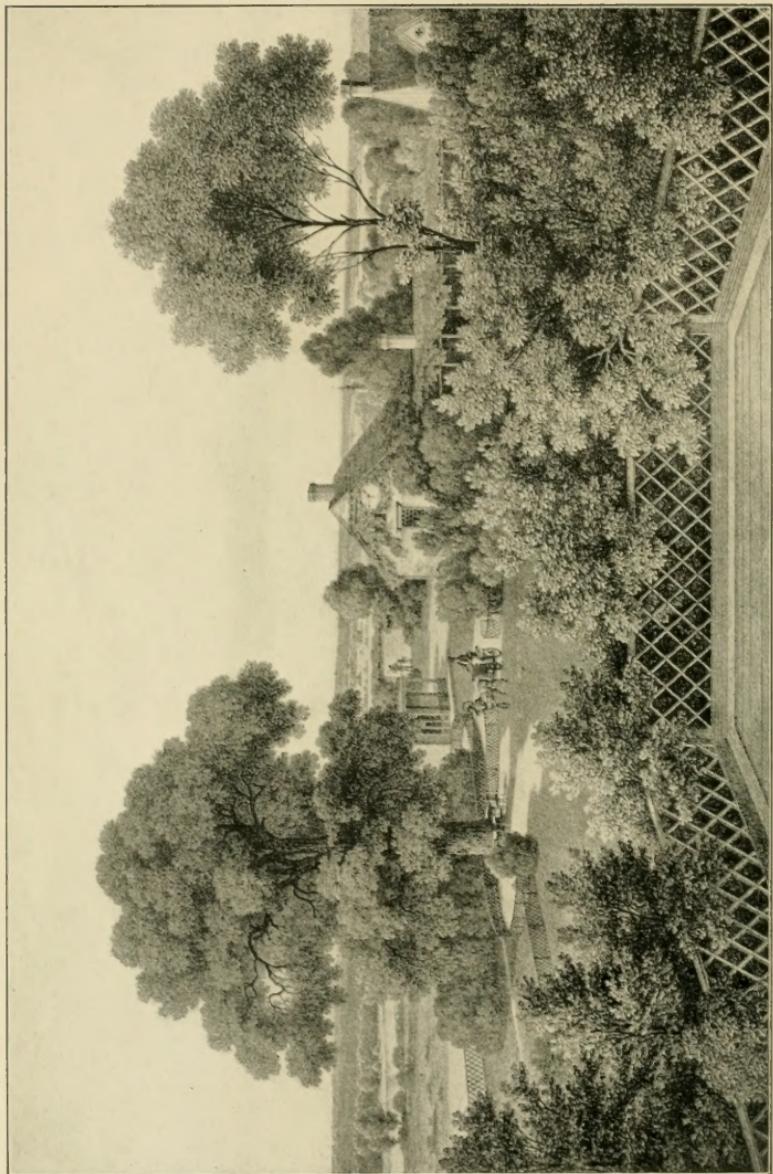


PLATE XXVII. Cottages in the Park of Muskau with the Village of Köbeln beyond (page 165)

Hints on LANDSCAPE GARDENING

By
Germann Ludwig von Pückler-Muskau
Prince von Pückler-Muskau

Translated by BERNHARD SICKERT
and Edited by SAMUEL PARSONS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS



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Note

THIS volume, which furnishes a natural sequence to *The Art of Landscape Gardening*, by Humphrey Repton, is the second of a series of authoritative books to be published by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company. The series was undertaken at the suggestion and with the coöperation of the American Society of Landscape Architects, and the writer has been asked to serve as general editor.

Hermann Ludwig Heinrich von Pückler-Muskau was the son of a Count, a Privy Councillor of the King of Saxony. He married a lady of rank, the daughter of the Prince Hardenburg, State Chancellor, and one of the great statesmen of the age. Born in 1785 in a palace of the old town of Muskau in Silesia, about a hundred miles from Berlin, he died, full of honors, in 1871. He occupied during his long career many positions of importance in civil and military affairs, and traveled widely over the world everywhere, including a visit to the United States and years of residence in England, a country he loved.

His contribution to the art of landscape architecture is large and permanent. It expresses itself in his interesting published letters from England, entitled *The Letters of a German Prince*, in his discussion of the underlying principles of land-

NOTE

scape gardening, and, finally, in the development of the great estate of Muskau, to which he gave years of personal attention. His letters from England, which were published at the time not only in German, but also in English and in French, give most valuable and discriminating criticism of landscape art, with descriptions of natural and artificial scenery. He refers in these letters to a great range of places, including Oxford, Kenilworth Castle, Tintern Abbey, Regent's Park, London, Eaton Hall, Warwick Castle, Blenheim, and Buckingham Palace. Better than anything else they give evidence of his understanding of the art of landscape architecture during one of its most fruitful periods. Goethe wrote at the time that Prince Pückler's letters were a pattern in all that relates to landscape gardening, and "belong," he adds, "to the highest class of literature."

In his writings Prince Pückler not only gives vivid concrete pictures of the great English estates, he also points out repeatedly the fundamental principles of the art of landscape gardening which they illustrate, and on which their convenience, beauty, and perfection depend.

The great work of art, however, to which this talented gentleman and greatest of amateur landscape gardeners gave the best years of his life was the development of his estate at Muskau. It comprises a beautiful valley, with irregular rising land skirting the river levels, hills supplying the frame for his picture. He treated this private park

NOTE

with variety and breadth, and secured a splendid unity of effect. In the words of the late Charles Eliot, who visited the estate in 1886 to study it as one of the world's most notable examples of landscape architecture, Pückler evolved "from out of the confused natural situation a composition in which all that was fundamentally characteristic of the scenery, the history and industry of his estate should be harmoniously united. . . . He would not force upon his native landscape any foreign type of beauty; on the contrary, his aim was the transfiguration, the idealization of such beauty as was indigenous." Mr. Samuel Parsons, the editor of the present volume, refers to Prince Pückler's *Hints on Muskau's development* as "so fundamental and comprehensive that it would be difficult to find anything better of its kind in landscape gardening literature."

Fürst von Pückler-Muskau was not only one of the best interpreters of the landscape art of his time, he was also a prophet of city-planning. More than a hundred years ago he dwelt upon the necessity for natural and picturesque beauty in great cities, giving as an example the open parks and irregular streets of London.

The plates and other illustrations are a notable part of this volume. They include not only all the more important original plates and reproductions of plans of the Muskau Estate before and after the improvements of Prince Pückler, but also examples of many of the great English country places which are referred to by the au-

NOTE

thor. The text and illustrations combined make a unique contribution to the limited literature of permanent value dealing with the art of landscape gardening.

JOHN NOLEN

CAMBRIDGE *June 4 1917*

Contents

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION	xi
AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION	I
PART FIRST: HINTS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING	

Errata

Page 46, line 11 from bottom: For Table I read Plate I.

Page 126, line 2: For Plate XI read Plate A.

Page 133, line 5 from bottom of text: For Theorius read Theoricus.

Page 154, line 11 from bottom: For Table XVI read Plate XVI.

Page 159, line 12: For in the water, and (Plate XX) read in the water (Plate XX), and.

Page 165, line 5: For Kobeln read Köbeln.

Page 179, lines 11 and 12: For finished on the map read as it will appear when completed.

—

PART SECOND: DESCRIPTION OF THE PARK IN MUSKAU AND ITS ORIGIN	III
INDEX	193

Illustrations

(The numbered plates are reproduced from the *Atlas* which accompanied the original edition of the *Andeutungen über Landschaftsgärtnerie*, by Prince von Pückler-Muskau. Some of the original plates are omitted as of less interest and importance than those reproduced, but Prince Pückler's references to all the plates are retained in the text for the sake of completeness.)

PLATE XXVII. COTTAGES IN THE PARK OF
MUSKAU WITH THE VILLAGE OF KÖBELN BE-
YOND Frontispiece ✓

HERMANN HEINRICH LUDWIG, PRINCE VON
PÜCKLER-MUSKAU x ✓

From the woodcut frontispiece in E. Petzold's *Fürst
Hermann v. Pückler-Muskau*, Leipzig, 1874.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD: THE GRAVEL
WALK FROM THE WEST IN 1847 xiv ✓

From a drawing by F. Mackenzie reproduced in *The
Old Colleges of Oxford*, by Aymer Vallance, London,
1912.

KENILWORTH CASTLE xviii ✓

From an Engraving by William Radclyffe after a draw-
ing by J. V. Barber, in *Kenilworth Illustrated*, Chis-
wick, 1821.

TINTERN ABBEY xxii ✓

From *The Ruined Abbeys of Britain*, by Frederick Ross.

EATON HALL xxvi ✓

From an old print reproduced in *English Houses and
Gardens in the XVIth and XVIIIth Centuries*, by
Mervyn Macartney, London, 1908.

BLENHEIM CASTLE: EAST FAÇADE AND FORMAL GARDEN

xxx ✓

From *Country Residences in Europe and America*, by Louis Valcoulon Le Moyne, New York, 1908.

VIEW OF THE LAKE AT BLENHEIM

xxxiv ✓

From *Country Residences in Europe and America*, by Louis Valcoulon Le Moyne.

HADDON HALL AND THE RIVER DERWENT

4 ✓

From *Country Residences in Europe and America*, by Louis Valcoulon Le Moyne.PLATE I, *a* and *b*. GRASS PATHS FOR BOUNDARY OF PARK

28 ✓

GOETHE'S GARDEN HOUSE AT WEIMAR

32 ✓

Redrawn from an illustration in E. Petzold's *Landschafts-Gärtnerei*.

WARWICK CASTLE

36 ✓

From an engraving by J. C. Varrall after a drawing by John Preston Neale, in Neale's *Views of the Seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland*, London, 1818-29.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VERSAILLES

44 ✓

From *Country Residences in Europe and America*, by Louis Valcoulon Le Moyne.

PLATE II. VIEW FROM THE FRONT OF THE CASTLE AT MUSKAU, SHOWING EFFECT OF THE REMOVAL OF ABOUT TWENTY LARGE TREES

60 ✓

A VISTA IN THE PARK OF MUSKAU

64 ✓

From a photograph by Thomas W. Sears.

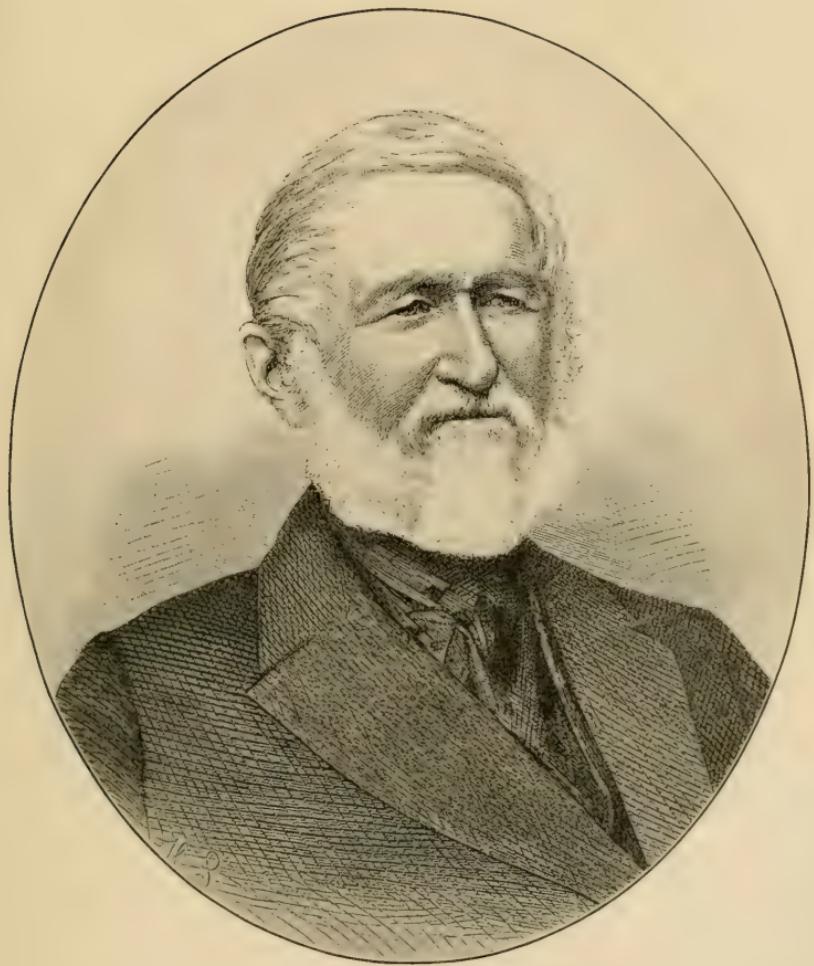
WINDSOR CASTLE

70 ✓

From a mezzotint by T. Sutherland in *The History of the Royal Residences of Windsor Castle*, by W. H. Pyne, London, 1819.

PLATE IV, <i>e.</i> BORDER PLANTATIONS IN THE OLD STYLE	72 ✓
<i>f.</i> BORDER PLANTATIONS AFTER NASH'S METHOD	72 ✓
PLATE XLIII. A DIAGRAM SHOWING ARRANGE- MENT OF SHRUBS AND HERBACEOUS PLANTS	76 ✓
PLATE V. ARRANGEMENTS OF ROADS AND PATHS	82 ✓
PLATE VI. DIAGRAMS SHOWING ARRANGEMENTS OF RIVERS, LAKES, AND ISLANDS	92 ✓
PLATE VII. A DIAGRAM SHOWING DIFFERENT ARRANGEMENTS OF ISLANDS	98 ✓
PLATE VIII. AN ARTIFICIAL WATERFALL WITH ROCK DAM	100 ✓
TWO VIEWS OF THE CASTLE AND MOAT AT MUSKAU	132 *
From photographs by Thomas W. Sears.	
PLATE XV. VIEW OF THE CASTLE, SHOWING STEPS WITH ORANGE TREES AND THE OLD CASTLE	152 ✓
A VIEW OF THE RIVER AS ARRANGED AND IM- PROVED BY PRINCE PÜCKLER IN HIS PARK AT MUSKAU	152 ✓
Redrawn from an old print.	
A ROUGH STONE BRIDGE IN THE PARK OF MUSKAU	156 ✓
From a photograph by Thomas W. Sears.	
PLATE XVIII. VIEW OF MEADOW, TREES, RIVER, AND HILLS	158 ✓
PLATE XIX. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CASTLE AND LAWN	158 ✓

PLATE XX. VIEW OF OLD AND NEW CASTLES AND LAKE LUCIE	160
PLATE XXI. THE PHEASANTRY, WITH THE POST- BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER BEYOND	160
PLATE XXIV. THE "PRINCE" BRIDGE OVER A RAVINE	162
PLATE XXV. BRIDGE MADE OF OAK BRANCHES	164
PLATE XXVI. ENGLISH COTTAGE IN THE PARK	166
PLATE XXVIII. PROPOSED CEMETERY CHAPEL	168
PLATE XXX. RIVER AND MILL	174
PLATE XXXIX. THE GOBELIN COLONY: COT- TAGES OF THE GARDEN LABORERS	184
PLATE XL. VIEW FROM THE WUSSINA DEER PARK, MUSKAU	186
PLATE XLI. SPRUCE TREE ONE HUNDRED FEET HIGH	188
PLATE XLII. OAK EIGHTY-FIVE FEET HIGH	188
PLATE XLIV. COTTAGE NEAR THE HUNTING CASTLE	190
PLAN A. THE GROUNDS OF MUSKAU BEFORE THE IMPROVEMENTS WERE BEGUN	<i>In Pocket</i>
PLAN B. THE PARK OF MUSKAU WITH THE IM- PROVEMENTS MADE OR PROJECTED BY PRINCE PÜCKLER	<i>In Pocket</i>



Hermann Heinrich Ludwig, Prince von Pückler-Muskau

Editor's Introduction

HERMANN LUDWIG HEINRICH, Prince von Pückler-Muskau, stood in the first rank of landscape gardeners in his day and generation, largely because of the time and place in which the stage for his career was set. His endowments were remarkable, but his opportunities were unique. He was the son of an ancient house in Silesia, or Lusatia, as it was formerly called, whose authority on the great ancestral estates was supreme. Tradition and aristocratic power gave the prestige of the house a peculiar value. The despotic power of the highly placed land-owners of Germany had not as yet changed in spirit from that of the eighteenth century. In the world of thought there had been an awakening. Goethe reigned in literature without a rival in Europe and Schiller was a poetical inspiration for all Germany.

Pückler, the son of a Count and Privy Counselor of the King of Saxony, was born in the palace of his race in Muskau, a town older than the Roman occupation, where his forbears had ruled for a thousand years. In 1785, the year of his birth, the French Revolution was not as yet. New ideas, however, were in the air, and Voltaire and Rousseau had succeeded in profoundly modifying the spirit of the age. Yet the

age still retained much of the time of Mme. de Sévigné, a century before, when her letters were circulated in the salons of the châteaux of France, letters that forgot even to mention the fact that outside of the windows, in near-by fields, soldiers were slaughtering starving peasants, their countrymen.

Pückler, the boy, spent four years when he was seven with the Moravians in their Herrnhut School at Uhyst, in the Pedagogium at Halle, and then, after studying with a tutor for some years, he entered the University of Leipsic in 1800. Here, he took a general course, specializing in law. Soon, however, he gave up law and chose a military career as better suited to his enterprising spirit. He came to excel in physical accomplishments and was a daring and skillful horseman. Tales of a combat come to us, where he, a champion, met and vanquished a French rival, in the presence and amid the plaudits of the assembled armies of both sides. These and other stories serve to indicate to us his reckless daring and energy. Later, Pückler proved himself a skillful and experienced officer at Antwerp under Bülow. Afterwards, under Geismar, he was at the assault and taking of Cassel, where he helped to capture several cannon. He received many decorations for brilliant services and was made a colonel. Later, he raised a regiment of chasseurs and afterwards commanded at Bruges as civil and military governor. In 1814, when the Allied Armies entered Paris, he was sent by

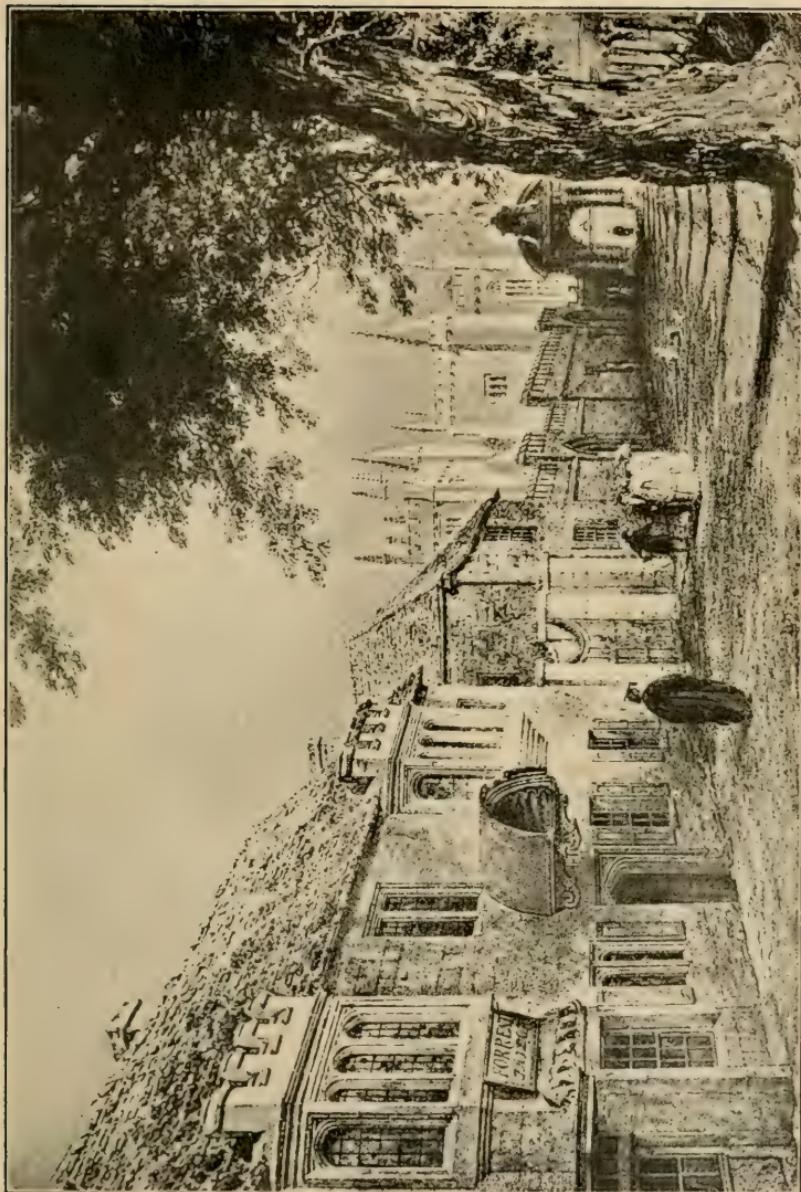
the Duke of Saxe-Weimar as special ambassador to the Emperor Alexander. Soon after this he visited England a second time, spending a year in that country.

During the years from 1816 to 1822 Pückler occupied himself with many things. He traveled everywhere — on the European Continent; in Africa, in Algeria, and Egypt and other places; in Asia and America, making notes as he traveled and afterwards writing books. His adventures even took the form of ascending in a balloon with a celebrated aeronaut, a great feat in those days. During this period came the death of his father with whom he seems to have lived on good terms except for the usual disagreements which extravagant sons have with most fathers. Doubtless, he was many times during his travels so short of funds as to be almost in dire want, but having been bred a soldier and being of a high, free spirit it is not likely that any shortage of funds seriously troubled him.

He finally married a lady of rank, the Countess Pappenheim, widow of the Count of the same name and daughter of the Prince Hardenburg, State Chancellor and one of the great statesmen of the age. We find Pückler at this period of his career enjoying much society in the gay, as well as in the diplomatic, world. In 1818, for instance, he accompanied his wife and father-in-law to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. Later he was offered an ambassadorship to Constantinople and other high state employments. He,

however, refused them all, and sought his very considerable estates inherited from his father. In the course of the settlement of certain boundary and feudal rights, the Prussian Government decided to give Pückler the title of Prince and a considerable sum of money.

For the better part of ten years he devoted himself to carrying out his great plans for his estates, even importing American trees for which he had conceived an admiration during a visit he had paid to the United States. Eventually, however, he found his funds so much exhausted that about 1828 he bethought himself of making a journey again to England with an idea of bettering his fortunes in some mysterious, whimsical way, but chiefly, it may be surmised, because he loved England and travel. During this trip in 1828 his travels extended over England and Ireland, and resulted in the instructive and witty letters afterward published in Stuttgart under the name of *Briefe eines Gestorben* ("Letters of a Deceased Person"). They were translated into English under the name *Tour of a German Prince, etc., etc.* These letters became celebrated, indeed so much so that Goethe wrote at the time in the *Berliner Buch* that Pückler's letters had been long a pattern in all that relates to landscape gardening. Goethe says, these letters "belong to the highest class of literature." As literature they certainly take high rank both for their fine and true conception of landscape gardening principles and for their descriptions of scenery.



Magdalen College, Oxford
The Gravel Walk from the West in 1847

They possessed, moreover, a charm and wit that recalled the touch of the incomparable letter-writers of the eighteenth century: a century of which Prince Pückler was a product in certain singular ways; truly a *grand seigneur* with all his large and modern ideas; a soldier, a patriot, a philosopher, and a humanitarian; verily a landscape gardener of a most unique type! He came back to Germany from England no richer except in literary fame. From that time the major part of his attention was given to the development of his estates and to the elaboration of his notes and maps which later he published in the form of the present book.

Traveling he naturally could not forego, and his advice, moreover, was sought from time to time for the improvement of great estates throughout Europe from the Royal Park at Babelsburgh, near Potsdam, to the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. In 1845 he had largely developed his estates at Muskau, as may be seen to-day, but he had likewise so completely exhausted his means that he was at last forced to sell his beloved ancestral home to Frederick of the Netherlands and retire to Braunitz, a smaller estate at some distance away. It is said that so bitter was his disappointment at leaving Muskau, that although he lived more than thirty years afterward he never again visited his old home. During these thirty years he continued to improve Braunitz, to write, and to travel, and to take part in most of the great events of the day. In 1863 he was made a member of

the Prussian House of Lords (Herrenhaus), and in 1866, when eighty-one years old, he attended the Prussian General Staff in the war with Austria. In 1871 he died full of honors, and with the consciousness, in spite of many failures and poignant disappointments, of having made for himself a great career. The reason for thus dwelling at length on the career of Prince Pückler is because it goes far to explain why he became exactly the sort of landscape architect he was. Yet it was not, altogether, the character of his ancestors, his environment, nor his upbringing that accounted for Prince Pückler. He had, fortunately for him, just the background and stage-setting that would enable him to grace the part that circumstances and personal taste called on him to fill: but there was a certain fire of genius in the man Pückler that was *sui generis*, something of his very own. Like all geniuses he was of his age, and yet not of his age. No other landscape architect ever resembled him, or perhaps equaled him, if his accomplishments and work are duly weighed. He was born and brought up, it must be remembered, in the eighteenth century, imbibed its charm in his early days and kept all his life in his words and bearing something of its savor. He could not help being, as shown by his letters, a delightful companion and the old-time gentleman. As the years passed, however, and he breathed the air of the new century, he naturally became inspired by its humanitarian ideas and its broader vision. He could not help belonging

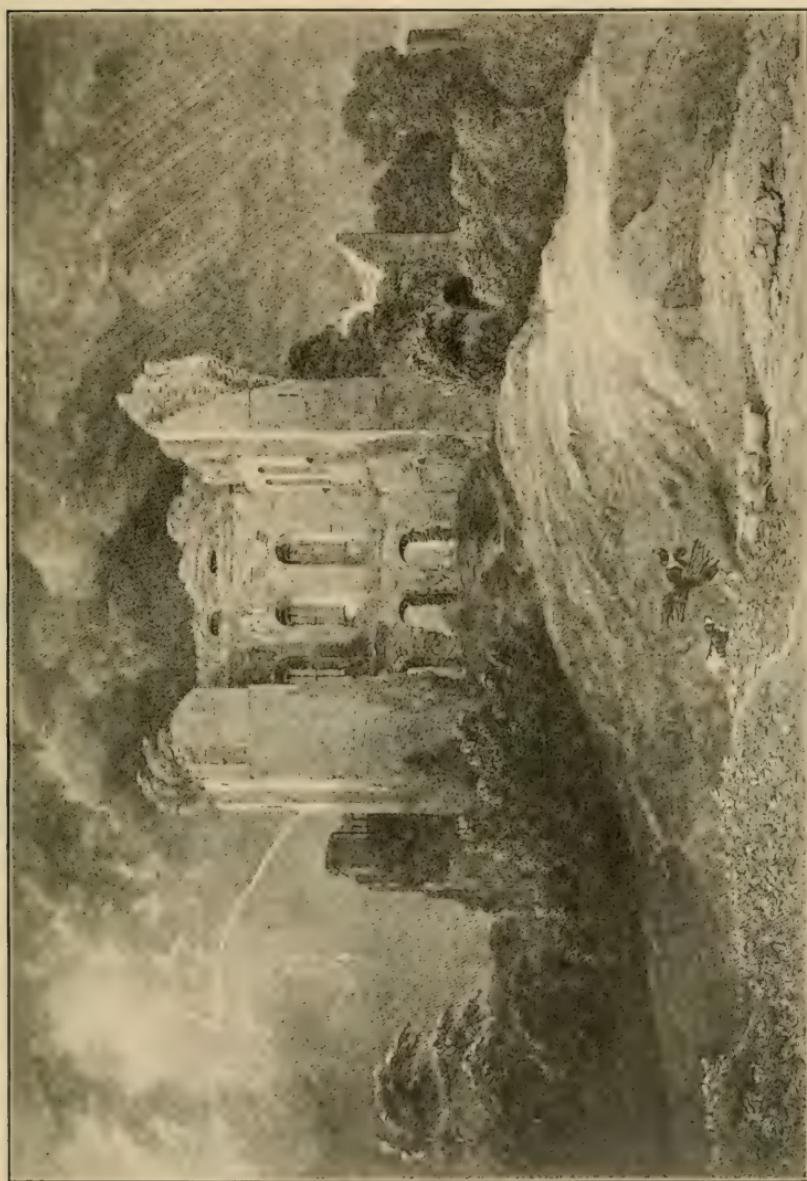
to the romantic school. It was in his blood: it developed in his philosophy and in his art and kindled into vivid life whatever he said, wrote, and did. All his wild adventures and strange visions and dreams, his love of Nature, his vague, humanitarian schemes, even his somewhat high-flown sentiments, expressed on all sorts of topics, mark him as a type of the romantic artist. He could, however, paint life with a broad and flowing brush and at the same time with a simplicity that explained perhaps why he was so keen and appreciative an admirer of Mme. de Sévigné, little as she had in common with the romantic school. For simplicity as well as romantic fervor what can be better than the following passage found in one of his letters where he speaks of a lovely lady dwelling obscurely in poverty in a remote part of Ireland:—

I wish I could describe this sweet and lovely being to you in such a manner as to place her visibly before you, certain that you, like me, would love her at first glance. But I feel that all description falls short. All about her is heart and soul. She was dressed in black with greatest simplicity, her dress was up to the neck but fitting close to her beautiful form. Her person is slender and extremely youthful, full of gentle grace, and not without animation and fire in her movements. Her complexion is of a pure clear brown and has the soft polish of marble. More beautiful and brilliant black eyes, or teeth of more dazzling whiteness I have never beheld. Her mouth, too, with the angelic, childlike character of her smile, is enchanting. Her refined, unaffected good breeding, the sportive grace of her gay and witty conversation were of that rare sort which are innate, and

must therefore please, whether in Paris or Pekin, in town or country. The greatest experience of society could not give more ease and address, and no girl of fifteen could blush more sweetly or jest more joyously, and yet her life had been the most simple and uniform, and her youth was rather the unfading youth of the soul than that of the body, for she was the mother of four children, nearly thirty, and just recovered from an attack of the lungs which had threatened to prove fatal. But the fire of all her movements, the lightning flashes of her conversation, had all the freshness and all the charm of youth, giving a resistless loveliness to the gentleness of her nature.

Here is, doubtless, a somewhat exaggerated picture of his imagination. An attractive woman there was, but not just such a woman as he depicts her. Inspired, possibly, by some stray memory of Byron's verses which he greatly admired, in any case, transfusing a homely incident of his travels with the glow of his imagination, he simply did what he was always doing with his landscape architecture, and often afterwards in other ways in the changeful phases of his varied life.

Pückler's career in England was quite typical of the man; going to that country to recuperate his fortunes in some mysterious way, he traveled like a *grand seigneur* in the most expensive manner; then, when funds were short or carriage lacking, on horseback or even on foot. His literary imagination found vent at this time in letters to his divorced wife, and, strange to say, then and afterwards his beloved companion and



Kenilworth Castle

confidante. These letters are truly models of epistolary genius. Their descriptions of scenery are especially fine, and one needs, fully to realize the greatness of his literary power, to comprehend Pückler's peculiar value as a landscape architect. Here is one of his descriptions: —

On two sides the eye wanders over an almost immeasurable plain, on the other, lies Loch Corrib, a lake, thirty miles in length, behind which are the mountains of Clare and in still remoter distance the romantic ridge of Connemara. The lake just at the middle bends inland like a river, and its waters gradually lose themselves between the lofty mountains which seem to form a gateway for their entrance. Just at this point the sunset: and Nature which often rewards my love for her, displayed one of her most wondrous spectacles. Black clouds hung over the mountains and the whole heavens were overcast; only just at this point, the sun looked out from beneath the dusky veil and issued a stream of light which filled the whole ravine with a sort of unearthly splendor. The lake glittered beneath it like molten brass, while the mountains had a transparent steel-blue luster like the gleam of diamonds. Single streaks of rose-colored cloud passed slowly across the illuminated picture over the mountains; while on both sides of the opened heavens distant rain fell in torrents, and formed a curtain which shut out every glimpse of the remaining world. Such is the magnificence which Nature has reserved for herself alone, and which even Claude's pencil could never imitate.

These lines purport to give simply a description of Nature, but at the very end Pückler cannot help writing as a landscape architect, which is primarily his true vocation.

There are many fine descriptions of Nature in the letters of Pückler, and it might be well to quote one more as a further illustration of the distinction of his purely literary work:—

Turn your imagination to a spot of ground so commandingly placed that from its highest point you can let your eye wander over fifteen counties. Three sides of this vast panorama rise and fall in constant change of hill and dale like the waves of an agitated sea, and are bounded at the horizon by a strangely formed jagged outline of the Welsh Mountains, which at either end ascend to a fertile plain, shaded by thousands of lofty trees, and in the obscure distance, where it blends with the sky, is edged with a white misty line—the ocean.

The peculiarity of such a description is not only its eloquence and poetical expression, but its real value lies in its landscape conception. Probably no other man of Pückler's time could have brought together, in a single picture, just the right elements, and grouped them in such a way as to set before one a great landscape scene in so fine a manner. It is a case, as may be seen over and over again in reading Pückler's letters, of a landscape architect developing a great landscape and transfusing it with the vivifying glow of his own trained imagination. In other words, Pückler knew just what to select from the landscape to present its truest and most valuable character.

Prince Pückler was, however, a good deal more than a lover of Nature in her higher moods and a skillful artist in creating effects akin to

Nature's best efforts: he was a great gentleman with forbears of a thousand years; he was a soldier and an economist devoted to the interests of his peasant laborers and German countrymen. Hardly ever had the interests of one man extended so widely; certainly those of no landscape architect. To show the diversity of his interests I will quote a passage about Oxford:—

I have walked over Oxford and I cannot express with what intense delight I wandered from cloister to cloister, and refreshed myself in this living spring of antiquity. There is a magnificent avenue of elms which like the buildings date from the year 1520. From this queen of avenues in which not a single tree was wanting, and which leads through a meadow to the river, you see on one side a charming landscape, and on the other a part of the city with five or six of the most beautiful Gothic towers—ever a noble view, but to-day rendered almost like a piece of fairy enchantment; the sky was overcast, the wind drove the black, fantastic clouds like a herd of wild beasts across it: at length the most beautiful rainbow vaulting from one tower and descending on another, spanned the whole city.

Read this weird and soul-stirring description of Kenilworth Castle:—

The day was gloomy, black clouds rolled across the heavens, and occasionally a yellow, tawny light broke from between them, the wind whistled from among the ivy, and piped shrilly through the vacant windows. Now and then a stone loosened itself from the crumbling buildings and rolled clattering down the outer wall. Not a human being was to be seen; all was soli-

tary and awful; a gloomy but sublime memorial of destruction.

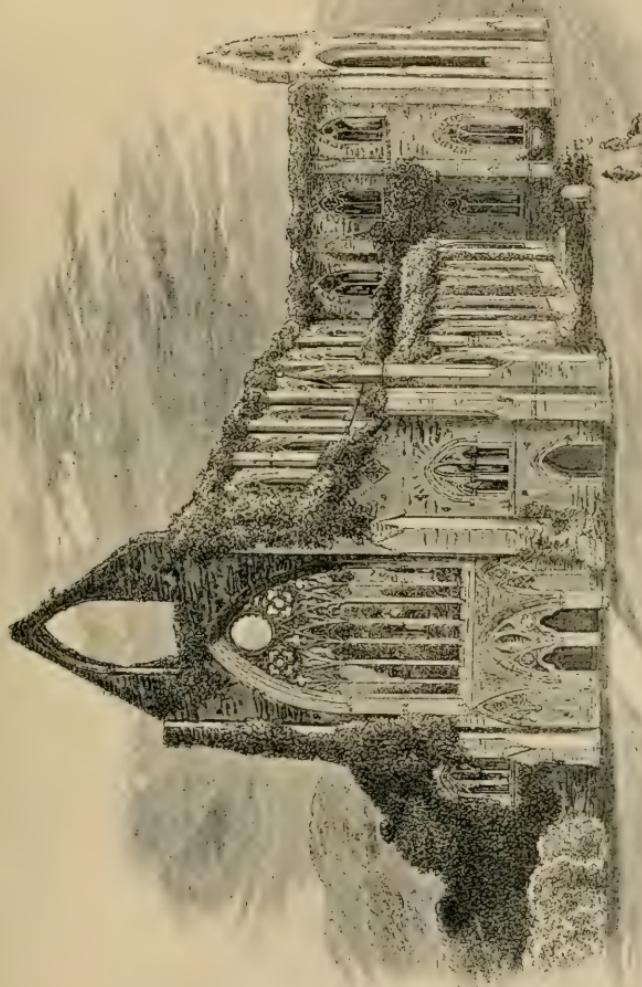
There is more than the suggestion of mysticism in this passage, but here is the real thing:—

I entreat you [he writes to a dear friend], be with me at least in thought, and let our spirits journey together over sea and land and look down from the summit of mountains and enjoy the sweet repose of valleys, for I doubt not that spirits, in forms as infinitely various as infinity itself is boundless, rejoice throughout all worlds in the beauty of God's magnificent creation.

A mystic Pückler always was and always remained. He was always dreaming and seeing visions. There was a touch of madness in some of his strange fancies. The reader of his book will remember the lake he designed which was to rear above the surface of its waters funereal memorials; i.e., rocks inscribed with names intended to commemorate his ancestors interspersed and surrounded by weeping willows.

For magnificence of description and grandeur of outlook, all transfused with the magic of his imagination, it would be hard to find anything better of its kind than the following description of Warwick Castle which, on account of its length, is given only in part:—

Let your fancy conjure up a space about twice as large as the Colosseum at Rome, and let it transport you into a forest of romantic luxuriance. You now overlook the large court surrounded by mossy trees and large buildings, which, though of every variety of form, combine to create one sublime and connected



Tintern Abbey

whole, whose lines now shooting upward, now falling off into the blue air with the continually changing beauty of the green earth beneath, produce, not symmetry indeed, but the higher harmony elsewhere proper to Nature's work alone. The first glance at your feet rests on a broad, simple carpet of turf around which a softly winding gravel walk leads to the entrance and exit of the gigantic edifice. Look backward and your eye rests on the two black towers of which the oldest, called Guy's Tower, rears its head aloft in solitary threatening majesty high above all the surrounding foliage, and looks as if cast in one mass of solid iron; the other built by Beauchamp is half hidden by a pine and chestnut, the noble growth of centuries. Broad-leaved ivy and vines climb along the walls, here twining around the tower, there shooting to its very summit. On your left lies the inhabited part of the Castle and the chapel ornamented with many lofty windows of various size and form, while the opposite side of the vast quadrangle, almost entirely without windows, presents only a mighty mass of embattled stone, broken by a few larches of colossal height, and huge arbutuses which have grown to a surprising size in the shelter they have long enjoyed. But the sublimest spectacle yet awaits you. On the fourth side, the ground, which has sunk into a low, bushy basin forming the court, and with the buildings also descending for a considerable space, rises again in the form of a steep, conical hill along the sides of which climbs the rugged walls of the castle. This hill and the keep which crowns it are thickly overgrown at the top with underwood, which only creeps round the foot of the tower and walls. Behind it, however, rise gigantic venerable trees towering above all the rocklike structure. Their bare stems seem to float in midair, while at the very summit of the building rises a daring bridge, set, as it were, on either side with trees, and as the clouds drift across the blue sky, the broadest, most brilliant masses of light

break magically from under the towering arch and the dark crown of trees.

Prince Pückler's description of Tintern Abbey — Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey — should not be passed by: it is so fine: —

It would be difficult to imagine a more favorable situation or a more sublime ruin. The entrance to it seems as if contrived by the hand of some skillful scene painter to produce the most striking effect. The church, which is large, is still almost perfect; the roof alone and some of the pillars are wanting. The ruins have received just that degree of care which is consistent with the full preservation of their character. All unpicturesque rubbish that would obstruct the view is removed without any attempt at repair or embellishment. A beautiful smooth turf covers the ground and luxuriant creeping plants grow amid the stones. The fallen ornaments are laid in a picturesque confusion and a perfect avenue of thick ivy stems climb up the pillars and form a roof over head. The better to secure the ruin, a new gate of antique workmanship is put up. When this is suddenly opened the effect is striking and surprising. You, at once, look down the avenue of ivy clad pillars and see the grand perspective lines closed at the distance of three hundred feet by a magnificent window eighty feet high and thirty feet broad: through its intricate and beautiful tracery you see a wooded mountain from whose sides project abrupt masses of rock.

When it comes to landscape gardening criticism, we find all through his letters passages that abundantly prove that his mind was continually occupied in studying his art wherever he traveled. Here is a bit on city planning and the landscape connected with it which might have been written

by some of the best authorities of the present day:—

Faultless on the other hand, is the landscape gardening part of the park [Regent's], which also originated with Mr. Nash, especially in the disposition of the water. Art has here completely solved the difficult problem of concealing her operations under the appearance of unrestrained nature. You imagine you see a broad river flowing on through luxuriant banks, and going off in the distance in several arms, while in fact you are looking upon a small piece of standing though clear water created by art and labor. So beautiful a landscape as this with hills in the distance, surrounded by an enclosure of magnificent houses, a league in circuit, is certainly a design worthy of one of the greatest capitals in the world, and when the young trees are grown into majestic giants will scarcely find a rival. In the execution of Mr. Nash's plan many old streets have been pulled down, and during the last ten years more than sixty thousand houses built in this part of the town. It is, in my opinion, a peculiar beauty of these new streets, that, though broad, they do not run in straight lines, but make occasional curves which break the uniformity.

It is interesting to follow the working of Pückler's mind as he studies his subject, how the principles of his art were formulating themselves in his mind to be afterwards realized and actually executed on his own place at Muskau where the result can be seen to-day. Here is some keen criticism of English scenery:—

The beauty of the country and the extraordinary neatness and elegance of every place through which my road lay to-day struck me in a most agreeable manner

. . . the picture has but one fault — it is all too cultivated, too perfect, thence always and everywhere the same, and consequently, in the long run wearisome. Indeed, I can even conceive that it must become distasteful in time, like the savory dish of dainties to the stomach of a sated man.

That Prince Pückler did not hesitate to criticize the celebrated estates in England is indicated by the following passage: —

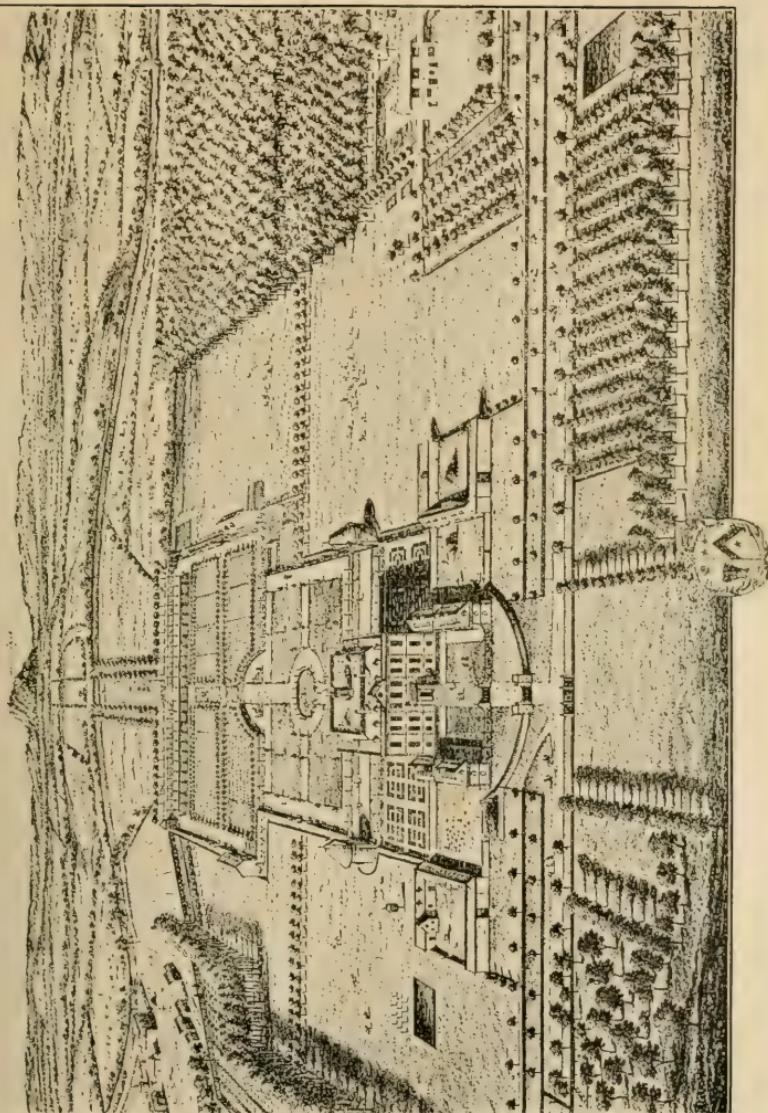
We have hastened to see the wonders of Eaton Hall, of which, however, my expectations have not been very high. Moderate as they were they have been scarcely realized. The parks and gardens were, to my taste, the most unmeaning of any of their class I had seen, although of vast extent.

On the other hand, here is a description in another of Pückler's letters of what he considers an ideal park or country estate: —

Mr. W.'s park is certainly one of the most perfect creations of that kind and owes its existence entirely to his perseverance and good taste. It is true that he could nowhere have found a spot on earth more grateful for his labors, but it seldom happens that art and nature so cordially unite. It is enough to say that the former is perceptible only in the most perfect harmony ; otherwise it appears to vanish into pure nature, — not a tree or a bush seems planted by design. The vast resources of distant prospect are wisely husbanded ; they come upon the eye by degrees and as if unavoidably ; every path is cut in a direction which seems the only one it could take without constraint and artifice ; the most enchanting effects of woods and plantations are produced by skillful management, by contrast of masses, by felling some, and thinning others, clearing off and

Eaton Hall
Honble Sr Thomas Grosvenor Baronet

From an Old Print bearing the Legend: "Eaton Hall on the River Dee near the City of Chester the Seat of the



keeping down branches, so that the eye is attracted, now into the depth of the wood, now above, now below the boughs, and every possible variety within the region of the beautiful presented. This beauty is never displayed naked, but always sufficiently veiled to leave the requisite play for the imagination ; for a perfect park — in other words, a tract of country idealized by art — should be like a good book, which suggests at least as many new thoughts and feelings as it expresses. The dwelling-house is not visible till you reach an opposite height ; it then suddenly emerges from the mass of the wood, its outline broken by scattered trees and groups, and its walls garlanded with ivy, roses, and creeping plants. It was built after the plan of the possessor, in a style not so much Gothic as antiquely picturesque, such as a delicate feeling for the suitable and harmonious conceived to be in keeping with the surrounding scenery. The gardens lay in all their indescribable glow of beauty in a narrow and fertile valley full of high trees under which three silver springs gush forth, and flowing away in meandering brooks took their course in all directions amid impervious thickets of blooming rhododendrons and azaleas.

Of Chiswick, Pückler has the following pertinent criticism to make : —

I found the garden much altered, but not, I think, for the better ; for there is a mixture of the regular and irregular which has a most unpleasant effect. The ugly fashion now prevalent in England of planting the pleasure-ground with single trees and shrubs, placed at a considerable distance apart almost in rows, has been introduced in several parts of the grounds. This gives the grass-plots the air of nursery grounds. The shrubs are trimmed round so as not to touch each other, the earth carefully cleared about them every day, and the

edges of turf cut in stiff lines, so that you see more of black earth than of green foliage and the free beauty of nature is quite checked. Mr. Nash, however, adheres to a very different principle, and the new gardens of Buckingham Palace are models to all planters.

This criticism of Blenheim and the appreciation of the landscape architect, Brown, are specially interesting:—

The park is five German miles in circumference, and the piece of water, the finest of its kind existing, occupies almost eighty acres. The pleasure-grounds are on an equally grand scale; forty men are ordinarily employed in mowing. Opposite the house the water forms a cascade, so admirably constructed of large masses of rock brought from a great distance, that it is difficult to believe it artificial.

One cannot help admiring the grandeur of Brown's conceptions as one wanders through these grounds: he is the Shakespeare of gardening.

Doubtless the Prince here allowed himself to say a little more in favor of this famous place than he would have on sober thought. It should be remembered that Pückler was entertained in England everywhere by the aristocracy and even royalty in the most magnificent manner, and consequently it is remarkable that he should have criticized adversely any of the English estates. Think for a moment: would any one at the present time make a tour of American and English estates and write in his letters as boldly and criticize as pointedly as Pückler did a hundred years ago? Perhaps it would be healthy for the art of

landscape gardening if some one, competent and independent, would undertake to write a few letters like those of Pückler.

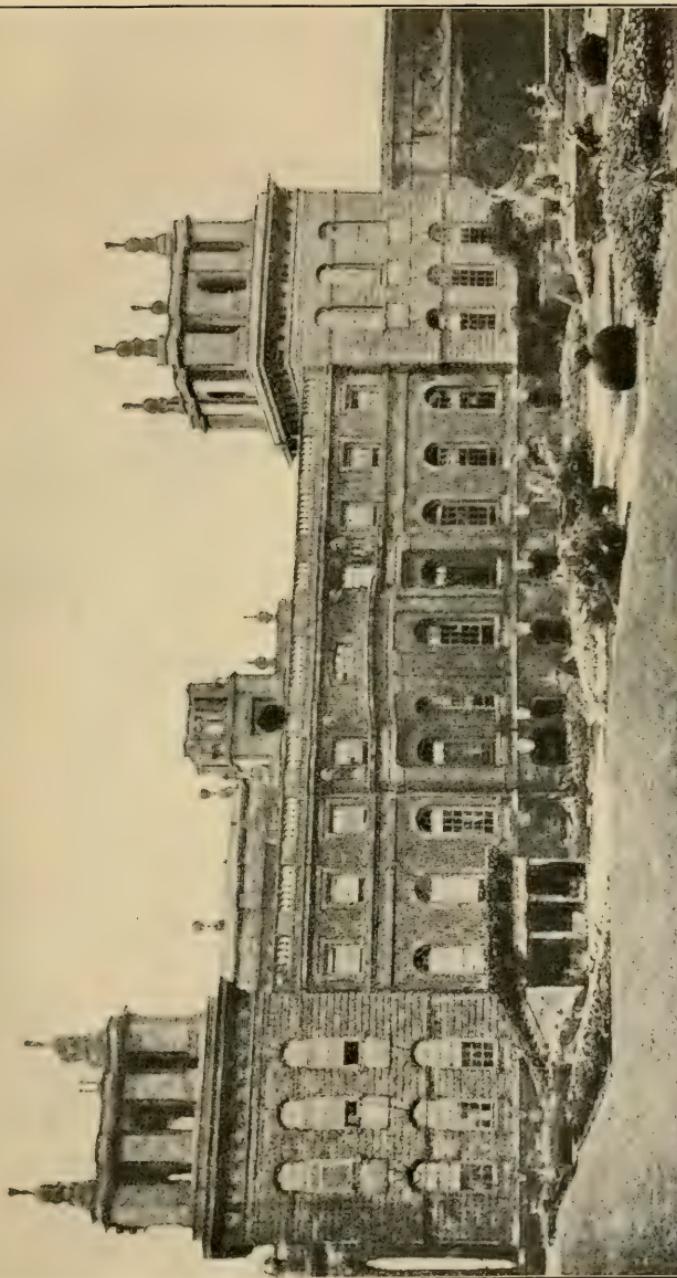
In order to see that he was little influenced by what he saw of Brown's work at Blenheim, it is only necessary to wander over the grounds of the park at Muskau a few hours. The satirical lines of Peacock, said to refer to the art of Brown, could hardly be applied to anything designed by Pückler:—

Here sweeps a plantation in that beautiful regular curve; there winds a gravel walk; here are parts of the old wood left in these majestic regular clumps disposed at equal distances with wonderful symmetry; there are some singular shrubs scattered about in elegant profusion; here a portugal laurel; there a spruce fir; here a juniper; here a laurustinus; there a spruce fir; here a larch; there a lilac; here a rhododendron; there an arbutus. The stream you see has become a canal: the banks are perfectly smooth and green, sloping to the water's edge.¹

Pückler wrote also more than once in praise of Repton's work, and even brought Repton's

¹ Headlong Hall. The Prince's criticisms of the landscape gardening of Germany are severe and the comparisons he makes with England are much to the disadvantage of his Fatherland. However, he had great hopes of the Royal Gardens at Potsdam, which were being laid out at that time by the famous landscape artist Lenné, and which are to-day the glory of Germany, and it should be said here that a few of the strictures made by Pückler in the early part of the nineteenth century would apply to much of the German landscape gardening of to-day. I do not mean to imply that a large part of the landscape gardening of Germany is not open to criticism viewed from a high artistic standpoint, just as is that of England; but it may be fairly said that German landscape gardening approaches that of England more nearly now than it did in the time of Prince Pückler.

son from England to help him in improving Muskau. He speaks appreciatively of many landscape architects and horticulturists or gardeners, explains their ideas, and even quotes them at length, and does not hesitate to criticize them as he did in the case of Repton's son. Nor did he claim for himself any special academic standing. He did not apparently consider himself a professor of the art, nor did he undertake to found any special school of landscape gardening. Rather he felt like a great amateur who engaged himself in a pleasant occupation with profound seriousness, and faithfully devoted himself to it because it was the joy of his life. Probably, if he had desired posthumous fame, he would have written more for publication. It sufficed him to make a fine map of the park of Muskau and describe it more or less completely and add thereto sundry "hints," as he terms them, although their character is so fundamental and comprehensive that it would be difficult to find anything better of its kind in landscape-gardening literature. A quaint, original, free spirit of a man! He did his chore in life with little regard to fame, and none too much for rules or conventions. Consequently, it is not strange that, with his broad and almost prophetic outlook, he should impress us as almost a man of the present day. Certainly, as one walks and drives at the present time around his park at Muskau, it is impossible not to recognize the kinship of his work with modern landscape gardening. He seems to have



Blenheim Castle
East Façade and Formal Garden

realized his ideas with such force and vividness that when he finally executed them the excellence of his work was so evident that except in minor details it has remained unmolested until the present time. It is not always so with great places. Repton built Bulstrode for the Duke of Portland in 1810 and gives an elaborate map of it as one of his important works, yet Prince Pückler notes in one of his letters that, at that time, in 1829, it had been pulled to pieces and the ground ploughed up. We can all remember instances of a similar kind. It may be possible, and even probable as already noted, that the landscape art of the park at Muskau may have been of such evident excellence that, as the estate passed from one owner to another, being at present in the possession of Hermann von Arnim-Muskau, each one has instinctively kept intact its essential beauty. For similar reasons, Central Park, New York, has acquired and retained defenders who, amid the continued storm and stress of the attacks from all sorts and conditions of men, have managed to keep its landscape soul alive down to the present day. Quite otherwise than with a painting the park or estate must display the finest kind of art or it will not find the doughty defenders needed to resist the enemies that will be sure to rise up on every side from the midst of good people who really think themselves the best of friends. Nor do degeneration and destruction of parks result generally from neglect, as in the case of Babelsburgh, near Potsdam, much of the

beauty of which is the result of Prince Pückler's ideas and advice, but it comes from sinning against the light by those who ought to know better. Fortunately, if the art is really sound and true there generally seems to be a David to come forward and redeem the delectable land from the hands of the Philistines.

The full development of landscape architecture came late. Greek art in architecture, sculpture, song, and the drama struck a high note which reached almost perfection two thousand years before the glimmerings of true landscape architecture appeared in the seventeenth century. Nature hardly appealed to pagan artists except in the form of a human being.

When Christ said, "Consider the lilies," he struck a new note, which, although submerged and lost in the monastic sterility of the Middle Ages, began to secure recognition of its true value in the minds of men like Du Fresny who first applied his genius to the landscape conception of a new Versailles, which was unfortunately not accepted by Louis XIV. All through the eighteenth century this lily of Christ's own thought continued to open its petals until in the early days of the nineteenth century, in the works of Repton and Prince Pückler, the goodly flower of landscape architecture appeared in full bloom. It is not that finer trees and shrubs, better turf and wider vistas have not obtained in later days. That goes without saying! It is that men have learned how to design a landscape on natural

lines, to take a terrain and study out just what it is worth for the purpose of creating a landscape which shall be evolved from its own peculiar constitution and capacity for beauty. Better work may be done and has been done; note Central and Prospect Parks, New York City, designed by Olmsted and Vaux. These men, as well as Prince Pückler, also based their work on fundamental principles of art, and in the best landscape architecture of the future these principles will not and cannot be changed, for they are inherent in the nature of the subject.

As an example of the way Pückler indicated his principles of design it may be permitted to quote a final passage from one of his letters: —

The Park at Mount B. affords a perfect study for the judicious distribution of masses of water to which it is so difficult to give the character of grandeur and simplicity that ought to belong to them. It is necessary to study the forms of nature for the details, but the principal thing is never to suffer an expanse of water to be completely overlooked or seen to its whole extent. It should break on the eye gradually, and if possible lose itself at several points at the same time, in order to give full play to the fancy; the true art in all landscape gardening.

The estimate of the genius of Pückler, enunciated by Goethe nearly a hundred years ago, has been already quoted. It would seem well to compare this with the latest and most authoritative criticism of Pückler made in one of the letters of the late Charles Eliot, the best writer on land-

scape architecture of the present generation. He writes as follows: Pückler "would evolve, from out of the confused natural situation, a composition in which all that was fundamentally characteristic of the scenery, the history, and industry of his estate, should be harmoniously united." In other words, as the same author writes farther on, "he would not force upon his native landscape any foreign type of beauty; on the contrary, his aim was the transfiguration, the idealization of such beauty as was indigenous." Again Charles Eliot writes:—

One circumstance greatly favored the accomplishment of his design — namely, the very fact that he had to do with a valley and not with a plain or plateau. The irregular rising land skirting the river levels supplied the frame for his picture: the considerable stream flowing through the midst of the level with here and there a sweep towards the enclosing hills, became the all connecting and controlling element in his landscape. Well he knew what artists call breadth and unity of effect was fully assured if only he abstained from inserting impertinent structures or other objects in the midst of this hill-bounded intervalle.

With his usual disregard of difficulties, Pückler boldly diverted the river, first into a broad lake, then into the moat of the castle, and finally into a brook through the garden, where, unlike the London rivers which the poet Gray says "only glide and whisper," the water dances along over rocks and "roars gently." This beautiful piece of work looks so natural one cannot believe



View of the Lake at Blenheim

it artificial, and that is because Pückler faithfully applied his principles of art, not after the Englishman Brown's methods, but according to Nature's way. This kind of boldness and nature-wise treatment appears everywhere, as may be seen by any one visiting the park to-day. While one wanders around the shores of the lake out on the lawn and passes through the garden and across the bridge and up and up to the heights where the remnants of the sacred groves stand, one finally turns and surveys the scene of "tower and town," castle and baths, and the smoke of the factories, all coördinated and unified in one great picture as far as the eye can see, five thousand acres, and miles of territory. The parts are as completely harmonized as an opera, or a song, or a great picture.

After dwelling on this scene, are we not justified in asserting that in all essential matters Prince Pückler has stamped "the last word" on his park at Muskau. There may be parks, and doubtless are, more perfect in this or that part, but it must be conceded by good judges that Pückler has, in spite of his limitations, mistakes, and failures, created one of the few great parks of the world.

The book, *Hints on Landscape Gardening*, although it may seem to deal chiefly with Pückler's letters from England, is really a kind of notebook rather than a formal treatise. It is, however, very informing of the principles and practice of Pückler in his landscape treatment

of his estates at Muskau. It is, in part, a dissertation occupying itself with many things besides landscape architecture, but it is full of sound ideas and suggestions. It does not devote itself chiefly to the discussion of trees and shrubs, as do many books of a similar kind, but it gives you the underlying rules of the art. You will readily excuse the digressions, which Pückler himself deplores, when you come to study the system of practice and the details of the plan by means of journeys in the book which take you miles around the park. It is doubtful whether so extended a study of a great park was ever written before by the man who designed the entire scheme. The Prince did not undertake to instruct the reader fully and completely. He claimed to have had "a fairly long practical experience, much careful study of practical examples combined with a passionate love of the art of gardening in the widest sense," all of which enabled him, he thinks, "to give some valuable hints and to draw up some useful rules."

His philosophy, his art, and his poetry do seem at times, however, to render his treatise hardly scientific in the ordinary sense of the term, and yet his advice is almost always sound and sensible; moreover, with it all, he not infrequently drops into the frame of mind of the man who, as the old phrase has it, "talks as he walks and thus to himself says he." It is simply Prince Pückler with all that goes to make Prince Pückler. He is a prince and, at the same time, some-

thing very like a socialist, and not, by any means, always a gardener, deeply as he is interested in horticulture. He had no desire to speak unkindly of any one, but always his "free spirit" demanded scope of expression. Doubtless he wandered far afield in his musings, but if the reader will only dwell for a little on some of his sentences that seem to him, at first, discursive and even possibly absurd, he will finally come to find in them food for much thought. It is the man Pückler whom we cannot help wishing to know quite as much as his interpretation of his art. He was certainly a personality. Can any one remember as strong and interesting a personality among landscape architects?

The author's treatment of his subject in his book on landscape gardening is simple. He lays down, or rather hints and intimates, as the title of the book indicates, principles and ideas that should control, in chapters devoted to the laying-out of a park, to enclosures or fences, to the location of buildings, to the making of country estates, to trees and shrubs and their grouping, to roads and paths, water features, islands, rocks, grading, maintenance; all of which are illustrated by examples taken from the estate of Muskau.

He evidently did not overestimate the value of plans, excellent as his own were, deeming them frequently deceptive. Personal superintendence of the work, supplementing and developing still further the ideas of the plan, evidently for him

were of prime importance. Some things he says about construction of roads and paths and the management of plants, trees, and shrubs, etc., might well be revised in the light of the improvements that necessarily come with the experience of nearly a hundred years, but it is astonishing, at the same time, to find how much of his advice agrees with the best practice of modern days.

Indeed, when all is said that can be said about Pückler's limitations, the question is still in order, where else, except in his pages and those of Whately, can be found an equally fine presentation of the great art of landscape architecture? Others writing on the same subject will even seem to some, by comparison, dry and academic. Frederick Law Olmsted, almost alone, has written passages that emit a like sparkle of genius. Poetically inspired words and wit and wisdom continually emerge from Prince Pückler's strange, mystical meditations. He cannot help writing in this vein even on what would be ordinarily considered quite prosaic subjects, as shown by the following quotation:—

What the gold backgrounds of the old masters, which set out the sweet, lovable faces of madonnas and saints in so ideal a manner, are to religious pictures, green, luxuriant grass spaces are to a landscape.

Here, too, is a quotation, illustrative of what I mean, which is decidedly quaint and original and certainly poetical, far and away different

from what one would expect to find in this particular context: —

Even so one might compare a higher garden art with music and, at least as fitly as architecture has been called "frozen music," to call garden art "growing music." It, too, has its symphonies, adagios, and allegros, which stir the senses with vague but powerful emotions. Further, as Nature offers her features to the landscape gardener for use and choice, so does she offer to music her fundamental tones; beautiful like the human voice, the song of birds, the thunder of the tempest, the roaring of the hurricane, the bodeful wailing of branches — ugly sounds like howling, bellowing, clattering, and squeaking. Yet the instruments bring all these out and work, according to circumstances, ear-splitting sounds in the hands of the incompetent, entrancing when arranged by the artist in an orderly whole. The genial Nature painter does the same. He studies the manifold material given him by Nature and by his art works the scattered parts into a beautiful whole, whose melody flatters the senses, but unfolds its highest powers and yields the greatest enjoyment only when harmony has breathed true soul into the work.

Furthermore, it may be said, in addition to these conclusions of Prince Pückler, that entering more deeply and widely into the heart of Nature than either painting, music, or sculpture, landscape architecture "is a union of many diverse elements, all constantly changing and acting upon each other, such as we see in some fair meadow, lit by sunshine after rain, wherein all things, — from the chemical ingredients of the grasses, and the lines of the flowers, to the constituents of the stream that flows through it, to

the colors of the sky and the cloud shadows, and the songs of the birds and the humming of the little insects, and the quiver of the butterfly wings,— and each and all affected and affecting each other, yet unite to create a whole which has a deeper harmony than other arts, because it is alive and changes in all its parts from moment to moment."

The age in which Pückler lived was not exactly that of great or original architects. This was the case particularly in Germany. It was the period of learning and versatility, and was chiefly imitative in the character of its art, and essentially classic. Schinkel planned a replica of the Parthenon at Athens to be erected in the Crimea. It is difficult to understand how Prince Pückler could have been so carried away by his admiration of Schinkel whose fame has not come down to us with any real distinction. Schinkel's undoubted versatility both in architecture and painting and his great learning in Greek art gave him vogue at the time. It is probable that many of the extraordinary conceptions found in Pückler's flower designs, bridges, and temples, fortunately seldom carried out, owe their objectionable features to the influence, if not the pencil, of Schinkel.

It is seldom, indeed, that we find a landscape architect of parts who is also a really competent architect, and the reverse is likewise true. At first thought, it might seem quite feasible to combine the work of the two professions, but, in actual practice, the attempt generally fails. Cer-

tainly Le Notre did not succeed. Calvert Vaux was a trained architect originally, but his abiding reputation is entirely based on his work as a landscape architect in designing Central Park, New York, and other great parks of a similar character. Mr. Olmsted, perhaps the greatest of our latter-day landscape architects, never at any time undertook to assume the rôle of architect.

On the other hand, it is doubtful whether any eminent architect of the present day would assume to lay out an entire park or country estate. He does undertake to lay out gardens (called, it is true, by Pückler "extensions of the house") with a limited measure of success, for how can he design a garden with intelligence, without an intimate knowledge of plants which he rarely has. A garden should be something more than a problem of architecture.

It may be claimed and is claimed by most landscape architects that landscape architecture, like all work which seeks to deal with live Nature, requires unity of idea everywhere, and that, with many differences, parks and gardens should be considered fundamentally the same. In the case of both gardens and parks the landscape architect deals with simple, open spaces, and intricate, complicated, crowded spaces, with high and low trees and shrubs, perennials and bedding plants and grasses, each requiring artistic relations, one with the other.

In reviewing the various designs of Pückler, it is interesting to note that some of the excel-

lent advice that he gives is disregarded in the actual designs that he proposes to use, and actually used, in some cases, in his park. No one, it must be remembered, however, is entirely consistent in his ideas nor is it desirable he should be so. Certainly Pückler with his peculiar genius could not be expected to be a paragon of consistency. What Pückler writes on Italian villas shows how instinctively his good taste leads him to right conclusions. He says:—

In general, a certain irregularity is preferable in buildings in a park, as being more in conformity with Nature and more picturesque. . . . This same principle appears in the designs of the ancient villas. . . . Traces of this principle are also found in the Italy of the Renaissance, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: buildings half hidden by others, large and small windows on the same face of the building, side doors, projecting and receding corners, . . . cornice, roofs jutting out, and balconies unsymmetrically placed, in short, everywhere a great but by no means inharmonious irregularity, which pleases the fancy because the reason for every departure from regularity is evident or may be surmised. The garden art of the Romans, which, through the study of the classical writers, and especially through the description which Pliny gives of his villa, again came into practice in the fifteenth century in Italy, and which has later, in the so-called French gardens, altered into colder, less comfortable forms, deserves particular consideration on this very point. This rich and sumptuous art, which may be called an extension of the art of architecture from the house to the garden,—or, as the English might say, the approach of the landscape to the very doors of the house,—may be most suitably applied to this purpose.

It should be said, however, that many of Pückler's most extravagant garden designs were never carried out, either by himself at the time, or by others at a later date, and to-day there is little that is bizarre or offensive to good taste to be seen at Muskau. The ideas of Pückler which are essential to the development of his original and comprehensive design have been unquestionably, to a large extent, realized and retained. Pückler has this paragraph in his book:—

To avoid all misunderstanding, I repeat that, in order not to break the thread of my description at every moment, much which is only proposed has to be described as though already complete; and that hardly one third of the place has been so far carried out, although perhaps three quarters of the work has been done.

The difficulties he had to overcome were enormous, as explained in his journeys with the reader around his estate.

Pückler's passionate love of trees and his pride in his ancestors is illustrated by the following passage, which, on account of its peculiarly characteristic quality, seems to demand special mention in these preliminary pages:—

The finest forms of mountains and lakes, the brilliancy of the sun and sky, combined with the naked rocks and bare lakes, cannot replace meadows and the . . . diversified, pleasing green and rich foliage. Fortunate the man to whom his forbears have bequeathed lofty woods of old oaks, beeches, and lindens, these proud giants of our Northern clime, standing still untouched by the woodman's murderous axe. He should never regard

them without veneration and delight, he should cherish them as the apple of his eye, for neither money nor power, neither a Croesus nor an Alexander, can restore an oak a thousand years old in its wonderful majesty after the poor laborer has felled it. Terrible and swift is the destructive power of man, but poor and weak is his power to rebuild. May an ancient tree be to you, kind reader, who love Nature, a holy thing.

The concluding paragraph of the book makes a fine ending to his dissertation on his much-loved pursuit:—

For when once the landowner has begun to idealize his property, he will soon become aware that cultivation of the soil will secure for him not only pecuniary advantage, but also real artistic delight, and how thankful Nature is to him who dedicates his powers *with love*. So then, if each one does his best for his own tirelessly and thoroughly, and the thousand facets combine easily and well to form *one* ring, the lovable dream of the St. Simonians might become true of a universal cult of our mother earth. For this purpose, however, it would be well to turn aside a little from these sad politics, which absorb everything and give so little in return, and revert a little more to happy art, whose service is in itself a reward; since for the ruling of the State we cannot all strive. But to seek to improve himself and his property is in the power of each one of us, and it is even a question whether in such a simple manner, in honest and homely endeavor, the so-much-desired freedom may not be attained with more calm and safety than by the many experiments in superficial theoretic forms of State. For he only can be free who commands himself.

The letters from England, however, form the best kind of introduction to the real Pückler and

his book on landscape gardening. There is nothing more informing of the growth and the aspirations and inspirations of a man than his letters to a close friend or dear relative, and the greater the man, the more ready, generally, and it seems in most cases, the more able, he is to reveal on paper his actual heart and soul,—*cor ad cor loquitur.*

SAMUEL PARSONS

HINTS ON
LANDSCAPE GARDENING
AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Author's Introduction

PERMIT us to bring the beautiful also into our design: for I do not see why we should disassociate the beautiful from the useful, for what—to come to the point—what is useful? Merely what nourishes us, warms us, and shelters us from the weather? And why do we call such things useful? Only because they tolerably advance the welfare of mankind? Yet the beautiful advances it in a far higher and greater degree; therefore among useful things the beautiful is the most useful of all. (*VOM REGIEREN, German Memoirs.*)

IN the greater part of Germany, it must be admitted, we have scarcely yet awakened to the practical and successful pursuit of utilities, and but few have directed their intelligence and energies, without consideration of advantage, to the beautiful; a general, intelligent combination of both aims is yet rarer.

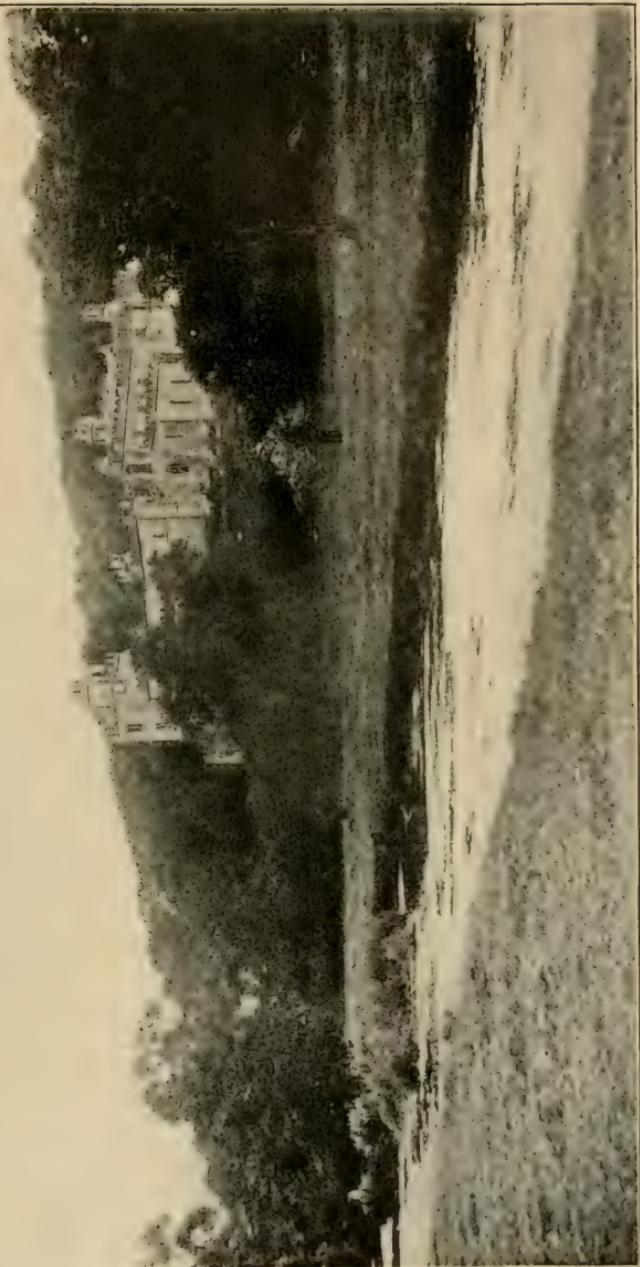
This applies most of all to every kind of landed property, and it is certain that herein England has advanced beyond our level of civilization by nearly a century: what is there accomplished with ease, here remains all but impracticable.

But it is time that our well-to-do landowners sought a closer *rapprochement* with the English system and without slavish imitation studied rather the intention than the form, always giving due consideration to the conditions of locality.

If I cite England as an example, it is not be-

cause it is the fashion, or from Anglomania, but from the firm conviction that England must for a long time remain an unattainable model in the art of a worthy, and, if the expression may be permitted, a gentlemanly (*gentlemanartigen*), enjoyment of life, especially with regard to country life, in general “comfort” combined with the fullest appreciation of a noble sense of beauty in every form, as far removed from effeminate, Asiatic voluptuousness as from Continental squalor and dirt, which has its origin, not in poverty, but in bad habits and neglected household arrangements.

In this higher cultivation of the pleasures of life landscape gardening has also developed to an extent that no period and no other country seem to have known; and, in spite of a generally gloomy and sunless climate, England has developed it into the most delightful pursuit for the friend of Nature, for the connoisseur who loves her most when she appears in unison with the shaping hand of man, as the raw jewel first obtains its greatest beauty only through polish. I do not by this wish to say that Nature at her wildest, left alone to her simple, often sublime, and sometime even awful, grandeur, may not evoke the deepest, nay, the most religious, sentiments; but for *lasting* welfare human care and intelligence are indispensable. Even in painted landscape, we demand something which reminds us of human effort,—as we say, to *animate* it. Yet a far greater variety is required in real, than in painted,



Haddon Hall and the River Derwent

landscape, and it is much more agreeable, as well as beneficial, to the feeling human heart when, as in England, we can admire in Nature, almost everywhere idealized by art, not only the palaces and gardens of the great in their pride and magnificence, but also, *in harmonious whole*, the modest dwellings of small farmers laid out with as much charm, and finished as completely. For they also, like the proud castles, peep sweetly out from primeval trees or repose on gay meadows, surrounded by blossoming shrubs, and show with equal clearness, by appropriate form and sober cleanliness, the delicate taste of their owners. The poorest can deck his straw hat with flowers and tend, after his daily work, a well-kept garden, however small, where naught but velvet lawn grows, “’midst rose and jessamine odors.”

Must we not be filled with a real sense of shame when we look for a counterpart here and *still* find the greater part of our country seats whose chief view looks on the manure heap, at whose gates for the greater part of the day swine and geese disport themselves, and whose interiors can show, as an attempt at cleanliness, only common boards strewn with sand?

I have frequently seen in my Fatherland in North Germany very well-to-do persons, owners of hundreds of thousands of marks, living in such pseudo-castles—mansions, as they called them—as an English farmer no doubt would without hesitation have taken for stables.

Is such a place the seat of a gentleman? A

property embellished by the cabbage garden, usually close to the house, with at the most a few carnations and single lavender plants surrounding his onions and beet roots; alleys of crooked fruit trees sadly hemmed in by cabbages and turnips! Should a few old oaks or limes from his fore-fathers' day have withstood the tooth of time, then the good husbandman seldom fails to rob them of their foliage for his sheep, so that they stand there like naked victims, stretching out their branches to heaven, as if for vengeance.

Yet more painful is it when the owner, bitten by the fashion, has conceived the notion of laying out his gardens in *so-called* English style. The straight roads are then turned into cork-screw forms which are just as mechanical, serpentine in the most tedious manner through young birches, poplars, and larches, and generally either impassable after every shower from mud, or in dry weather making the visitor wade perspiring through loose sand. A few exotic shrubs, which grow badly and are much less beautiful than native ones, are planted, mixed with young firs on the borders. After a few years they encumber the ground, have to be lopped, later on lose their lower branches, and thus present to our view only bare stems with the naked earth between, while on the spaces left open the badly nourished grass and stumpy exotics give a picture neither of a free natural, nor of an artificial, garden.

If the plan is more seriously carried out and

on a larger scale, the imperceptibly flowing ditch is widened to what is called a stream, a gigantic bridge is built of rough birch trunks in a formidable arch over the modest brook, two or three stiff avenues are cut through the wood to give distant views, and here and there the much-affected temples and ruins are dotted about, of which the first usually become in a short space what the second pretend to be.

This, with a few exceptional cases, is as a rule the highest achievement of such an undertaking, which really only causes regret that good land should be so uselessly withdrawn from field and vegetable culture.

Meanwhile all this has been ridiculed with more or less wit often enough, but *it is seldom better done, even now*, and for this reason alone do I here repeat, that many great and costly plans, begun with the best intentions and executed at some expense, unfortunately too evidently bear traces of the very poor place which the art of landscape gardening as yet holds in our Fatherland. It is true that there are a few exceptions, but a completed example which could be set beside the best English plans has not come within my experience. We may hope, however, that the royal gardens, under the direction of the excellent director, Lenné, which are to surround all Potsdam with a park, will present us with such an example.

Far from intending to instruct in any exhaustive manner on this subject, a fairly long prac-

tical experience, the careful study of excellent examples, combined with a passionate love for the subject and the earnest perusal of the best works on the art of gardening in its widest sense, have enabled me, I think, to give some valuable hints and to draw up some useful rules, which will appear to the expert not quite unworthy and which may appear opportune to some dilettante in Nature-painting, if I may so call the creation of a picture, not with colors, but with real woods, hills, meadows, and streams, and which may put it in the category of the arts. For rightly understood and judiciously carried out, these suggestions may put one in a position, without having to travel the costly and difficult road of experience, to entrust to the park director, engineer, inspector, gardener, or whatever he may be called, merely the technical execution of his own ideas, and thus himself present a work of art, sprung from his own individuality, formed out of his own temperament, instead of having a garden or rather a region made, as one orders a suit of clothes at the tailor's.

Much will be found, if not familiar, yet perhaps not exactly new, and many an idea may have been better expressed, especially in English works, which, however, are apt to be tediously prolix and to dilute every millionth part of salt with a caskful of water.¹

¹ When this work was nearly finished, my attention was drawn to a manual on the same theme, recently published in Leipsic. I was prepared to suppress my work, but found on perusal of the manual, nothing but a laborious compilation of badly digested recipes from English

The compression and brevity which I have aimed at in matters of common knowledge will, I hope, earn the gratitude of the reader, but as a small merit I may claim that really nothing has been *copied* from books, but that everything which I give has been found to be true from personal experience and practically verified.

For the better understanding of what follows it will be necessary briefly to give the manner in which I intend ordering my remarks.

I shall show by titles in their order the contents of each chapter, and for this I shall for the most part utilize the park laid out by myself, since my theory, as I have said, is chiefly carried out in this park.

Drawings, which make the text more readable, have been inserted wherever necessary for complete comprehension. A thorough exposition of general principles is followed by a short history and description of the park itself, with continual reference to the rules previously laid down. It is not, however, my intention to go into too great detail, but to set forth the results obtained rather than the particular road taken, and, as the title "Hints" shows, in no way to give a complete manual, confining myself to those matters in which we seem to be chiefly lacking, and finally leave to the technical workman or expert whatever lies in his province.

works. What Blumenbach said of phrenology applies to this book: "The true is not new, and the new is not true." Repton has supplied most of the useful matter, but, for the most part, it has been misunderstood.

PART FIRST
HINTS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING
IN GENERAL

Chapter I

The Laying-out of a Park

THE indispensable foundation for the building of a park is a controlling scheme.¹ It should be begun and carried out with entire consistency. It is therefore necessary to have it thoroughly thought out from the first, and guided all the way through by one controlling mind, a mind that should make use of the thoughts of many others, welding them into an organic whole so that the stamp of individuality and unity shall never be lost. But let me not be misunderstood; a general plan should govern the whole; there must be no room for random work; in every detail the guiding, creating brain must be seen; and it is essential that the scheme should originate from the special circumstances of the artist, from the experience and conditions of his life or the former history of his family, limited by the locality with which he has to deal. I do not advise, however, that the whole plan should be worked out in exact detail at first and doggedly

¹ One principle should, above all, underlie the art of park design; namely, the creation, from the material at hand, out of the place as it stands, of a concentrated picture having Nature as its poetical ideal; the same principle which, embodied in all other spheres of art, makes of the true work of art a microcosm, a perfect, self-contained world in little.

maintained to the end. I would, to a large extent, recommend just the opposite; for even if the main scheme comprehends many features which may be considered from the start, in working it out, the artist must continually follow the inspiration of his imagination. From time to time the painter will alter his picture (which, after all, is much less complicated than the picture the landscape gardener has to create), here and there making a part more true to the general effect or to Nature, here improving a tone, there giving more accent, more power to a line. Why, then, should the landscape gardener, who works in material so refractory, so changeable, and often so impossible to estimate in advance, and who, moreover, has to unite many different pictures in one,—why should he be expected to succeed in hitting the mark at the first attempt infallibly? Much will be discovered as he goes on studying, observing, both within and without the confines of the place,—the light effects on his raw material (for light is one of his chief assets), establishing cause and effect, and thereby finding new ways of working out in detail his early motives, or giving them up altogether if other ideas for the treatment of parts occur to him as being better.

To leave, undisturbed, some particular feature which has proved a failure, is pitiable. The reason the blemish is left is because it has cost so much time, so much money, and because a change would add to the expense, costing as much

again or even more. Constant discipline is indispensable in the proper exercise of any art, and when means are not sufficient to treat every part of a park as it should be treated, what money there is had better be devoted toward the improvement of the old established features than to the making of new ones. The postponing of alterations which are recognized as advisable is a dangerous proceeding also, because existing faults easily lead to the wrong treatment of new features.

It has been truly said that “artistic production is a matter of conscience”; hence a person with an artistic conscience cannot remain content with parts that have been recognized as not up to the standard, or as failures. Following the example of Nature, which starts and completes her humblest work with the same assiduous care that she bestows upon her most sublime creations, one would rather make any sacrifice than leave the blemish one has become aware of, even if in itself it is but a subordinate matter.

Although in my work at Muskau I never departed a moment from the main idea which I shall have occasion later to describe, yet I confess that many portions have not only been retouched, but that they have been entirely changed, often once, sometimes three and even four times. It would be a great error to suppose that confusion results from repeated alterations undertaken with intelligence, for sound reasons and not from caprice. Rather than that they should be un-

dertaken from pure caprice it would certainly be best never to have alterations for improvement. In general the dictum, *nonum prematur in annum*, holds good. One must never rest with correcting and refining until the best possible results have been attained; a principle never to be relinquished and which oftentimes alone proves to be the great teacher.¹

One can see from this how unwise it is to invite a strange artist for some days or weeks, or even months, with the view of making a plan in which every road and every plantation, the commanding features and all the details, are exactly fixed; and worse still, to send such a person merely a survey of the place, he having no knowledge of the character of the region, of the effects of hill and dale, of high or low trees in the immediate foreground or in the distance, so that he may proceed at once to draw on submissive paper his lines, which, no doubt, may look very pretty and well there, but which realized into facts are bound to achieve at best an inappropriate and unsatisfactory design. One who intends to build up a landscape must do so out of the actual ma-

¹ Some years ago, when I was showing my place to a lady of intelligence and understanding, she modestly remarked that she understood but little of the matter; that she could call to mind many more picturesque, grandiose places than mine, but that here, with the general impression of quietness and simplicity, something new appealed to her at every turn. No remark could have been more flattering to me, and if her opinion is well founded I may consider my work truly successful, a result which may be attributed largely to the two principles followed: to have one main idea, and yet never to allow any feature to remain which had proved in any way to be a failure.

terials from which that particular landscape is to be created, and he must be familiar with them in every particular. Both in plan and execution he works quite otherwise than does the painter on his canvas; he deals with realities. The beauty of a bit of real Nature, which by the art of the painter can only be partly hinted at, cannot on a plan be given at all. I am inclined to believe, on the contrary, that, except in a very flat region where no views are possible and where little can be achieved anyhow, a plan which is agreeable to look at, with lines pleasing to the eye, cannot truly stand for beauty in Nature. My experience is that in order to achieve fine results in landscape gardening one is often obliged to select lines which in a plan drawn on paper have no charm.

Chapter II

Size and Extent

FOR the landscape architect to achieve a great effect, it is not necessary that a park should be large. An extended estate is often so bungled, so belittled by incompetent treatment, that, lacking in unity, it appears quite small. I may here remark, by the way, that I think Michael Angelo was totally wrong when he said about the Pantheon, "Ye marvel at it on the earth, I will set it in the heavens." He meant thereby to achieve a more imposing effect, and as he said, so he did. He gave to the dome of St. Peter's the same size as that of the Pantheon, but how unfortunate is the result! The dome of St. Peter's, looming up in the air above the enormous masses of the building, appears in proportion small and insignificant, while the dome of the old Pantheon, placed on the right base, appears after centuries as sublime as the arch of the firmament.

Poised on the summit of Mont Blanc the Pyramids would hardly appear as large as sentry boxes, and Mont Blanc itself, seen from the distant plains, looks like a little snow-hill. Large and small are, therefore, relative terms. It is not from the thing itself that we judge, but from its

appearance in given surroundings, and it is here that landscape architecture has the widest of fields. For instance, a tree a hundred feet high, which in the middle distance hardly rises above the horizon, will at a short distance tower above it; hence, with intelligent management, with due appreciation of the value that a relation of foreground has to distance, it is possible to give character and expression to the landscape and to secure an effect of grandeur and extent.

I cannot help remarking here that if I have always held up as a model the general appearance of English parks, which testify to a universally diffused taste for park culture and embellishment, I still believe that in many ways England might have done much better. It seems to me that with much beauty most English parks have one blemish which makes them, on long acquaintance, rather tedious and monotonous. I have in mind neither the English "pleasure-grounds" nor their gardens,—which are full of variety,—but their parks. For instance, in regard to the deliberate treatment of these parks as features laid out on a diminutive scale, the effect seems to be altogether inadequate when compared to the grandeur and magnificence of the open country around them. Indeed, in my opinion, the outside country not infrequently resembles far more a region ennobled by art in variety than the parks.

Many English parks are in fact nothing but interminable meadows serving as pastures for

numerous herds, either of tame deer, sheep, cattle, or horses, with a few picturesquely arranged groups of lofty old trees. The first view of such noble spaces is imposing. One has the impression of a splendid picture, but it is the same picture and the impression therefore is always the same. Many blemishes become evident in the detail. All tree-trunks being browsed upon up to a certain height by the cattle (often with an effect quite as regular as if trimmed with shears), much and needed variety of form is lost. The shrubbery cannot be preserved without special enclosures; and hence it is needed to diversify the scene, and help make, within the picture of the *ensemble*, many subordinate ones; indeed, every newly planted tree must be enclosed; and such artificial enclosures gives to the picture a very stiff look. A single path usually leads through these wide grassy expanses to and from the castle, which, in the middle of the lawn, stands bald and cold in lonely majesty while cows and sheep browse up to the marble steps leading to it. It would not be surprising if the visitor, feeling quite forlorn in such monotonous and lonely grandeur, should be under the impression that he had come upon a bewitched region no longer inhabited by man, where John Bull had been really transformed into the shape of a beast. This effect could easily be avoided if allotted spaces were set apart for cattle as well as for deer, instead of having the whole park given over to them. It seems to have become a fixed idea with the

English that a landscape without cattle is bound to be melancholy, and, on the other hand, they consider the animation by human beings to be proportionately objectionable, and private gardens are, as a rule, barred to the stranger.¹ The democratic, humane use of our great German estates is foreign to them, but their excuse is perhaps to be found in the roughness of their mob.

I have previously stated the proposition that size is not an absolutely necessary element in the making of a park; yet, where possible, I think it very desirable, in order that a greater variety of parts may be gained, a quality which will always present the supreme charm of novelty. Laid out with equal intelligence I should always prefer the more extensive to the smaller park, even if the latter should be more favored by Nature. In Prussia, where land has so much less value than in other countries, such large estates are easily obtainable, and I advise every one of my countrymen to strive for large places. It is certain that, considered as a little world sufficient unto itself, a park where one cannot ride or drive for an hour at least without going over the same roads, and which does not comprise many roads and walks, very soon tires one, if confined to it alone. But where a rich, picturesque Nature has already idealized the region around and has made it, as it were, into a great work of art, as in the case of many parts of Switzerland, Italy,

¹ This is not the case at the present time.

South Germany, or Silesia, then I am, on the whole, of the opinion that projects of parks are *bors d'œuvre*. It would be like a little landscape in the corner of a magnificent Claude Lorrain. There one's work should be confined to the laying-out of good roads, that the enjoyment of such rare scenery may be made easier, here and there taking down some isolated trees in order to open views which are hidden by Nature, always indifferent to the display of her beauties.

Near the house, however, one should seek for the charm of a garden of modest proportions, which, whenever possible, would contrast with Nature around. In such a garden one should have in view, not so much the variety of a landscape, as comfort and charm, safety and elegance. The garden art of the Romans, which, through the study of the classical writers, and especially through the description which Pliny gives of his villa, again came into practice in the fifteenth century in Italy, and which was later, in the so-called French gardens, altered into colder, less comfortable forms, deserves particular consideration on this very point. This rich and sumptuous art, which may be called an extension of the art of architecture from the house to the garden, — or, as the English might say, the approach of the landscape to the very doors of the house, — may be most suitably applied to this purpose. Imagine, for instance, among the precipices and waterfalls, the dark pine woods and blue glaciers of mountainous Switzerland, a classical, antique

building, a palace from the *Strada Balbi*, sumptuous in its decorative flourishes, surrounded with high terraces, with rich, multi-colored parterres of flowers, studded with marble statues and alive with the movement of waters, — what a contrast would this be to the tremendous, naked grandeur of the setting of mountains? A few steps aside in the woods, and palace and gardens would have vanished from view, as by magic, to make room again for the undisturbed loneliness and majestic wilderness of Nature. Farther on, perhaps, a bend in the road would open up an unexpected vista, where, in the distance, the work of art, like a realized fairy dream, would show through the dark firs, glowing in the light of the setting sun, or rising over the mysterious darkness of the valley in a mass where, here and there, the tiny sparkles of lighted candles would glow. Would not such a picture be wonderful, and owe its chief beauty largely to contrast? When Nature offers new material, the scheme must be different; then the park, an oasis in a broad, flat space, must first create its own environment. Although the same laws are everywhere the foundation of beauty, they have to be interpreted and expressed in various ways. In such a case, where no impression by great contrasts can be achieved, one must carefully seek to create a pleasant and gentle harmony, bringing the few large elements, such as distant views, into correspondence with the character given to the park. The size of the domain then becomes a chief consideration. In

the former example it is necessary to embellish only a single spot to make all surrounding Nature serve one's own purpose. Here, the treatment should extend to the whole region. Examples which lie between these two schemes will require modifications of both propositions and should be tastefully treated according to the respective localities. In all these cases the principles I have laid down are basic ones.

Chapter III

Enclosure

I HAVE often heard the opinion expressed that nothing is more contrary to the way of Nature — to which, after all, landscape gardening seeks to conform itself — than the enclosure of a park; but I think otherwise, and quite approve of the English fashion of having every park enclosed with great care. This enclosure, however, should be varied and in large part it should not be felt inside the park. At bottom this question of enclosure is rather a matter of expediency than of æsthetics, and yet as an element of beauty I do not condemn it. Are not such beautiful, uncultivated spots marked off as it were by distinct boundaries, and does not such a division often increase their charm? For example, a valley shut in by a dense forest or by impassable rocks, an island surrounded by running water, give the feeling of home, of entire possession, of security against intrusion or disturbance, allowing us to enjoy all the more comfortably the beauty of the surroundings. And, therefore, in a park the presence of a protecting wall or fence should be welcomed as a highly desirable element, necessary, in excluding the unwelcome intruder, for the peace and security of our enjoyment, but which

should be so designed as to permit our going out from the park into the surrounding country. Hence the sight of an enclosure can be obnoxious only to those who hold so exaggerated a notion of freedom that, hating everything that bears the name of barrier, they would wish to overturn even imaginary barriers! In England, as I have said before, not only every park, but, on account of the precious cattle, every section of it, every coppice and every exposed young tree, is surrounded with a fence, and though, from being carried to excess, this disturbs the general effect, I have frequently found that here and there a fence is very picturesque, especially where the character of the landscape changes, the fence then preparing the mind for new impressions and affording an easy transition to new scenes.

So for security's sake let our parks have an enclosure high and strong, assuming that this is possible—for, to be sure, just as French cookery books very wisely begin their receipts with “Ayez une carpe, ayez un perdreau, etc.,” I preface my advice with the proviso that, locality being favorable and means at hand, the park should be enclosed. But inasmuch as the heavier and bigger the wall, the worse as a rule, is its appearance, and bearing in mind also that it is a great mistake to limit the field of fancy by too familiar a view of its limits, a close and broad plantation should hide the greater part of it. If such a barrier is made by a wooden fence, it should never be seen, but supplied with interesting points at intervals,

and a deep ha-ha or ditch alongside, while all the abruptness of the hollow thus made can be avoided by covering it with varied plantations. The paths should approach this ha-ha or ditch only when—for instance, by means of a small bridge—one wishes to sally forth through an opening into the surrounding country. The method of screening the bridge and the boundaries should be as varied as possible. In one place the foliage should run two or three hundred paces along the boundaries, showing a high plantation of trees; in other places again, it should be made up of narrower and lower groups of trees, so that over and beyond one can catch glimpses of the outside country. In other places, these distant views should be visible above coppices and under isolated trees, standing among but high above the shrubbery. If a wall surrounds the park, this can, at intervals, be allowed freely to emerge, broken only by scattering bushes and trees, and will look best in a ruined or unkempt state, covered with ivy and Virginia creeper, or the foliage may be merged into a building, a gallery, etc. Under such conditions the wall will never be a disturbing influence, but an improvement.

If the locality permits,—probably only in a few cases,—I would propose the following plan as my ideal for an enclosure for our climate, although I could follow it only in certain portions of my estate. On the boundaries of the park, wherever open views are not desirable, a trench one *Ruthe* (a rod = twelve feet) wide, should

be dug and sown with blackthorn or acacia seed, which even in poor ground, in a few years makes an impenetrable mass. Next I should set a plantation of firs, mixed with a few deciduous leafed trees and bushes, so as to secure variety of color in summer. For the portions that are to be kept lower we must in our climate take juniper, yew, and medium-sized pine trees, and perhaps also the ordinary spruce and white fir, both of which may easily be kept low by trimming. Along this plantation on the boundary, sometimes broad, sometimes narrow, but hardly ever more than three *Ruthen* (three rods = thirty-six feet), should run irregularly a grass road thirty-six feet wide. On the side toward the interior of the park should begin the mixed plantation for forming a screen for the general view. Here deciduous leafed trees should predominate and in summer hide the too monotonous evergreen foliage which should be left conspicuous only where it is desirable. It is surprising how such an arrangement enlivens a park even in melancholy winters, and how the lawn or grass path even amid snow and ice, where everything else is bare, makes the most charming walk. The evergreen foreground, which covers the boundaries both winter and summer and borders the grass path, gives color to the whole region, thus supplying a quality much desired in winter days; although a well-grouped and designed park should, during all seasons of the year, even without color satisfy our sense of beauty, especially in winter, when all ordinary decora-

a



b

PLATE I. Grass Paths for Boundary of Park

tion is absent, making an interesting picture by the harmony of its masses of trees, lawns, water, its pleasant lines of paths and banks. That the border plantation of pines and other evergreen trees should be made so as to give the appearance of a natural growth is obvious, and in the chapter on "Plantations" examples will be given in detail. Meanwhile the sketch in Plate I will make my views clearer. At *a* the green path from the park is practically hidden; at *b* it appears only as a cutting which loses itself in the shrubbery.

Along the boundary wall of many English parks, carrying out in old times the work of Brown and his followers, there runs a path between an almost regular band of foliage planted with shrubs and trees, so that the wall is often conspicuous between the tree-trunks. Brown may be called the Shakespeare of the art of gardening, but his work, while highly beautiful and poetical, was often crude, angular, and uncouth. This criticism is especially applicable to the work of those who, undertaking to follow his teaching, often imitated only his faults and were seldom able to achieve his beauties.

My reader must not confound my plan with this English plan, as the green path that I advocate is a part of the lawn, and has no definite distinction from the lawn, but simply melts into it. The English idea originated in the infancy of landscape gardening, when parks of such size were first laid out, and when it was a matter of vanity to make them appear as large as possible;

but the means defeated the end, since they ostentatiously pointed out what they should have artistically concealed. Apart from this enclosure, which is necessary for protection, it is obvious that every interesting feature of the distant landscape should be included in the park, all outer rays concentrating into this focus. Distant views of great extent, lying away beyond the actual grounds, give an appearance of measureless extent. When such opportunities are skillfully utilized, they greatly surpass the reality. They must, however, be so managed that one should never become aware of the intervening park boundaries. Moreover, such special features should never be seen twice in the same way. For instance, many partial glimpses may be given of a distant hill, but only once should the hill be revealed in its entirety. The same applies to the town or city. Such effective planning, affording glimpses which tempt one's imagination and excite the pleasure of anticipation, and compositions in which each part is interdependent, are far more difficult to achieve than full revelations. When people stumble on a remarkably beautiful view and, after lingering long, remark, "What a pity that great tree stands in the foreground, how much grander the view would be if it were absent," they would be much astonished if one did them the service to hew away the tree. They would have a stretch of country before them, but no longer a picture — for a garden in the great style is really a picture gallery, and a picture demands a frame.

Chapter IV

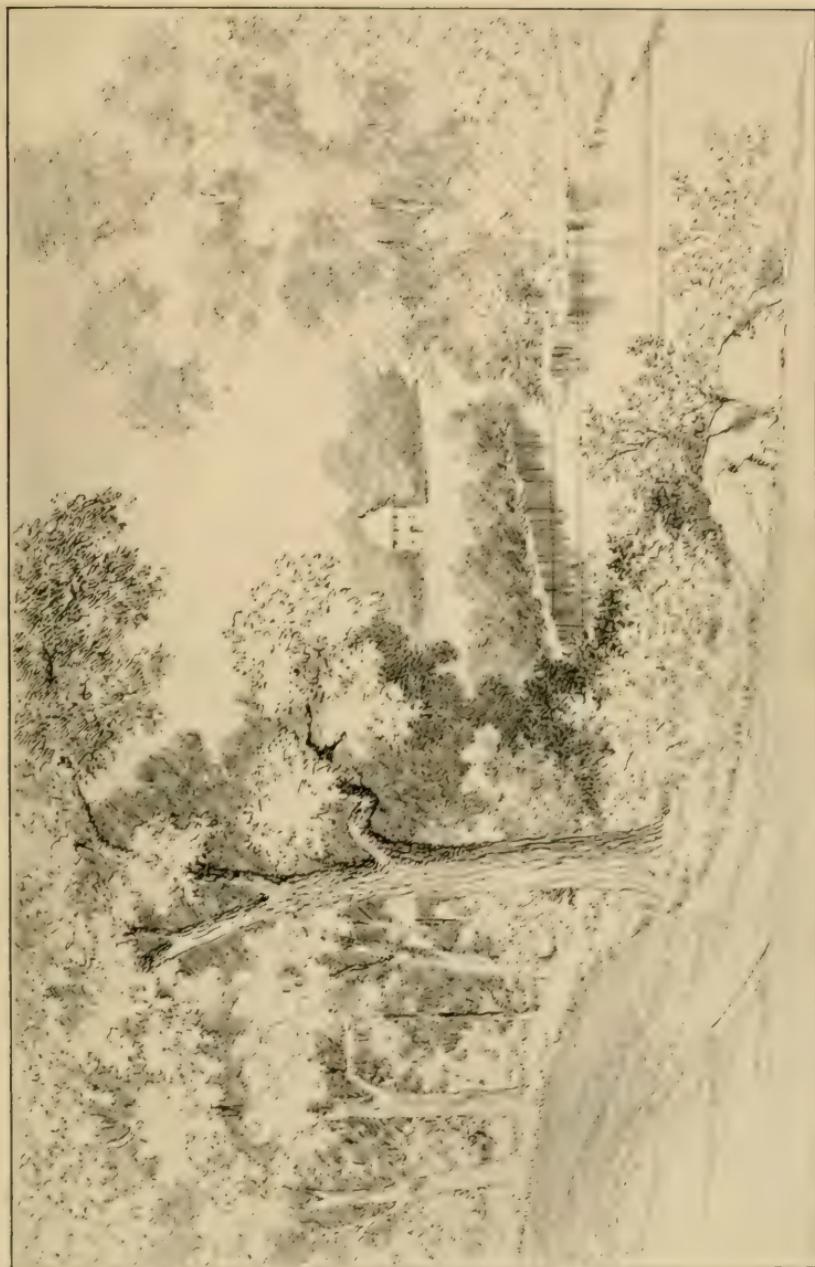
Grouping in General, and Buildings

IN a landscape to be created, nearly all objects, large as well as small, call for a well-considered grouping. The best guide here is innate taste. Later on I will give some instructions as regards details, and will formulate here only the following general rule: If the lights and shadows are arranged in due proportion in the picture, the grouping as a whole will be successful. Grass-plots, water, and fields, which do not themselves throw any shadow, but only receive it from other objects, are lights in the hands of the landscape artist, while trees, forests, and houses (and rocks where they can be used) must serve as shadows. The unpleasant effect should be avoided of restlessness and dispersion arising from an excess of detail and too much interrupted light; and, on the other hand, the picture should not be darkened by a few immense blotches of shadow, nor should the meadows and the water present too great an expanse of level space, but should be laid out so as to be lost to view here and there in dark groups of vegetation, or so as to appear suddenly as carefully calculated points of light amid the darker groundwork. Buildings should never stand freely ex-

posed, lest they appear as spots, unconnected with the natural surroundings. Concealment enhances beauty, and here something should always be left to the imagination. The eye frequently finds more pleasure in a single chimney in the distance, with its spiral of gray smoke curling upward against a background of trees, than in a bare palace exposed to view on all sides, which Nature has not yet lovingly approached and embraced. It is highly important that buildings should always take on the character of the landscape in which they figure.¹ Many of our German architects regard this too little. Buildings in a city, for instance, must be different from buildings in a park. In the one case they are complete in themselves; in the other, they are only a component part of the whole and are dependent on it for picturesque effect, which they in turn are also called upon to produce; hence their effect in the landscape must be carefully studied.

In general, a certain irregularity is preferable in buildings in a park, as being more in conformity with Nature and more picturesque. A temple devoted to a cult, a theater, a museum devoted to art, doubtless demand symmetry and a more severe style, but the mansion or villa gains by greater irregularity, in comfort as well as in picturesqueness. This same principle appears in the

¹ A contrast may also occasionally fit in with the character of the whole, but it must always harmonize, as I have pointed out in the example in the last section: the sublimity of wild nature and magnificent art. A pretty villa would not be a fitting contrast, while an imposing ruin would present an analogy, but no contrast.



Goethe's Garden House at Weimar

designs of the ancient villas and country houses, as we may gather from the ruins. The most noteworthy example is perhaps the villa of Hadrian near Tivoli. Traces of this principle are also found in the Italy of the Renaissance, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: buildings half hidden by others, large and small windows on the same face of the building, side doors, projecting and receding corners, occasionally a high, bare wall with a richly ornamented cornice, roofs jutting out, and balconies unsymmetrically placed, in short, everywhere a great but by no means inharmonious irregularity, which pleases the fancy because the reason for every departure from regularity is evident or may be surmised.

The site of a building must also be carefully considered. For instance, a feudal castle in the midst of a level field of grain, as we find at Machern near Leipzig, appears somewhat comical; and so is the Egyptian pyramid which is to be found there in the idyllic surroundings of a gay birch wood. As well imagine a straw-thatched hut surrounded by a French parterre. All these are undesirable contrasts that destroy the harmony. For example, pointed Gothic buildings would make an unfavorable impression if set among spruces and Lombardy poplars, while among oaks, beeches, and pines they would be quite in place. On the other hand, spruces and poplars harmonize with the horizontal lines of an Oriental villa.

The importance of harmonious beauty has for

its corollary that the purpose of a building must be evident in its style. A Gothic house, for instance, which is nothing else and has no other significance, being built just for the sake of having something Gothic on the grounds, produces a feeling of dissatisfaction. It is a *hors d'œuvre*, uncomfortable as a dwelling, and as a decoration unrelated to its surroundings; but if we see on a distant hill the spires of a chapel rising above the ancient trees, and we are told that this is the burial-place of the family, or a temple actually used for worship, then we feel satisfied, because we find utility combined with fitting beauty.

The same effect of dissatisfaction is produced by an immense palace set on a small estate, surrounded by the huts of poverty, or a vast park with an insignificant cottage in the center.

Buildings, then, must stand in appropriate relation to their surroundings and should always have a positive purpose. Hence, one should be very careful in the matter of temples, which in ancient times had a quite different, popular religious significance, and also with meaningless monuments, if they are to leave a deeply moving and not a trivial impression. The trite, incoherent manner in which in these days mythology is taken up, makes it desirable to abandon it entirely, and similarly to refrain from the rule of inscriptions which are intended in certain localities to arouse certain sentiments. Even were they from Goethe himself, as in Weimar, these indubitably find in his writings a better place.

Only where they are occasionally necessary, as on the finger-post at a crossroad, does one thankfully acknowledge the required direction. The most amusing example under this heading must surely be the one represented in the "Gardeners' Magazine" by a fine drawing of a bench dedicated to friendship, whose back forms the words "Orestes and Pylades." Near it stands a music pavilion, crenelated with music notes, from which the passer-by can at once sing "Freut euch des Lebens" as he goes. Such a lesson is splendid, for it brings culture within the scope of the most limited intelligence.

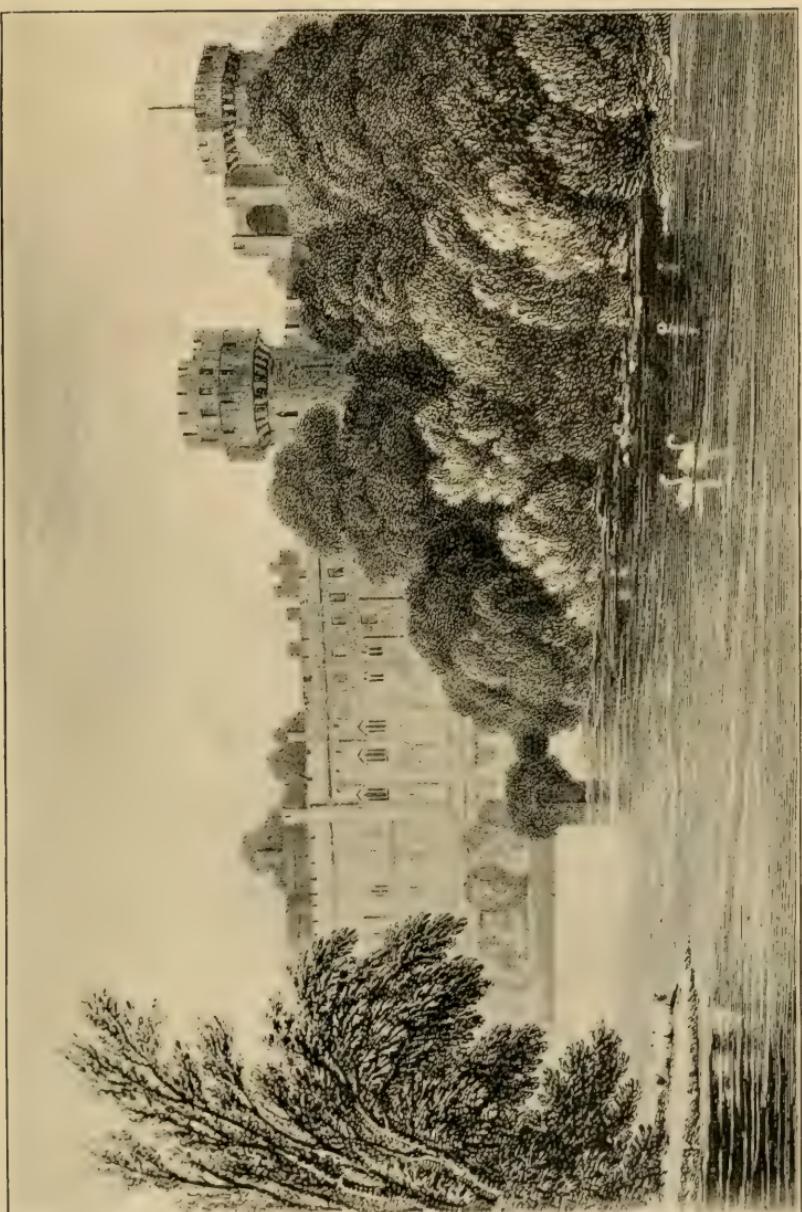
In England also one is not free from such absurdities. Thus, I found, in an otherwise very pretty villa near London, in the shrubbery a plump, wooden, white-daubed Amor, with puffed cheeks, hanging by ropes between branches, and threatening to shoot the passer-by with his arrow; and twenty steps farther on some apes of the same material, which played on the lawn like fossilized figures. On inquiry I found that the tasteful grounds belonged to a newly wed young brewer who had just returned from the Continent with his bride; hence Amor and the Apes were sufficiently explained!

The most important building in the park is naturally the dwelling-house. It should be suited, not only to the surroundings, but also to the position, the means, and even to the calling of the owner. The roomy castle and its battlements and towers are perhaps unsuitable to the merchant,

but quite becoming to the noble aristocrat, the fame of whose family has been handed down for centuries, and whose forefathers really needed them to make strongholds of their abode. The elder Repton (Amenity Repton, so-named) went so far as to hide entirely with trees the fine view of the city of Bristol, in order that the owner of a certain villa, a merchant who had retired from business, should not be unpleasantly reminded of his past cares and worries by beholding the city where he had spent his laborious days. This is thoroughly English, as well as the endeavor of many egotists there to hide from view everything that belongs to their place, no matter how picturesque it is. Without going so far, I will say here that the view from the dwelling-house should harmonize as much as possible with the individual taste of the owner, since the eye always rests on it, and hence the view *of* the house should be secondary to the view *from* the house, while the reverse might hold good for most of the other buildings of the park.

I will remark here, by the way, that the points of the compass should also be considered. A person in our climate occupying the north side of a dwelling will often hear the storm winds howl, and will behold all objects under a somber veil, while his neighbor who occupies the south side beholds a clear sky and a sunlit landscape.

Where there are genuine old castles, or manor houses, which have been in the possession of the family for a long time (not *new* buildings in imi-



Warwick Castle

tation of an *old* style), I am of the opinion that their ancient character should be preserved when they are enlarged or made more comfortable, even if a much finer building might be erected on the spot. The memory of a by-gone time, the majesty of years, also counts for something, and it is a real misfortune that our pasteboard age has destroyed so many of these relics. Thus, quite recently a splendid castle in my neighborhood, the possession of one of the first nobles of the land, was pulled down at great cost and supplanted by a three-cornered structure resembling a Leipzig goods store built by an up-to-date architect, in which the yard measure, flanked by bales and cases, would have been the only appropriate insignia.

The English have not yet been guilty of this folly, and nowhere else are family possessions more religiously and more proudly preserved. We also find there many estates of mere bourgeois families which for more than six centuries have passed from father to son, and with so little change in general that, for instance, in Malahide in Ireland, the family seat of the Talbots, even the woodwork and the furniture of entire apartments date back to those early years. And who can behold the splendors of majestic Warwick Castle, with its colossal tower a thousand years old, or the royal seat of the Duke of Northumberland, without feeling penetrated with romantic awe, and without delighting in the matchless beauty of these grand piles?

On the other hand, it is a mistake to erect buildings intended for peaceable dwellings in the style of a castle or stronghold. The most costly examples of this kind in England are Eatonhall and Ashridge, where millions have been spent in creating a child's toy, immense fortresses set in flower gardens, whose innumerable turrets and battlements looking down upon the hothouses filled with exotic plants seem ludicrous, and whose owners, in the words of a waggish traveler, should walk about their pleasure-grounds like Don Quixote, with shield and armor, to be in harmony with their buildings. A dallying with things Gothic is as silly as a man in second childhood.

Chapter V

Parks and Gardens

PARKS and gardens are two very different things, and it is perhaps one of the chief drawbacks of all the German and English grounds that I know, that this distinction is almost never sufficiently observed, so that, as Müllner says, we too frequently meet with only a hodge-podge of art and nonsense. Although the term "park" in the larger sense is generally applied to the entire landscape design of the region, including all dwellings, it really means, more accurately defined, a combination of "pleasure-grounds" and gardens within the larger area of the main park.¹ The park must have the character of untrammeled Nature, where the hand of man is visible only in the well-kept roads and the judiciously scattered buildings. It seems to me, however, a lack of taste to ignore the human element altogether, and, in order to keep the illusion of wild Nature, to have to wade through the tall grass and tear one's self on thorns in the woods, and come upon

¹ The word "pleasure-ground" is difficult to translate accurately into German, and I therefore consider it better to retain the English expression; it means a *terrain*, abutting on the house and decorated and fenced in, of far larger dimensions than gardens usually are; something that establishes a gradation between the park and the true garden, which should appear to be really a part of the house.

a bench for the weary without a rest for the back, although Rousseau recommends all this. Such grounds should represent Nature, it is true, but Nature arranged for the use and comfort of man. If one can bring within the park a manor house with its fields adjoining, a mill or a factory, this will give it only the more life and variety, which is much to be recommended; on the other hand, one must be careful not to overdo it. In order to avoid the latter, one should endeavor to separate the different elements by a harmonious arrangement of the various parts of the whole, and not mingle them awkwardly with one another.

The fields, for instance, should be massed in the farm and not scattered all over the park; everything should be allotted its distinct place and maintain its peculiar characteristics, and the transition should be appropriately defined. But if various objects have already approached too near each other, or if they are required for other purposes, then, in order to avoid overloading and confusion, let everything be given as much as possible the same character. In my park,¹ for example, a fisherman's hut leaning against high oaks is set beside a lake formed by a branch of

¹ I will repeat here that I so frequently refer to my own park, not in a spirit of boastfulness, but because I can, of course, find no better illustrations for my theories, and I am also obliged to describe, as actually existing, things which are not in reality completed, but which are in process of construction and determined on the plans, as far as I have made them, because they have been sufficiently tried. I must do this for the sake of brevity, and also because I should otherwise have to wait ten more years before publishing this book, in which time, I hope, it might appear superfluous.

the river; somewhat higher up, not quite two hundred feet from the bank, which is steeper here, there is a wax bleachery; quite close to this, are an ice-house and the lodge of a park keeper; farther away on the other side of the river, still in the same vista, and apparently near, is an English cottage; and behind are seen the thatched roofs of the village, and, crowning all, the spire of the village church.

If all these objects, which serve entirely different purposes, and are either really very close together or are made to appear so from the road by optical illusion, were built, each one in a different style, they would be a perfect salamagundi, offensive to good taste. In order to obviate this, it was only necessary to have all the buildings, with slight variations, preserve the rustic character of the village, which is the dominating feature of this plot, and to cover the English cottage, the fisherman's hut, the bleachery, and the ice-house, like the village, with straw or some other rustic covering. Thus, the plot appears as one integral part of the park, as a pleasant little village spreading out on both sides of the river, inhabited by well-to-do villagers. I have thus produced unity out of multiplicity; twenty buildings, each with a character of its own, scattered over the landscape, look like twenty separate objects, while a city of ten thousand connected houses forms a simple unit in its general effect.

Should the view embrace a stretch of land-

scape, it is true that heterogeneous objects might without detriment be visible at one glance, yet the imagination can never succeed in accepting with satisfaction (what has been attempted in many parks, famous in their time) the conjunction of a Chinese tower with a Gothic church, two or three Greek temples, a Russian block-house, a ruined castle, a Dutch farmhouse, with, perhaps, a volcano thrown in, all being part of one picture. In contemplating such a scene, no matter how beautiful the setting, taste could not but suffer from artistic indigestion!

On the other hand, the principles which should be established for the "pleasure-ground" and gardens are entirely different; the latter may be as varied as possible, as flower gardens, winter gardens, orchards, vineyards, vegetable gardens, etc. In England I saw exotic gardens, Chinese gardens, American gardens, monastic, and even porcelain, gardens.

I may repeat here with some variation what I have said before: as the park is Nature idealized within a small compass, so the garden is an extended dwelling. Here the tastes of the owner may have free play, following his imagination and indulging even in trivialities.¹ Everything should be decorative, designed for comfort, and

¹ Of course there may be things that are obvious absurdities. In a garden in Vienna, for instance, I saw a house in the shape of a tub in which sits an immense Diogenes of cardboard, who seems to have just extinguished his light in deference to the spectator; or elsewhere a bench, where a person who sits down upon it is drenched, after a few minutes, with a squirt of water, and other like impertinences.

as ornamental as the means permit. Let the lawns appear as a velvet carpet embroidered with flowers; gather together the rarest and the most beautiful exotic plants, curious animals, multi-colored birds¹ (provided that Nature or art will enable them to thrive); polished benches, refreshing fountains, the cool shades of dense avenues, order and fancy; in short, everything in turn to evoke the richest and most varied effects, just as one furnishes every salon in the interior of a house in a different style. Thus, one may continue the suite of rooms on a greater scale under the open sky, whose blue vault, with ever-renewed cloud canopy, takes the place of the painted ceiling, and in which sun and moon are the perpetual illumination. To draw up rules for such details is more in the province of the decorative gardener, still more of the individual taste of the master, and perhaps most of all should be left to the delicate taste and delightful fancy of women. Hence, as regards this point I shall only make some general remarks.

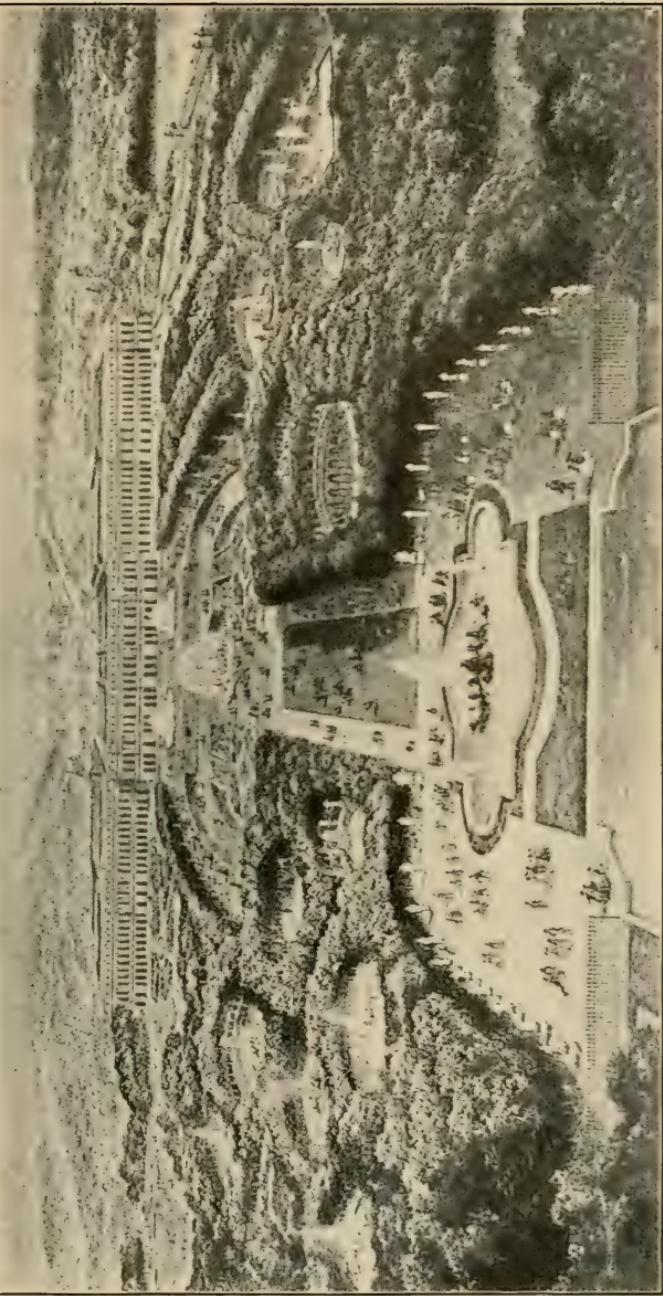
It is essential that the confines of each garden, in which I always include the "pleasure-ground," for the sake of security should have an enclosure which separates it from the park.

If the locality allows of a high terrace, or a continuous ha-ha, this would, in most cases, be

¹ But there must be no superfluity, nor any trace of dirt or odors, and if this cannot be so managed, then the menagerie should be removed; for curiosities which can be admired only with the handkerchief at the nose are undesirable in a place which should be devoted only to the comfortable enjoyment of beauty.

the best enclosure for a “pleasure-garden,” and regular lines that are not concealed, but quite visibly mark the difference, are here to be recommended; for a garden is the occasion for very obvious art, and must therefore appear as such. While this barrier keeps out of the gardens the cattle or the deer grazing in the park, or visibly divides from them the meadows intended only for hay, the eye dwells with pleasure, first, upon the rich colors of the foreground, with its wealth of flowers and the emerald carpets of carefully kept lawns, and beyond, upon the open landscape with its imposing trees or the waving grasses sown with wild flowers, where the mowers swing their glittering scythes in the sun or repose at noon in the fragrant hay. This contrast between free Nature and artistic cultivation, visibly separated and yet melting into one harmonious picture, is doubly soothing to the feelings.

It depends on the locality whether all the different gardens (and the more there are the more pleasing effect of variety they produce) shall be enclosed in one large space, most fittingly near the dwelling-house, or whether they shall be scattered about the park. I have pursued a middle course, extending the “pleasure-ground” all around the castle, and not, as is generally done in England, only on one side; the flower gardens approach close to the windows, a conservatory opening from the salon forming a connecting link; then at a little distance, as a plot by itself, but still within the circumference of the “pleasure-



Bird's-Eye View of Versailles

ground," the orangerie, the winter garden, the conservatories, and the vegetable gardens; but the orchards, the vineyard, and the nurseries I have distributed, at a distance from the castle, through the park; moreover, I have laid out several smaller gardens, in different styles, around the other principal buildings of the park, which I will describe more in detail farther on.

Although all these gardens are decorated here and there by scattered flower beds, the great mass and variety of flowers are reserved for the flower gardens proper. I repeat here that the selection and distribution of the flowers must be left to the individual taste of the owner, though I will say in passing that flowers of the same kind in large masses generally make a far more impressive effect than a mixture of many different kinds in the same bed. Yet the *nuances* are so various, and there is so much to be considered in the designing, that only years of practice and experience will give the best. The light cast upon the flowers by the surrounding objects is a prime consideration. A rose in shadow and a rose in light yield quite different colors; much more the blue flowers. But especially striking is the effect brought about by the contrast of dark shade with bright sunlight on full white flowers mixed with others of brilliant color. Generally speaking, it is advisable to break strong-tinted flowers with white, in order to make the former stand out in stronger relief.

A winter garden, as the name implies, must

be confined to evergreen plants, and in our cold climate it is very difficult to grow any variety. Orangeries and hothouses belong to them; also statues and fountains, which, even when the water freezes, do not lose their picturesque character. Regular arrangements after ancient models, or French taste growing therefrom yield the best results, and if the effect of turf is desired, then evergreen creeping plants or the bright green dwarf bilberry and cranberry plants may be utilized. I can only touch slightly on these points, partly on account of the numerous details which lie out of the scope of this work, and partly because further remarks will be forthcoming in my description of the park at Muskau.

I close this chapter, therefore, with the remark that kitchen and fruit gardens, although essentially for use, can be made pleasing to the eye by the happy arrangement of the beds of the first, and in the second by the training of fruit trees *en espalier* or by the trellising of them on walls (see Table I c); by convenient paths, and by the utmost cleanliness and order, so that one may here enjoy the warm sunlight in the spring, or later in the year pluck the ripest fruit. In England, where everything is made to serve the utmost convenience, strawberries are planted in terraces near the paths, to be reached without troublesome stooping. And raised paths are made under the fruit trees, so that cherries and apples grow on the level of the stroller. Several lengths of wall are built in the middle of the kitchen

garden, affording, not only a protected sunny side, but also a shady side, and all kinds of fruit trees are skillfully trained on them. English fruit, even in the open, gets too little sunlight, and the ripest are still, as in the time of the Duc de Langeais, the *cooked apples*.¹

¹ The well-known saying was, “Qu'en Angleterre il n'y avait de poli que l'acier et ne fruits murs que les pommes cuites.” (“There is in England nothing polished but steel, and no ripe fruit but the baked apple.”)

Chapter VI

Concerning the Laying-out of the Lawns of Parks Meadows, and Gardens

WHAT the gold backgrounds of the old masters, which set out the sweet, lovable faces of madonnas and saints in so ideal a manner, are to religious pictures, green, luxuriant grass spaces are to a landscape. They are, as it were, the canvas of Nature-painting, the playground where the sun disports an element of brightness which sets out the whole landscape. Green grass enhances the freshness of the entire landscape and furnishes a carpet for the sun to shine upon, whereas an arid, gray heath appears like a shroud even in the most beautiful spot. But while the grass plot should be green, it should not be marshy, being thereby rendered inaccessible, nor so soft and spongy that horses and wagons leave their tracks in passing over, thereby spoiling its appearance for months after. Although the latter cannot be wholly avoided in the first weeks after laying the plot out, especially in wet weather, yet if the grass is well kept it soon acquires a firm texture, even in light soil.

For the making of lawns I can recommend the following rules, which the experience of several years in my neighborhood has confirmed: —

(1) Whether in a meadow or for a park or pleasure-ground it is of no avail to sow only one kind of grass seed. With only one kind of grass, perennial or not, it is not possible to secure a close grass texture.

(2) For the first two — namely, meadows and park — I consider the richest mixture to be the best, but with this proviso, that the particular kind of grass which experience has found to be the most suitable to the special soil should dominate, to the extent of a third to a half of the mixture. In wet ground the greater part should be timothy (*Phleum pratense*); for heavy soil, rye grass (*Lolium perenne*); for loam, yellow clover (*Medicago lupulina*) and French rye grass (*Arrhenatherum elatius*); for light soil, honey or velvet grass (*Holcus lanatus*); for high ground, white clover (*Trifolium repens*), etc.

(3) If the plot that is to be sown is dry, it is advisable to trench it twelve to eighteen inches first, whatever the soil may be, but the top soil must be spread over the surface again if the soil below is inferior, and a sandy soil must of course be improved by muck, compost, or field soil. If the expense of digging trenches is too great, then one must plough to at least the usual depth, and in most cases still deeper with a subsoil plough. The field so prepared should be sown (here from the middle of August to the middle of September) in rather moist weather and very thickly, and the seed at once well rolled in. On heavy soil it is best to wait for a dry day. By the end

of October the most beautiful green will cover the new meadows. The next year they should be mowed quite early, in order to obtain an even growth, but the seed should be allowed to ripen and fall to the ground, thus securing a greater density of turf for the following year. Nothing more is now necessary than to roll it well every year after each mowing, and every three or four years, as may be required, to fertilize it plentifully with a compost field soil, muck, or with manure. In this manner, on light dry soil and to the surprise of many landowners, I have produced the most luxurious meadow, which, instead of giving out in ten years as was prophesied, steadily improved, and from a pecuniary point of view has proved quite a good investment, as in four years the capital spent on it has been repaid.

(4) Marshy ground should first be dried, for which the English method of underground drains is the best. This consists of large hollow tiles laid on flat tiles (bricks), making durable little canals, which are not constantly choked by débris, as is the case with drains made by filling ditches with brushwood and stones. If one has plenty of rapidly flowing water, one may often devise charming open waterways, which drain off the water even better than the tiles, and make a most attractive feature in the landscape. If cleverly constructed in a natural way, they will improve instead of disfiguring the prospect. I recommend, for such little streams, the construction

of open, clean-cut main channels, with sharp rather than round bends, and then, banks made as sloping as possible, in order not to break the grass level too abruptly and lose too much meadow land. To give the required variety in detail to the bed of the stream, the earth may be taken away here and there, sometimes from the upper, sometimes from the lower bank, and still further to vary the effect, bushes, stones, or water plants may be set on or near the edge of the water. It is obvious that, wherever possible, watering or flooding a lawn or grass field must be carefully provided for, and that there should be one general flooding for a few days in the spring, and even after every mowing. Wherever this can be done, it is preferable to the daily watering during the hot weather, from which I have never derived much benefit.

(5) If one desires to lay out lawns for "pleasure-grounds" and gardens, grass seeds should be mixed according to the ground, but all coarse grasses, such as honey or velvet grass (*Holcus lanatus*), French rye grass (*Arrhenatherum elatius*), thread grass, etc., should be avoided. *Festuca ovina* (sheep's fescue), white clover (*Trifolium repens*), and English rye grass (*Lolium perenne*), are generally used in England, and when the finer kind of lawn is desired, instead of rye grass, several kinds of *Agrostis* or red-top and other very fine grasses. In our soil and climate the most beautiful and firm turf can be best assured in a short time by sodding with selected fine park

grass which one can find everywhere on the borders of fields and edges of woods. It should be cut off in long strips, rolled up, then laid on the properly prepared ground in the same way it lay before it was cut, firmly bedded with wooden pounders, all gaps stopped, a little good garden earth strewn over, and a little of the above grass mixture sown on top; the whole being finally rolled and watered. This is sure to give the desired result, and if later on any portion of the lawn should show patches of poor turf, I have often found, in order to make the growth strong and healthy, that it was quite sufficient to dig up such parts and sow fresh seed.

The proper treatment later on is, however, the most important thing, without which no short grass can long remain in good condition. First of all it must be mowed every eight days in wet, every fourteen days in dry, weather, and it should be rolled at least as often. It is best to let the rolling precede the mowing, first, in order to press down little stones and other obstructions, in which the scythe is apt to catch and stick, and second, so as to obliterate the stripes which the roller leaves on the lawn and which are conspicuous for several days. The usual rye scythes will serve with grass as well; but the operation requires considerable practice and a very even stroke. Also, to avoid leaving out bits of long grass, one must mow every piece twice, down and up, in dry weather. The morning hours, before the dew is gone, are the best for mowing.

If these instructions are followed out exactly, it will seldom be necessary to have to weed out isolated encroachments of flowers or weeds; they either die out of themselves, or have no time to affect injuriously the evenness of the turf. It is also a mistake to try to weed out all moss in a lawn of this kind. Many kinds, under the treatment I have described, in the shade of the trees, where no grass will grow, make a carpet which is like satin in softness and excels even grass in freshness. I remember to have seen in the Isle of Wight a long stretch of moss of this kind, which, in elasticity, soft green, and closeness of texture, excelled any lawn I have seen in England, and also I have succeeded in making charming places of this kind under high trees.

As soon as the grass is cut, the lawn should be raked off and then swept carefully its entire length with sharp brooms, until it is as clean as a floor. It is then more pleasant for walking than the best gravel path and does not at all require the anxious warnings and notice boards which in our gardens often border on the ridiculous. One may play ball on it all day without fear of doing it any damage. It is true that, during a severe drought, I have been compelled to water my lawns with a large fire engine connected with a pump which was stationed for this purpose near the castle, with sufficient power to use a leather hose having a length of more than three hundred feet. I cannot, however, assert that much good was accomplished thereby,

and I have abandoned it on account of the great expense. In time of extreme drought any lawn will, in spite of all irrigation, be inferior to one which has had plenty of rain, but even if, in the hottest months, the lawn should be apparently all burned up, yet it will be renewed in the autumn. In any case, during periods of great heat and severe drought it is advisable neither to roll nor to mow. Except under these circumstances, the time of mowing and rolling should begin when the grass has grown an inch or two and only cease on the approach of the season of frost and snow. This continuous procedure is, of course, expensive, and in many places in England it is customary to keep well mowed only the lawn in front of the house and on the borders of the "pleasure-ground," especially when the master is absent. The closeness of the grass, however, as well as its cleanliness, suffers, as I have often experienced, if it is not continually mown. In very large gardens it is as well to keep several men for the single purpose of mowing,¹ and to let them mow continuously in the morning hours, so that when the last piece is finished, the work can be at once taken up at the beginning. In this way it is possible to have the lawn appear for the largest part tidy all the time, as to mow and roll and sweep such extensive spaces all at once in one or two mornings

¹ In general it is advisable to keep the same workmen on the one task. They do their work better and more quickly, and give more satisfaction.

would require, especially with the sluggishness and slow way of working of our country folk, an extraordinary number of men, and the unskilled labor necessarily employed would, moreover, give poor and unequal results.

I have dwelt on these details, because in Germany few things are so neglected; indeed, in many cases they seem to be quite ignored. On my place I have proved that with similar treatment we can obtain as good lawns in spring, summer, and autumn as in England; on account of our harder climate it is not possible in winter, at the beginning of which English lawns are at their best. It is less possible, perhaps, for us to vie with the richness of the open meadows in England, especially with their wealth of flowers, of which I remember examples, where at a little distance bright reds, blues, and yellows entirely mantled the green.

The field set apart for meadow is sown for a year or two with root crops, then it is laid out in little sections for the men engaged in manuring and working it, irregularities are leveled down, and each section worked across. When the whole field has been thoroughly worked in this manner according to its quality,—since it is seldom that even a field of ten acres is of the same quality,—I spread on the lighter soil clay and marl, on the heavier soil, sand and light loam, also a compost made of turf earth and oak tan bark, leveling the whole once more with the spade so that the smallest inequalities are

worked into the trenches and hollows. The whole field is then prepared so that the roller can reach every bit of its surface.¹

The best time for sowing with grass I have found to be in August; also in September when the weather permits, though August is preferable. The advantages of sowing in the summer are: (1) In the autumn one does not expect to have such severe droughts as in the spring; therefore, the grass becomes thick and very strong before winter. (2) On meadows the grass seed sown in the autumn grows more vigorously and safely. (3) One can level the ground and improve it with compost in the summer when the work of the spring and other pressing requirements have been attended to, according to the number of men and draught cattle available. Here, where wages are not exactly excessive, I have the ground, when it has been prepared as above, turned up in July in small sections. As soon as rainy weather sets in and the clods are half dry, so that the earth does not clog, I go over it once with the harrow, and sow it in the order of the following mixtures: English rye grass (*Lolium perenne*), orchard grass (*Dactylis glomerata*), meadow fescue (*Festuca pratensis*), velvet grass (*Holcus lanatus*), French rye grass (*Arrhenatherum elatius*) and timothy grass in equal parts, and allow for a Magdeburg acre (.63 of an English acre) one half hun-

¹ It may perhaps interest students to have a regular receipt for the sowing of lawns, which I have set down as suggested by my head gardener, giving the manner in which the most successful of my lawns have been procured.

dredweight of clean seed. Generally, however, because of cost, the seed is not sufficiently cleaned, and in this case double and, on lighter ground, treble the above amount is required. Timothy grass, on account of its fine and heavy grain, does not mix well with the other seeds, and therefore to ten pounds of timothy (*Phleum pratense*) I add one pound of white clover (*Trifolium repens*), one pound red clover (*Trifolium pratense*), one pound of yellow clover, and one pound of sweet or Bokhara clover (*Melilotus officinalis*), and later spread this mixture, which is of equally heavy grain, over the space which has already been sown with the lighter mixture. Then the field is harrowed and rolled lengthways and crossways. When the greater part of the seed is ripe the next summer, I have it beaten off with rakes or small stakes before mowing. In good weather the greater part of the fallen seeds sprout again, whereby I obtain a fairly thick grass turf in one year, which otherwise I could not expect from a sown meadow for several years, unless I were to sow three times as thickly, which would be very expensive, since the harvesting and threshing of grass seed is rather difficult and depends very much upon the weather.

Chapter VII

Trees and Shrubs and their Grouping, and Plantations in General

THE first requirement of a landscape is the vigorous growth of all plants. The finest forms of mountains and lakes, the brilliancy of the sun and sky, combined with the naked rocks and bare lakes, cannot replace meadows and the luxuriant growth of various forms of trees with their diversified, pleasing green and rich foliage. Fortunate the man to whom his forbears have bequeathed lofty woods of old oaks, beeches, and lindens, these proud giants of our Northern clime, standing still untouched by the woodman's murderous axe. He should never regard them without veneration and delight, he should cherish them as the apple of his eye, for neither money nor power, neither a Crœsus nor an Alexander, can restore an oak a thousand years old in its wonderful majesty after the poor laborer has felled it. Terrible and swift is the destructive power of man, but poor and weak is his power to rebuild. May an ancient tree be to you, kind reader, who love Nature, a holy thing. And yet, here also, the individual tree must be sacrificed, if need be, to the general group.

It may happen that a tree which, taken alone,

is most beautiful, does really disturb the effectiveness and harmony of the whole, and then it must be sacrificed. Such occasions, however, are very rare, and I, unfortunately, know from my own experience that a slight alteration of plans would often be sufficient to spare a precious veteran whose execution at first seemed unavoidable. At all events, before applying the executioner's axe, be sure to deliberate not once but many times. It may be that the importance which I give to this matter may appear exaggerated, yet a true lover of Nature will understand me, and appreciate the qualms of conscience that half a dozen trees murdered without reason continue to cause me. On the other hand, my only consolation is that by boldly cutting down other trees I have made such great improvements that the gain outbalances the loss. Besides, there is no denying that by the removal of a few big trees more can be accomplished in one day than in a hundred years by planting thousands of specimens, and that the loss of a few of these is not to be regretted if their number is increased a hundredfold to the eye by making so many others visible which had previously been quite obscured. This is so certain, that, although I have not been blessed with a surplus of ancient trees in my park, yet I have succeeded in apparently multiplying tenfold the number of them left standing. These, by the removal of some eighty others, are visible now from all points. One is often struck by the fact in such cases that "One cannot see the

woods for the trees." The great art in laying out a park consists in making use of comparatively few objects in such a way that a great variety of different pictures result, in which the recurrent elements are not recognized or at least produce novel and surprising effects. The double illustration on Plate II shows the result which was brought about by the removal of about twenty old limes which stood in front of the castle.

It is far more important to select, for trees to be transplanted, the kind of soil which suits them, or to procure it artificially if it is not naturally available, and above all, never to transplant them to worse ground than they previously occupied. It is really amusing how ignorant most planters are in this matter, and how they place various species of trees quite haphazard, without suspecting, much less taking any trouble to discover, how various are the mixtures of soil which each plant particularly requires. The most ordinary agriculturist is quite aware of this with regard to his fruit trees, and observes it daily; the ornamental tree planter, at the most, knows so-called "good soil," that is, heavy loam and sand. On this matter I must be content to draw the attention of the reader to its importance, as a necessarily long disquisition would take me too far beyond my prescribed limits. Sterile soils can be made to produce, without great expense, luxuriant growth of all kinds of trees which can bear the climate provided one has a proper compost of mixed peat, sand, loam, and in addition manure

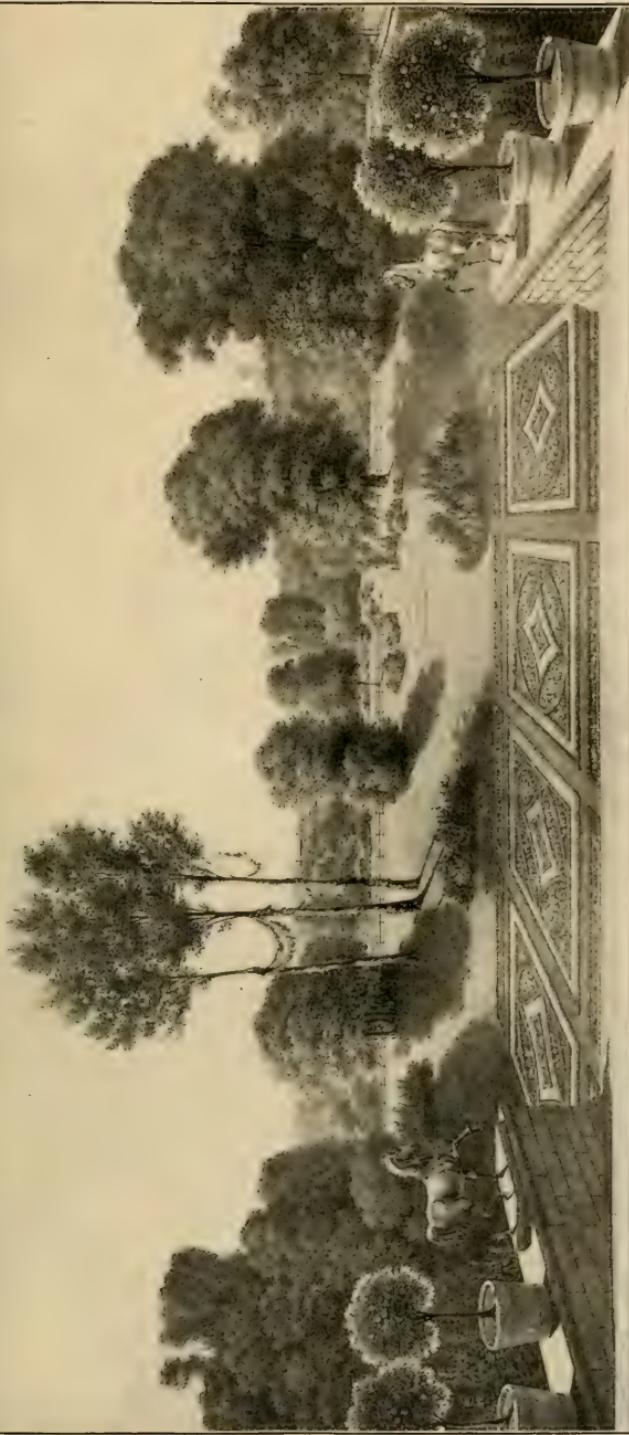


PLATE II. View from the Front of the Castle at Muskau, showing Effect of the Removal of about Twenty Large Trees

and straw and lime, if it can be obtained at a moderate price.

In case there is underlying the whole region a coarse gravel or impenetrable clay, all attempts are hopeless. Any one who plants lindens in heavy loam, chestnuts in marl, beeches in peat, planes in quicksand, as I have often seen done, has himself to blame when he raises cripples instead of trees. So much for transplanting single trees. With regard to the art of their grouping I will add the following: Frequently several trees may be planted close together in one and the same hole, some fork-like; sometimes five to six should be placed in almost straight lines, etc.; for groups symmetrically rounded off become as monotonous in the end as do regular alleys. The accompanying illustration (Plate III, *a* and *b*) shows two ground-plans with the same number of trees, one badly and one well grouped: *c* shows artificially, and *d* naturally, planted groups. On slopes, because of the long shadows they throw, single trees show better than groups. On flat ground trees should less often stand out singly, but should be so disposed as to give the eye a certain continuity of view, not too much broken up, here by sweeping, there by nearer, sometimes round, sometimes extended, groups.

A pleasing effect is frequently obtained by planting two entirely different species of trees in the same hole, such as birch and alder, willow and oak, of which I possess a very picturesque specimen in my "pleasure-ground," or by allow-

ing one tree to grow askew leaning almost horizontally over the water.

To bring about such little artifices one must observe Nature herself and await a convenient opportunity for the undertaking. Thus, I recommend the planting of all trees intended to stand alone on a somewhat rounded spot of ground, as the heaped-up earth gives them a more graceful outline, and old trees which have grown up from seed nearly always stand naturally on just such a swelling point forced up by the growing roots.

In order to judge of their effect beforehand, it is a good idea, before planting groups, to stick in the ground felled trees and branches. I should advise this course until riper experience gives the proper instinct and until the trained powers of the imagination become able to paint the picture accurately in the mind. But one cannot expect that every arrangement will look equally well from all sides; that is impossible; so one should take only the chief points of view, test the whole from these points only, and by the disposition of the paths prevent the visitor from being led to the less favorable spots.

With solid young plantations I generally take the following course: First of all, I have the entire plot of ground trenched to a depth of at least two feet, even if the soil consists only of the lightest drift sand. The chemical effect of trenching and the receptivity for moisture thus imparted to the earth often passes all expectations. By trenching four feet in bare granular sand on a

sterile hill, where one would expect only birches and pines to prosper, I have grown good oaks, maples, limes, and firs, and, as they have flourished for a period of twelve years, their future growth is reasonably safe.¹

Only on steep declivities, where trenching is impracticable, would I permit, even in the case of solid plantations, the forester's method of planting trees in small single trenches, a style only to be used in ornamental work were absolutely necessary. Wherever it is possible without excessive cost, I try to improve the original soil in some degree, but if this is not feasible, I select for planting thereon only such kinds of trees as may be expected to thrive. If time, however, allows, I manure the trenched territory first and plant it with potatoes for one year. I make a point of planting everywhere as closely as possible: first, because the trees thrive better thus; secondly, because I can utilize such a plantation as a nursery later on by the removal every year of a part of the young plants which have been too closely set. The quick-growing trees that have grown higher, such as poplars, alders, acacias, etc., should be distributed here and there, always with due regard to the soil, thereby giving from the beginning a more finished appearance to the whole mass, but these should be cut down for underbrush later on, the nobler species, the oaks, lin-

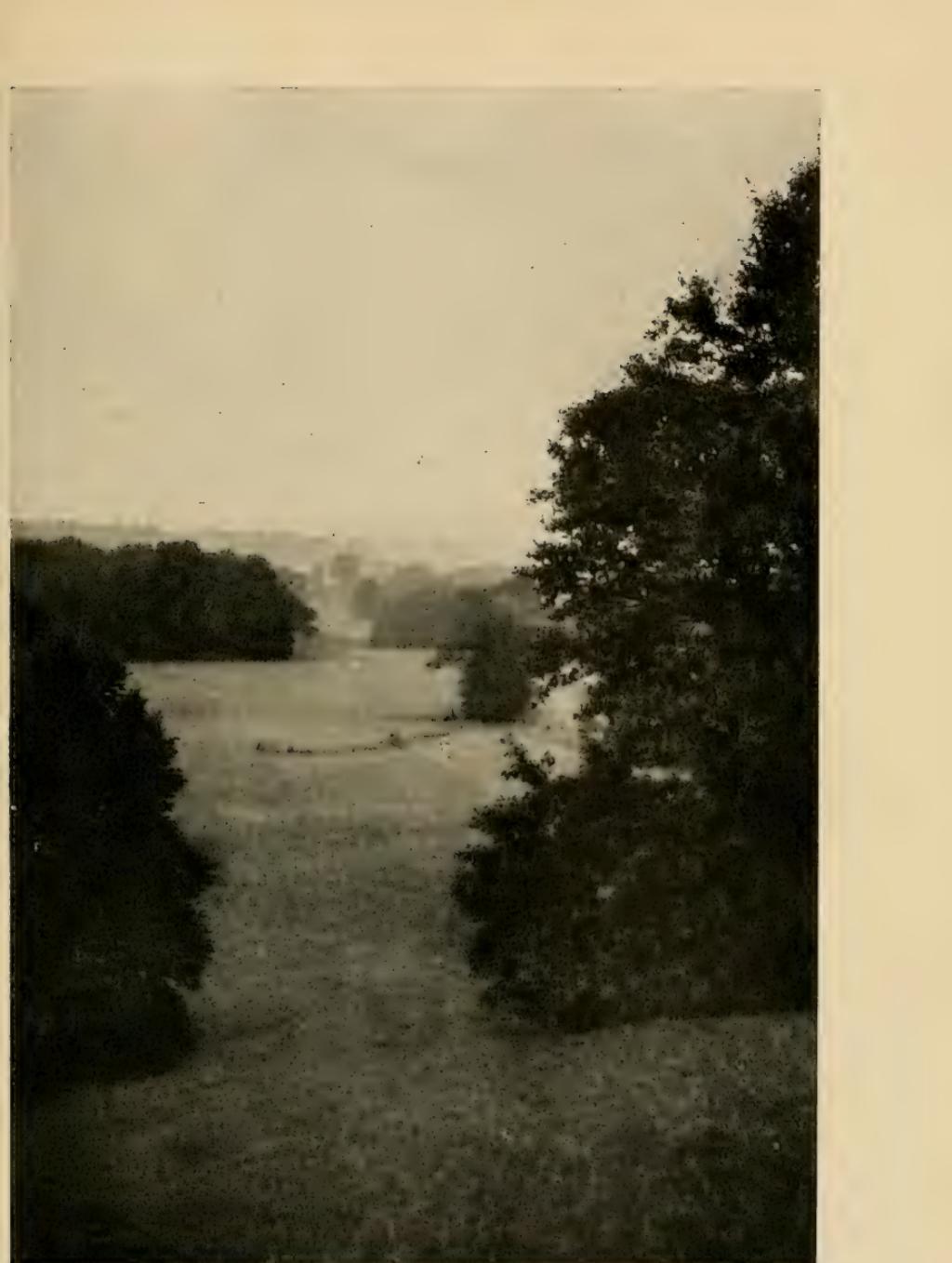
¹ If there is a foot of earth on top and only sand below, the trenching should not be so deep, as it is a good idea to keep the roots as much as possible in the rich earth.

dens, beeches, chestnuts, etc., being given the preference. I consider it inadvisable to plant too small and too young specimens, partly for their own welfare and partly to avoid waste of time. Therefore, I seldom take for the purpose trees less than five or six feet high, and I also use only shrubs that have acquired some bushiness. It is hardly necessary to remark that, in general, extended nurseries are most important in all grounds, or at least should be found in the neighborhood.¹

It is to this simple method that I attribute the fact that my plantations, according to many visitors, as a rule have, after two or three years, the appearance of ten or fifteen years' growth, and at the same time have served for a considerable period.

For two or three years only I have the new plantations in the park weeded and raked, and after that no more. This is to keep the surface roots undamaged and also to save expense. The plantations are then left alone, except that they are gradually thinned out, either by taking away trees entirely, or by cutting down others so that the fresh growth will form underwood. In course of time one can, with the greatest ease, give plantations so arranged every variety required, making them a thicket impenetrable to the eye, or a forest of a slender growth which will unfold itself in spreading foliage, allowing peeps into

¹ I cannot refrain from mentioning here the magnificent nursery in Potsdam and congratulating its founder, Head Gardener Lenné, for all that he has accomplished in this branch of gardening with such tireless energy.



Photograph by Thomas W. Sears

A Vista in the Park of Muskau

the depths, or break into dappled light and shade over a small, open plot of meadow in beautiful, wavy lines, or out of all these combine a mingled effect of many kinds of scenery.

In the park I avail myself, as a rule, of native or thoroughly acclimated trees and shrubs, and avoid all foreign ornamental plants, for idealized Nature must still be true to the character of the country and climate to which it belongs so as to appear of spontaneous growth and not betray the artifice which may have been used. We have many beautiful flowering shrubs growing wild in Germany which should be freely used, while a *centifolia* rose, a Chinese lilac, or a clump of such shrubs in a spot in the middle of a wild wood strike us unpleasantly as an affectation unless they are found by themselves in an enclosed space, as, for instance, in a little garden near a cottage which sufficiently indicates the neighborhood and hand of man. Some foreign trees, such as white pines, acacias, larches, planes, locusts, purple beeches, may be regarded as native, though I prefer for our country lindens, oaks, maples, beeches, alders, elms, chestnuts, ash, birch, etc.

Varieties of poplar which are very useful in the beginning on account of their rapid growth, I remove in the course of time, as their branches are too straggly and their grayish green too somber; yet modifications occur easily; silver poplars, for example, relieved against any dark wood, making a pleasant variation, and old Canadian

poplars often overhang lower shrubs very prettily and also add to the height of different parts of the group.

The Lombardy poplars had better be entirely removed from the park, but in the "pleasure-ground" they produce a not unpleasing effect when grouped in large masses. Singly their shape is too stiff and unpicturesque, and used in alleys they are a real horror.

On the whole, I try to arrange the larger plantations so that in each section one kind of tree dominates, and, of course, that one of the kind for which the soil is most suitable, but I try to avoid having a whole division with only one kind of tree. This mode of planting is very popular in our German gardens, where the various kinds of trees, especially evergreens and deciduous trees, are as anxiously separated in groups in connected plantations as if contagion were to be feared from one species of tree to another. All this, perhaps, may be said to produce a grandiose, though hardly a gay, effect, but in my opinion, on the contrary, it gives just the appearance of a harlequin's jacket. Nor is such a proceeding in any way founded on Nature. Where Nature, left to herself on an area, relatively as a park, has sown a thousand kinds of trees and shrubs in one climatic temperature, it stands to reason that they must have been much mingled together. Here and there a group may be found making a little wood, as it were, of the same tree, quite naturally, but the systematic separa-

tion of the different kinds of trees is the most unnatural arrangement imaginable.

There is nothing more beautiful and more in accordance with untrammeled Nature than a luxurious mixed forest where the sun dances among the many hues of green, and nothing more monotonous and dismal than a district where one passes now a clump of firs, then a long stretch of larches, here a patch of birches, and in another place a collection of poplars or oaks, and a thousand paces on the same tedious rows beginning again. It is entirely different in the case of large forests of aged trees, where, in the end, as in the world of men, the dominating species oppress the weaker, and yet one may see in a fruitful soil, even in a wild state, the fir pairing with the oak, the birch with the alder, the beech with the lime, and the thornbushes with all kinds of deciduous trees.

As regards the latter, I have always kept in mind the advice of Mr. Repton, the eminent garden expert, seldom to plant a tree without giving it a brier as a protector. Although this rule must not be taken literally, yet it is a most useful one both for protecting and for giving variety to the plantation.

I need hardly recommend that all blossoming and berry-bearing plants, such as wild fruit trees, thorns, hips, peonies, mountain ash, barberries, alders, etc., must be brought forward to the borders and made conspicuous, but one must be careful not to make the intention too obvious

by overdoing this work. Nor should the highest trees be always placed in the center and rows of shrubs always along the edges, as most of our gardeners do. The outline of the plantation should, on the contrary, be interrupted by trees trimmed high, especially where the road leads close by them, and trees with low-hanging branches should be set farther back. Often, too, where there is room, one should strive after that graceful negligence, so difficult to emulate, in which Nature remains ever the mistress, by the plantation of single shrubs and trees scattered freely over the grass. So also the clumps in the "pleasure-ground," as I shall presently attempt to describe, should show the greatest variety, not only in the species, but also with regard to their form and situation. Here also it is, as I have said, not always necessary to place the largest trees in the middle and the lower-growing ones graded down to the border. The contrary has a far more natural appearance, and a tall tree rising high out of the bushes along the edge and a broken line of greenery is more picturesque, even in small groups, than masses always rounded and sloping gradually on each side and which would be improved by being broken up. The drawing in Plate IV shows an inferior, and what I have indicated as the better, way, *a* and *b* for wood plantations near the paths, and *c* and *d* for shrubberies in the grass plots.

How far one may plant with the deliberate intention of attaining artistic light and shade and

color contrast, I will not venture to state. The matter presents great difficulties, and in my experience these attempts, if I went too far into detail, have seldom succeeded very well, and, on the other hand, plantations mixed quite recklessly often unfolded the most unexpected charms; nay, they earned me many compliments for my art wherein I was as innocent as many a physician who has effected a great cure without knowing how he did it. I do not lay much stress on any instructions in this matter, as I have always taken an easy middle course. It must also be remembered that the foliage of trees will often assume an entirely and unexpected shade when transplanted to a different soil, and this cannot always be regulated in a large plot. It may happen that a dark-colored maple intended for shading grows a very light foliage. It is quite obvious, however, that one should avoid too variegated a mixture of leaves, too frequent alternations of dark and light green foliage, but here also, where it would be hard to lay down good, sharp rules in detail, the taste of the owner must be the best guide. One of the greatest difficulties in all plantations is to give to the edges a natural and graceful outline.¹

Many excellent examples of forest plantations are found in England, and I may be excused for referring to the park of Lord Darnley, in Cob-

¹ The outlines are generally indicated by sticks set in the ground at short intervals. The effect may be still better judged by outlining the shape on the grass with cords and running a furrow along this outline. This furnishes an easy means of judging, and, if necessary, altering, the shape.

ham, which really leaves nothing to be desired in this respect and may be recommended to all strangers for study. But as far as pleasure-ground plantations go, the well-known architect, Mr. Nash, has only recently, in my estimation, presented the right way, and in the Gardens of Buckingham Palace, the new palace of the King, and also in Virginia Water, has established one of the most magnificent examples. In passing, I may say that I consider Windsor Park, with the new grounds of Virginia Water, one of the most perfect examples in England. In its extension and variety it forms a complete and splendid landscape. Castle and park have become, by the munificence and splendor of the late King, the worthiest seat for the most powerful monarch on earth.

It is a pity that, at the time of my visit, access to the finest part where George IV resided was so difficult to obtain ; however, the liberality of the present King will have surely changed all this. His late Majesty so shunned the eyes of strangers that in many places, where an indiscreet glance might possibly penetrate, a second and even a third story of boards was erected and nailed to the wooden fence which surrounds the park. Whoever did not have the personal acquaintance of His Majesty, or had not special connections, or who did not care to spin out a kind of intrigue, could not approach Virginia Water. For the garden-lover this was doubly to be deplored, because the King was not only, as

Windsor Castle



his worshipers declared, the first "gentleman" in the land, but deserves to be called one of the most tasteful landscape artists in England.

The English are greatly favored by their climate, which permits all kinds of evergreens to live safely through the winter, such as rhododendron, cherry laurel, Portuguese laurel, all varieties of holly, arbutus, viburnum, buxus, and *Daphne laureola*, etc., which at all times furnish ready material for thick flowering and beautifully shaded shrubberies.

The usual way for planting has hitherto been, and still is, even now, in famous places like Chiswick and others, to arrange either oval or round clumps on the lawn and draw long, wavy lines (or have strips of grass of an even width) along the paths, which are always marked off by a clean-cut border, and back of this appears the black soil of quite elevated beds which are carefully raked clean. The shrubs are also severely pruned so that they hardly touch one another. Flowers are set here and there in order to give more color to the plantation, but the result of it largely is that one sees so much black earth instead of green color that a disagreeable vacillation between formality and natural irregularity is apparent. Mr. Nash has entirely abandoned this kind of arrangement. He masses the shrubs more closely together, allows the grass to disappear in wide sweeps under the plants, or lets it run along the edges of the shrubs without trimming them. At the same time he sets a number

of isolated trees and shrubs on the lawn beside the plantation in order to interrupt the lines naturally from all sides. These shrubberies are then neither raked nor trimmed except where necessary for their growth ; hence, they soon develop into a thicket that gracefully bends over the lawn without showing anywhere a sharply defined outline, just as bushes in the wild state grow and shape themselves on the edge of a meadow. No tender bedding flowers can be employed in this way, since they demand continuous attention, nor are they necessary, since the English climate produces, besides the beautiful rhododendrons and the many species of roses, a sufficient number of hardy perennial plants to give variety to the plantation ; and the flowers are massed in the flower gardens where regularity is entirely in order. For further explanation see Plate IV, where the sketch *e* shows the border plantations in the old style, and *f*, Mr. Nash's method.

In our climate and less productive soil, where even the commonest varieties of roses suffer from cold or are quite destroyed by the frost, a middle course must be found, since we can hardly produce ornamental shrubberies without resorting to herbaceous plants and annuals. For a long time, therefore, I have managed in general my plantations in the same way that Mr. Nash has done, while leaving, here and there in the shrubberies, places prepared for hardy herbaceous plants, which, though ugly in the early spring, are bright with color in summer and autumn, our



PLATE IV. *e.* Border Plantations in the Old Style

f. Border Plantations after Nash's Method

season for the country, whereas in England this season is more often in the winter. On the other hand, in the flower garden, where the health of herbaceous plants demands it and formality is quite out of place, I maintain the old style which I have described in the shrubberies, though within bounds, and with this difference, that I conceal the black earth as much as possible by flowering perennial plants.

To the flower beds themselves I give a distinct, defined shape and surround them preferably by basket-work ; sometimes I make use of ironwork, or sometimes of wooden borders bound with cord, earthenware, tiles, leaf-shaped or otherwise ; also borders of merely plaited osiers with an overhanging arch on which I train flowering vines, etc. Flower beds, star- and rosette-shaped, surrounded by box borders, big vases, French parterres with gravel walks and elegant flower stands, — all these are here in place with appropriate surroundings.

From what I have said one sees that Mr. Nash is at bottom an innovator only in this, that he has applied to the “pleasure-ground” (that is, the larger garden which represents something midway between park and garden) the same principles that hold good in all wild wood and shrub plantations ; namely, that the true line of beauty of the exterior of a plantation must lie in imperceptible transitions, sharp angles, and deep recesses, here and there in almost straight lines, broken, however, by single projecting trees and

shrubs which bind them loosely together. This does not mean to employ that ideal wavy line called more accurately, "corkscrew" form, which is the most unnatural of all and which impedes any effect of light and shade, the greatest secret of landscape painting. Besides, in spite of its twists, when seen in front it presents only a meaningless zigzag without any character. Sharp corners, on the other hand, seldom do harm, as they always become rounded in time by vegetation. Finally, after the first two years, when the needful cultivation, weeding, etc., have been done, I sow grass on the borders of the plantations and wherever a bare place shows itself between the shrubs, until every trace of abruptness in the dividing line disappears, and the most natural and spontaneous connection between meadow and wood is created.

Wherever the path leads through the plantation, either the plantation is brought quite close to the edge or a border of grass is made to lose itself naturally in the shrubbery.

It is only in the flower garden that I permit a continuous border cut regularly to one width; this even is broken here and there by a border of box or violets, etc. Evergreens should not, as a rule, be placed close to the roads, since they may have to be trimmed high for the benefit of the passer-by, thereby losing their beauty, and, moreover, no grass will grow underneath them. But they are often very ornamental if set far enough back from the border of the walk or

drive to permit them to spread out their branches. These rules also admit of exceptions, and I take occasion here once for all to warn against pedantry. *Nulla regula sine exceptione*. But to allow one's self exceptions, one must all the more be familiar with the rule. Thus, it is not advisable in the long run to increase by the addition of young trees plantations which have grown old. They are apt neither to look well nor do well; yet at times it is necessary. In that case a portion of the older trees should be removed and some rather large specimens of the younger trees planted in wedge form in gradation, whereby the transition from the old to the new soon disappears. For the same reason some of the older and inferior trees on the border should often be cleared away and replaced by a younger growth until the disagreeable sharpness of the division is quite lost.

I will add a few words here on the shrubberies made up of flowering shrubs and perennial plants and annuals:—

(1) It is better in general, but not always, to group one kind in connected masses instead of planting too many single and isolated specimens.

(2) With such masses it is especially advisable to cover over conspicuous points of shrubbery with a lower growth, connecting it with higher shrubs in such a manner that these shrubs shall not stand detached and appear intentionally placed there.

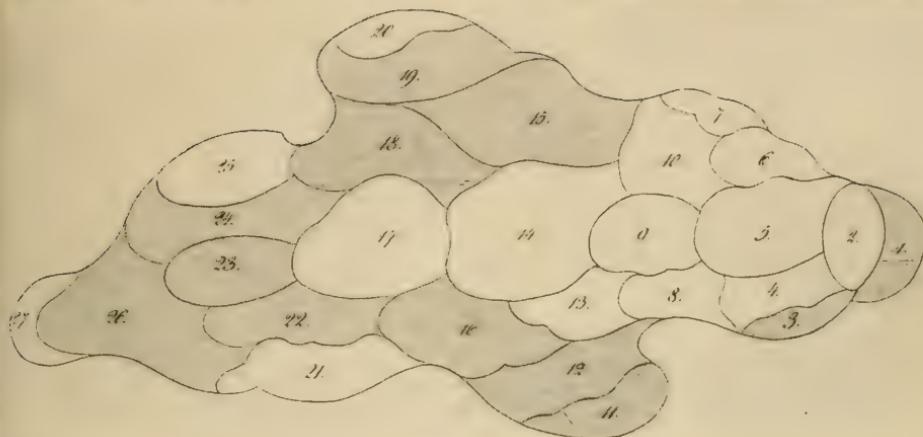
(3) Only those plants should be grouped to-

gether which have in the beginning the same relative height that they attain in proportion to one another when full grown; for instance, do not set a young white lilac one foot high with a grown Persian lilac four feet high, because the relative proportions of the two would before long be reversed.

If all plants are mixed as they happen to grow, young and old together, they will, of course, finally come to their full stature, but for a considerable time they will make a confused, and therefore undesirable, effect. In explanation see the accompanying vignette, which shows a mixture of shrubs blooming in the spring and summer.

This model can, of course, be varied indefinitely, though a dozen different patterns might be sufficient, which, as a matter of convenience and approved effectiveness, might be repeated in part or entire throughout the "pleasure-ground." I wager that no one will notice that there are only twelve different patterns, but a garden designed in accordance with this principle will produce a much greater variety of effects than one where the patterns are indiscriminately mixed, although the latter should contain a much greater variety of plants. Besides, one may, if one will, take twenty-four instead of twelve such patterns, but should always proceed methodically, for without this precaution, nothing succeeds in art.

The pattern I have given is a very simple one with only the most ordinary kinds of plants that



1	<i>Lychnia Vesaria fl. pleno</i>	rotl.	spät	15	<i>Rhus Cotinus</i>			blau	spät
2	<i>Syringa persica</i>	lila	früh	16	<i>Potentilla fruticosa</i>			gelb	spät
3	<i>Campanula medium</i>	dunkelblau	spät	17	<i>Syringa vulgaris fl. rubro</i>			blau	früh
4	<i>Cytisus elongatus</i>	gelb	früh	18	<i>Spiraea salicifolia fl. rubro</i>			blau	spät
5	<i>Syringa vulgaris fl. coeruleo</i>	hellblau	früh	19	Trockenbl. Rosen'			rosa	spät
6	<i>Lilium bulbiferum</i>	orange	früh	20	gelb und rote gefüllte Tulpen			rosa	früh und spät
7	<i>Rubus odoratus</i>	rotl.	spät	21	<i>Papaver bracteata</i>			hochrot	früh
8	<i>Spiraea hypericifolia</i>	weiss	früh	22	<i>Phyladelphus coronarius</i>			weiss	spät
9	<i>Lonicera tartarica fl. ruhro</i>	rotl.	früh	23	<i>Crataegus oxyantha fl. pleno rubro</i>			dunkelblau	spät
10	<i>Ribes aureum</i>	gelb	früh	24	<i>Colutea arborens</i>			gelb	spät
11	<i>Lunaria vederiva</i>		spät	25	<i>Papaver bracteata</i>			hochrot	früh
12	<i>Rosa centifolia</i>	rosa	spät	26	Trockenbl. Rosen'			rosa	spät
13	<i>Syringa chinensis</i>	blau	früh	27	Gefüllte Tulpen			gelb und rot	früh
14	<i>Syringa vulgaris fl. albo</i>	weiß	früh					Die nachher durch andere Sommerblumen ersetzt werden	blau

PLATE XLIII. A Diagram showing Arrangement of Shrubs and Herbaceous Plants

any one can obtain. Here is a proper field for the ladies, who may transfer their embroidery patterns in animated form into their gardens with free play to their innate fine sense of color.

A FINAL WORD ON AVENUES

I by no means condemn regularity for avenues, though they rarely look well planted in this way until the trees have attained to a ripe old age. But trees so planted are useful for various purposes, such as a border for highways, for avenues to large palaces, etc. Three points, however, must be observed here: first, the avenues should be very wide, avoiding long stretches of straight lines; second, a double row of trees should be set rather closely together on either side wherever possible, these two rows being subsequently again thinned out so as to permit the remaining trees to attain to their normal growth; third, only trees suitable for the purpose should be taken; that is, trees that are shapely, permanent, and that throw a good shade. In our country elms and oaks in sandy soil, lindens, chestnuts, or maples in richer soil, and acacias in protected positions. Money laid out on the soil in the beginning to prepare it for the finer kinds of trees is well spent, since poplars and birches, which grow anywhere, are ugly in avenues and not so enduring as other trees. Following a suggestion which I brought home from Cheltenham, I am trying on my estate a method which

has so far not been applied to avenues, but from which I expect the best results, especially in a sandy region like ours. I run a furrow, wide or narrow according to the locality, along both sides of the road, which, following the English way, slopes toward both sides with subterranean drainage where necessary and a few side gutters. This furrow is closely packed with young trees as in a grove, mixing in with them here and there groups of larger trees which form a kind of continuous, irregular avenue rising above the undergrowth. Where I do not own the adjacent ground, I continue these high groups without the undergrowth in a narrow strip along the road. (See Plate IV, *g.*) The trees are generally treated as undergrowth or underbrush and are pruned every six or ten years, while the larger trees are left to grow undisturbed. In this way even barren regions will soon appear attractive when seen from the road; and a variety of effects may be produced subsequently by various different modes of treatment, allowing larger masses to grow high, carefully trimming some of the older trees, keeping others down, etc., or, finally, the landscape, where it is unattractive, may be hidden by a wall of greenery. Should some of the larger trees that have been set out die off in the course of time, or not thrive well, the neighbouring trees may be allowed to grow up, and in this case any kind of tree that thrives well may be used. This mode of treatment will do away with unsightly bare spaces and make a natural avenue

which will lighten in appearance the most barren of heath and pine woods, forming an easy transition between them, while the long rows of soldier-like Lombardy poplars which one sees far off through the black pines brings genuine despair to any one who has the remotest idea of the picturesque. For myself, at least, when my ill star leads me along such avenues I try to escape this desolate feeling by closing my eyes and forcing myself to sleep.

Chapter VIII

Roads and Paths

ROADS and paths should be, above all, firm, and as dry as possible. Were I writing this book for English readers I could pass over this point entirely, since the construction of the roads there is fairly adequate, but, as we are still very much behind in this respect, a few words on the technical aspect of this question will not, I think be superfluous at the end of this chapter. Good roads and paths are, of course, expensive, and this, as I was frequently told, is the chief reason why there are so few roads and paths in English parks and a drive entirely round the estate so seldom to be found, and often, where a path leads from the "pleasure-ground" into the park, it stops suddenly at the iron fence which encloses the former and from that point one has to wade painfully through wet grass and other disagreeable features. We could, considering the different value of money in the two countries, get much more from the outlay if we should follow different methods. For what is the good of a park that presents the same recurring picture from a few points of view, a park where I am never led, as by an invisible hand, to the most beautiful spots, seeing and comprehending the

picture in its entirety and at my ease? This is the purpose of roads and paths, and while they should not be unnecessarily multiplied, too many are better than too few. Roads and paths are the dumb conductors of the visitor and should serve in themselves to guide him easily toward every spot which can afford enjoyment. Roads and paths, therefore, should not be too conspicuous, but should be carefully laid out and concealed by plantations: I mean too conspicuous in the English sense, where a property of one thousand acres has only one or two main roads or paths; yet the opposite system of our imitation English gardens, where often two or three adjacent paths all show the same points of view and lead to the same spot, is also very objectionable.

It follows from what I have said elsewhere that the roads and paths should not run in continual curves like a serpent wound round a stick, but should rather make such bends as serve a definite purpose easily and effectively, following as far as possible the natural contours of the ground. Certain æsthetic rules dictate these bends in themselves, and hence in places obstacles must be set up where they do not naturally occur in order to make the graceful line appear natural. For instance, two curves close together in the same road or path seen at the same time do not look well. If this cannot be entirely avoided, then a sharp turn should be relieved by a larger, more rounded turn, and the former should seem justified by trees or plantations on the inner side, or

by elevations where the road or path is apparently more easily led around than over them. (See Plate V, *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*.)

If there is no obstacle the road should be allowed to run straight or only slightly curved, no matter what the distance. Wherever an obstacle appears, it is better to make a short turn close to it than a long, gradual turn for the sake of the so-called curve of beauty. The sharp turns are by far the more picturesque, especially if the road disappears with such a turn in the depths of a forest. Nor should a road running parallel with another be visible from it unless there is a distinct division of hill and valley between, or a dip in the ground, for without this natural division two adjacent paths leading in the same direction appear superfluous, especially when they are on the same level, for the mind must recognize the fitness of the details before the eye will be satisfied by the entire picture.

In a landscape of wide sweep, especially, the form given to the grass plots by the enclosing roads must be carefully considered. One may entirely spoil an extensive territory by a short piece of road badly arranged. I call to mind one example which first attracted my attention to this point. There is a hill in my park which extends out conspicuously into a wide stretch of meadow, thereby apparently dividing it into two equal parts. The river flows along this entire stretch of country and a road follows its course. (See ground-plan, Plate V, *e*.) Observe particularly the line of

PLATE V. Arrangements of Roads and Paths



the ridge indicated by the shading in the plan, being the most conspicuous object in the neighborhood, as well as the two markedly divided portions of the meadows which are overlooked by a certain building on the height. Another road leads to this building along the upper side, and for the sake of convenience I required a foot-path connecting the two roads which had to be at the left side leading to the castle. I first laid it down as in Plate V, *e*, where the ascent is easiest, this being the line it would follow in accordance with ordinary rules; yet I was never satisfied with it, and although I changed the line ten times, the path persisted in spoiling the harmony of the view. It finally occurred to me that, since the hill once for all conspicuously divided the prospect into two almost symmetrical portions, the path interrupting the stretch of meadow would have to follow the same direction so as not to destroy the harmony, or, so to speak, the balance, of the picture; for there is a certain kind of undefined, hidden symmetry in which there is no contradiction whatever, but which, in order to produce a satisfactory effect, must be evident in every expanded arrangement of this kind. As soon as I changed the line of the path in agreement with this principle (see *x*), the matter was arranged satisfactorily. It may take a practiced eye to understand this point on the plan, but the advantages gained by the change may be perceived by any one on the ground.

Drives should be laid out so that chief points

of interest and the most noteworthy objects in the entire park may be visited one after another without passing the same object twice—at least not in the same direction—on the round trip. This problem is frequently a peculiar one to solve. I may say I have given a good example in my park and it has cost me almost as much labor as the building of labyrinths may have cost our ancestors. The footpaths also must run into one another with this end in view, affording many separate paths, apparently undesigned, which should be connected so as to leave a wide latitude of choice. Where one or several of the main roads or paths through the park are intended to serve as an approach (as it is called in English) to the castle or dwelling-house, it should be concealed for a time to make the road appear long and more extended; but once the destination has come into view, it is not well to allow the road to turn off any more unless there be a mountain or lake or other palpable obstacle for which the road must deviate.

The customary drive around the whole park should in every respect be the opposite of the encircling belt as designed by Brown (which I have already censured), which runs continually on and on by a monotonous plantation around the wall. This driveway should, on the contrary, be laid out so that the vicinity of the boundary is nowhere suspected; therefore, relatively large plots of grass, visible if possible at one glance, should be massed between the boundary line and

the park road, and while the latter should lead to the finest spots in the domain, it should also quite as often open out views (over the hidden fence) outside of the park as well as inside. This can be managed, as was described in Chapter III ("Enclosure"), by a ha-ha or some other device. Care must be taken also, by the appropriate placing and disposition of the plantations, to make the roads, as one goes in and out, present different views. This obviously doubles their interest and can be achieved by the disposition of the bordering plantations, which, so to speak, should compel the visitor to see one part of the landscape on arrival and another on departure. At any specially fine point it is well to lead the road for some time in full view of it, to allow one to enjoy it more completely and not to let it be visible merely to a hasty glance whereby its beauties can be easily overlooked.

I hold it to be unnecessary to make the roads in a park as broad as in a highway, only five or six feet wide for footpaths and ten to fourteen feet for drives. For public gardens another scale of widths may be advisable.

The construction of drives and footpaths in a park is very much the same, the whole difference lying in the thickness of the stone foundation. I have myself taken the following course with the best and most durable results: —

The bed for both path and drive must first be dug out two, one, or only half a foot deep respectively, and where there are watercourses, or

water is liable to gather, a drain with sufficient inclination must be built underneath, also lateral drains leading into it from both sides of the road protected from above by an iron grating, through which the water may run down freely. Where there are steep banks along the drive or path, stone gutters may be built alongside of them between the drains so as to prevent the earth from being swept away, or if the stone gutters are too expensive the same purpose may be attained by using a mixture of tar and rosin. In the park I sometimes have opened ditches, constructed to save expense on one or both sides of the road, and slanting ridges in the park itself, which serve the same purpose, but do not look so well. Where there is little water to be considered, one need not wall up the subterranean drains, but simply fill them up with large field stones or lay them with the hollow tiles I have spoken of in Chapter VI, in the section on the drainage of meadows. For the drives, stones broken as small as possible (in my park granite stones) are laid six inches thick and stamped with broad wooden stampers in order to make them assume a slightly arched form, and on this spread fine coal ashes, mixed with broken brick, two inches deep; this is again pounded together with old plaster and building refuse; then an inch of coarse river gravel. Finally, the whole is heavily rolled with iron or stone rollers. The last part of the work, the covering with the gravel and the rolling, is generally repeated every year, or, at least, every

two years. Such a road is sufficiently strong to bear any travel imposed upon a parkway and has an advantage over the macadamized roads built in England in that it is smooth and even as soon as it is finished and is pleasant for driving, while the macadamized roads, which consist entirely of broken granite, are comfortable only after considerable travel has smoothed them down, being at first very hard on horses and foot travelers, and even later broken edges of the stone will always protrude here and there.

Footpaths I build on the same principle, except that I often take only coal ashes or broken clinkers, mixed with plaster or building refuse, instead of the broken stone, and cover all with fine gravel. (See Plate V, *f*, the transverse section of the road, and *g*, the surface.) In localities where the brownish, so-called "Windsor gravel" is found, — in England only in a few districts of the kingdom, — it forms a compact mass, and is not disturbed by moisture as easily as loam. In order to make a good path, it is only necessary to dump a six-inch layer of this Windsor gravel over the drain; it is as smooth as a parquet floor, never requires weeding, and needs only to be picked up and rolled every spring. If one does not possess this excellent gravel, the yellowish-brown color of which stands out so well against the green of the lawn, the drives must be weeded as often as twice or thrice a year, which, however, is necessary only on the borders, and which, as well as the clipping of the grass

edges, can be done by women, and consequently need not be very expensive. It is possible that the building refuse which I recommend as binding material encourages vegetation, especially when the roads are little used. The advantage, however, so much outweighs the disadvantage that, lacking the clay gravel, I know no better way for constructing a road. I have formerly attempted, by a mixture of dried clay and coarse river gravel, to manufacture the Windsor gravel artificially, but the result is seldom satisfactory, as the mixture easily goes wrong, and then does not bind sufficiently. Later on I was lucky in finding a gravel similar in color and other properties to the Windsor gravel. For economy one can also make use of what we call here "Government roadways," — that is, clay with ordinary gravel spread over it, — but with continuous wet weather and in winter these roads are always bad.

The gravel paths must in summer be swept with brooms, and in wet weather must sometimes be rolled, and will then be always in good condition, except, perhaps, on thawing after a cold winter; but even after a very heavy shower they are quite dry again. Only, I repeat, it is an essential condition that sufficient outlet be furnished for proper drainage of water.

Grass drives and paths also, which can be made by laying grass sods, must have on top of the stone foundation half a foot of earth under the grass and be protected with covered or open drains to last well for riding; they are then more agreeable than paved roads.

Finally, I may remark that for the subsoil of a road sand is the best; even swampy ground is better than heavy, impenetrable clay, which will not allow water readily to pass through.

If, later on, depressions and bad spots show themselves, these need only to be picked up, freshly spread with coal ashes, builder's waste, and gravel, and be well pounded. In very bad weather, especially in spring, the earth that has been loosened by vehicles should be scraped off, and as soon as dry weather sets in the yearly quota of gravel should be spread over, the river running through my park conveniently furnishing the necessary material.

The chief rules for roads are thus limited to the following: —

(1) Lay them out so that they lead insensibly to the finest views.

(2) They should form an attractive and practical line.

(3) They should divide the spaces through which they run into picturesque sections if those spaces are visible in their whole extent.

(4) They should never make a turn without the requisite obstacle that necessitates it.

(5) Finally, they should be well constructed and should always be hard, smooth, and dry.

I am convinced that whoever accurately follows these rules will not be dissatisfied with the result, and if the locality is at all favorable, the expense will be found to be considerably less than, perhaps, is expected.

Chapter IX

Water

THOUGH not so indispensable to landscape as a rich vegetation, fresh and clear water, whether stream or lake, greatly increases its charm. Eye and ear are equally delighted, for who does not hearken with delight to the sweet murmur of the brook, the distant plashing of the mill wheels, the prattling of the pearly spring? Who has not been enchanted in quiet hours by the perfect calm of the slumbering lake in which the giants of the forest are dreamily mirrored, or by the aspect of foaming waves, chased by the storm, where the sea-gulls merrily rock? But it is very difficult for the artist to conquer Nature here, or to impose on her what she herself has not created on the spot.

Therefore, I would advise to leave undone altogether a faulty imitation. A region without water can still present many beauties, but a bad-odored swamp infects every one; the first is only a negative fault; the second a positive, and, with the exception of the owner himself, nobody will take a cesspool of this kind for a lake, or a stagnant ditch overgrown with duckweed for a stream. But if one can by any means guide a running stream into one's own property, if the terrain

gives any prospect of it, one should do one's utmost, and forego neither expense nor pains to acquire such a great advantage; for nothing offers such an endless variety to the beholder as does the element of water.

But in order to give water, artificially obtained, whatever form it may take, a natural, unforced appearance, much trouble is necessary. In the whole art of landscape gardening, perhaps nothing is more difficult to accomplish. Englishmen are very backward in this matter; even the ornamental waters of Repton, their best landscape artist, which I have seen, failed in many respects. Mr. Nash alone has given us a few fine samples — Regent's Park in London among others.¹

His work in St. James's Park is less successful, though the task here was perhaps an impossible one on account of the small territory. His mode of procedure, as he explained it to me, was as simple as it was ingenious. He had the entire surface of the ground surveyed, noting all the dips and elevations, to learn where an inundation might find its natural bed. From this he constructed in a natural manner the form of his artificial waters, only digging out the ground where necessary. He thus obtained the double advantage of a more natural outline and less expensive work. In most parks of the well-to-do

¹ It is possible that equally good examples are to be found in the celebrated work of Loudon and of Mr. Kennedy. I do not know these, however.

English, the waters are still the *parties honteuses*, or eye-sores of the whole, often slimy, very seldom quite concealing their artificial origin.

Several of the rules which I have given for laying out roads and for the outlines of plantations can be readily applied to the shape of the water effects. As in the former case one can, according to the requirements of the terrain and the obstacles that occur, bring in sometimes long and sometimes short, abrupt bends, making preferably rounded corners rather than semicircles, sometimes even quite sharp turns where the water is visibly diverted. Both banks of a stream or brook should follow fairly parallel lines, yet with various *nuances*, which must be decided, not according to one's fancy, but by the laws determined by its course. Two rules hold good almost universally:—

(1) The side toward which the stream turns should have a lower bank than the opposite, because the higher one diverts it.

(2) Where the current of the water suddenly becomes swift and yet needs to be turned aside lest it break bounds if left free, a sharp bend should be constructed rather than a round one and a steeper shore should signify the conflict. But never follow what our gardeners call “noble lines.”¹ I suppose the terrain to be the same in

¹ In Berlin I once saw in a water feature such imaginary lines of beauty actually following a barrier painted green and on an open lawn, without any obstacle which would excuse it, running on in regular curves close by a straight road. This must have doubled the cost without arriving at any result but that of making the owner ridiculous.

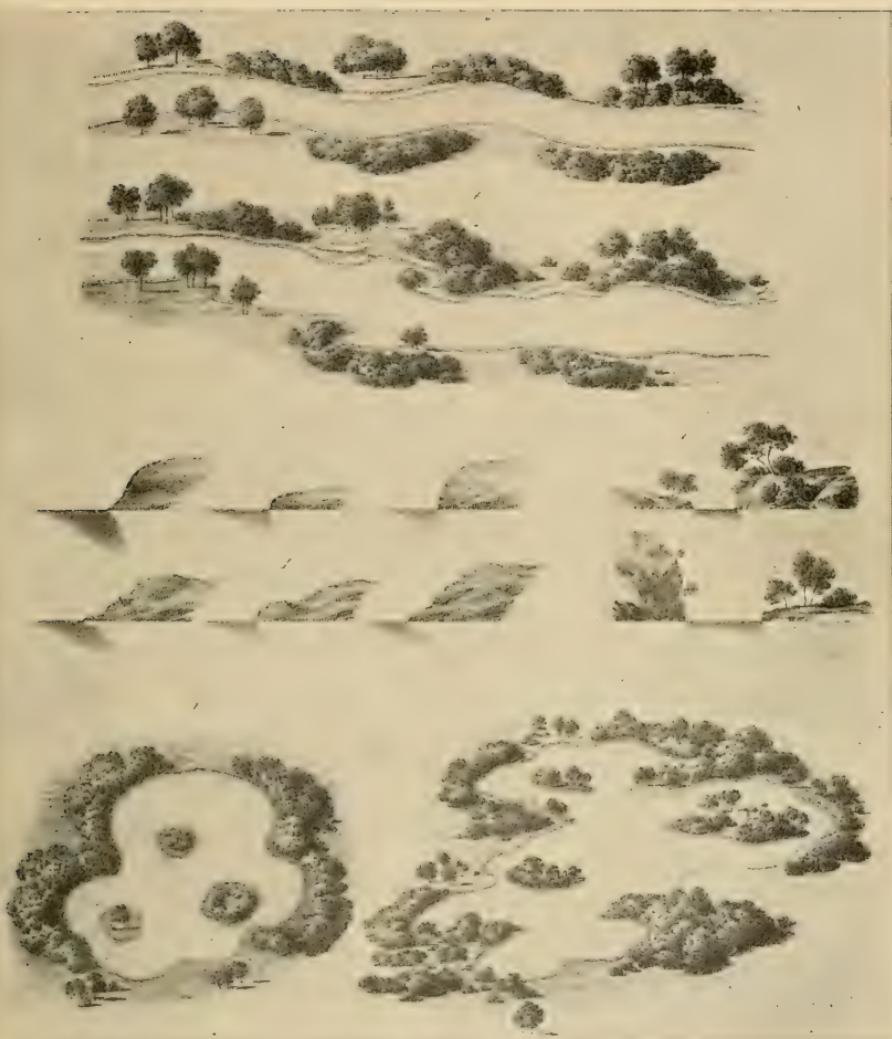


PLATE VI. Diagrams showing Arrangements of Rivers, Lakes, and Islands

both cases. The old practice would give the line of the stream as illustrated in Plate VI, *a*; the student of Nature will try to make it something like *b*.

Frequently, larger and smaller promontories, as well as deep bays tend to give the scene a natural appearance, and it is equally effective to vary the height and form of the crown or upper part of the bank. One must be careful to avoid high finish in constructing the slope of the bank in such a way as to betray the artificial work.

An exception to this may be made in the case of the "pleasure-ground"; but here also it would be well to strike a middle course between Nature and cultivation. (See Plate VI, *c*, for the stiff, and *d*, for the more natural, bare bank; *e*, for the advantages of variety in the banks on both sides.) The plantation supplies what is still lacking and completes the whole by the free play of the overhanging branches. It would hardly be possible to give an entirely natural appearance to an artificial bank without a plantation.

If one would like a larger, more lakelike expanse of water, which is especially desirable in the view from the mansion, one should so treat it—partly by means of islands, partly by very deep bays, the limits of which are mostly concealed in shrubbery—that from no one point the whole mass of water can be overlooked, but that everywhere, behind the thick shrubbery, the water appears to flow onward; otherwise, every piece of water will appear small, even though it

should take an hour to walk round it. Open, grassy banks, single high trees, woods, and thickets should vary the effect with broad spots where the sunlight can have full entry, in order not to deprive the water of its transparency and brilliancy by concealment. A lake whose shores are entirely in shadow loses much of its effectiveness, as the water reveals all its magic only under the full rays of the sun, where the reflections from above appear to come from the bottom in transparent, silvery clearness. I have frequently seen this very necessary rule quite ignored by unskillful gardeners. The projecting tongues of land must, for the greater part, run into pointed, not rounded ends, for I cannot sufficiently dwell on the fact that no line in picturesque landscape is more unpropitious than that taken from the circle, especially in any great extent of space. A tongue of land which ends quite in a point, and is at its termination almost in the same line as the water, and beyond which the water appears on the other side, makes quite a charming variety, especially when a few high-branched trees stand on it, and where one looks through under the foliage. If any important object stands near,—a building, hill, or conspicuous tree,—plenty of room should be given for its reflection in the water, and attention should be drawn to the picture shimmering in its depths by a path or bench placed there for the purpose.

Water plants, reeds, etc., the various species of irises, and other free-blooming water plants

in the “pleasure-ground,” are extremely useful. They blend the different parts of the picture in a light and agreeable way. Reeds are best sown by kneading the seeds in balls of clay and then throwing them into the water.

(See, for the above, Plate VI. The form *f* is by no means the worst which I have seen carried out, nor will I say that *g* is the best for execution ; but the latter will assuredly make a more picturesque effect, and from no point of view will the end of the water be visible, which is one of the chief considerations.)

Chapter X

Islands

ALONELY spot in a well-wooded island, or the distant view of a mass of arching foliage swimming on the crystal surface of the water, is more attractive to many than all the charms obtainable on dry land. This pleasure also must, therefore, be sought and provided for.

Islands scattered in a large lake or judiciously arranged in the broad, flowing river are of great assistance and add much to the beauty of the whole by their variety. Here, too, the example of Nature must be very fully studied. It is remarkable how seldom this is the case, and I can hardly remember having seen anywhere an artificial island which did not betray at first glance its forced, unnatural origin. Thus I recently found, even in the small celebrated Royal Gardens attached to Buckingham House, which I have highly praised elsewhere, one which represented more the picture of a pudding in its sauce than an island built up by Nature. It is true that Nature sometimes indulges in peculiar freaks, but there is always *je ne sais quoi*, which cannot be attained by mere imitation; therefore, it becomes us to follow her rules, not her exceptions,

just as the painter must avoid certain true effects, merely because, being too rare or too difficult to represent, they must appear unnatural even if they should not be so. Here also one may apply the saying, "*Le vrai souvent n'est pas vraisemblable.*"

Generally, as I have said, artificial islands can be recognized at the first glance. Their shape is either oval or round, sloping down equally on all sides, and planted at random in separate patches. Nature forms them quite otherwise, seldom by building up, more frequently by erosion. For how does an island originate? It is made by flowing water, and there are laws for it. Either a piece of land which has withstood the pressure of the flood by its height and solidity, or which has been forcibly torn away, or an eminence which is quietly surrounded by a stream in its course, or finally, accumulated soil which has been borne along by the stream, remains after the flood has receded as an island above low water. In the first case sudden declivities and corners and abrupt, as well as rounded, lines will appear. (See Plate VII, *a.*) In the second and third case (see Plate VII, *b*), the ends will nearly always be sharply pointed; a rounded oval will seldom be the result; never an entirely rounded island. Islands in the middle of a stream, or, at least, those at some distance from the bank, mostly take the shapes here indicated. Single obstructions produce different shapes; for instance, a break in the side will probably result

in shape *c* (see Plate VII, *c*) with some incidental *nuances* in the detail of the line.

Where the water flowing swiftly into a basin forms an island at the inlet, it will take about the shape of *d* (Plate VII, *d*); following the outer banks, the swiftly flowing stream, by its strong pressure on both sides, will somewhat round the ends. But if the river widens into a lake by gently filling a deep basin, rather than by rushing into it, then *e* (Plate VII, *e*) may be assumed as the natural shape, for here the river does not round off both sides, but forms, in a slow current on the right, a long spit on the left bank, beyond which the quiet water, no longer in a powerful stream, gently flows round the higher ground. Very seldom, on the other hand, does a stream flow into a basin as is generally made out, after the model of a bottle. (See Plate VII, *f.*)

Let the surface and shelving of an island on the same principle be constructed in accordance with the probable effect of the terrain and the water which washes it. The equal shelving on all sides with equality of height throughout is the commonest mistake. I fell into this error at first. (See the objectionable form *g* and the better form *h*, in Plate VII; *g* is bad and *h* is good.)

But even the best forms may be bettered by plantations skillfully arranged, covering the spots that appear less satisfactory and giving more variety to the surface without disturbing the

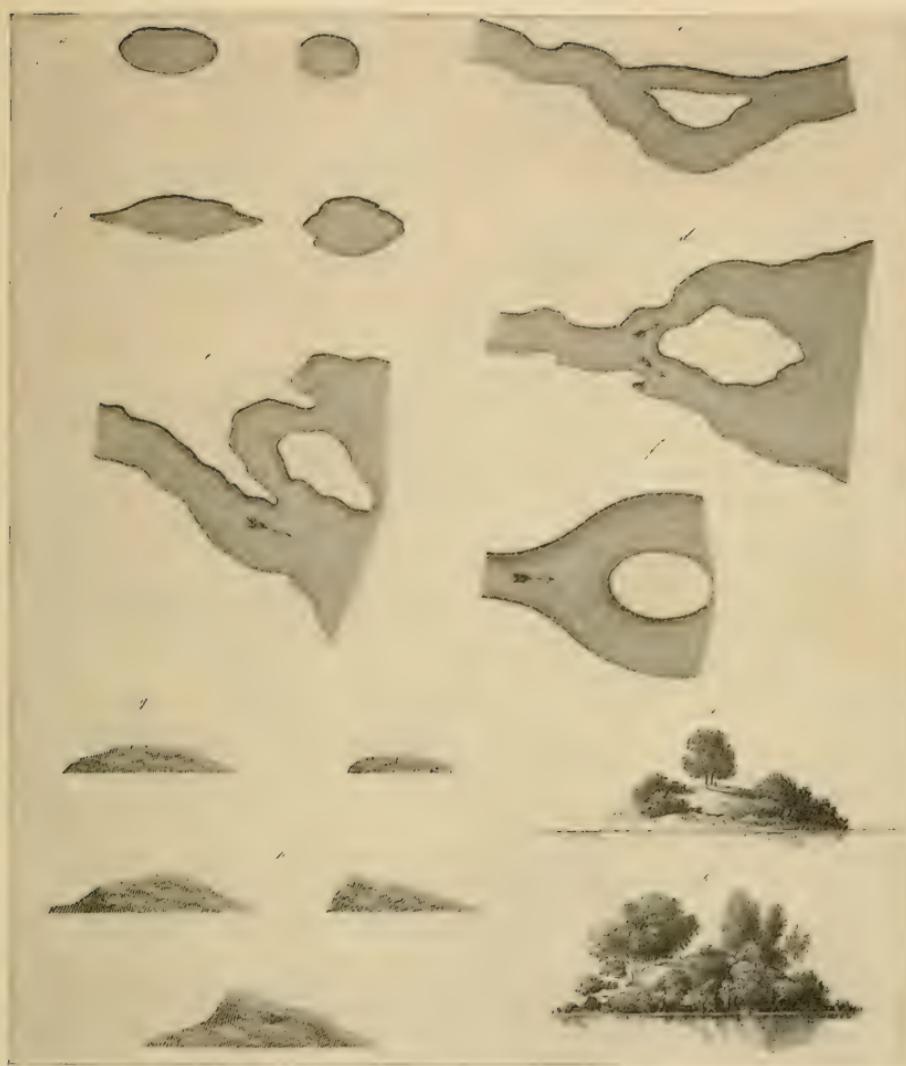


PLATE VII. A Diagram showing Different Arrangements of Islands

harmony, concerning which the right feeling certainly must again decide, united taste and experience recognizing the proper course, which cannot be altogether taught by correct rule. What has been said about shrubberies applies also to islands, since the former may be considered as islands of shrubs on the lawn. I append here only two examples, *i* and *k*, which can be much modified. Islands planted down to the water's edge cannot be quite failures, be their shape what it may, and if the construction is poor, it is the only alternative. I should never recommend leaving the island entirely unplanted, even if it is of a very good form, since the bare outline of Nature, if I may so express it, is the most difficult of all to imitate. Finally, one must confess that, with all our endeavors to emulate Nature, she yet retains *in petto* something unattainable, and says to us poor human beings, "Thus far and no farther."

Chapter XI

Rocks

IT is a doubtful task to *make* rocks, and where Nature does not supply the real thing in the neighborhood so that it can be blasted and built up again in its old form, no one can quite reach his ideal by any imitation.

But there is a middle course for which Nature likewise supplies models; that is, masses of heaped-up stones driven together by floods or mountain streams, which, without human agency, present something of a rocky character and are at least extremely picturesque.

This *genre* can be well imitated, and one only needs to be careful to make such piles consistent by allowing isolated pieces of rock to lie about in the vicinity and by placing the rocks so that they emerge from earth, plantation, or water, and are only partially visible, never in their whole circumference. They may also occasionally be connected with a stretch of wall built of blasted field stone, as if, for some purpose, say reconstructing a bridge or supporting a steep bank, one had merely taken advantage of the rocks which had naturally accumulated and had supplemented the rest with a wall for the same purpose. This supplies the opportunity to col-

PLATE VIII. An Artificial Waterfall with Rock Dam



lect such plants as demand a rocky soil, and which are often very ornamental, especially near water, where such rock-work is most desirable for a bulkhead, dam, strong wall, etc., and in a large park they are almost indispensable.

A slight artistic touch which can be recommended is to set the stones in a slanting direction, as if they had been forced up in that manner, and to make one or more of the edges stand out conspicuously, which gives the whole a more picturesque and bold aspect. As an example for illustration I append the drawings of two dams and a supporting wall which have been built according to these principles on my estate. (See Plates VIII, IX, and X.)

The dams were built from the foundation, as far as they were not visible, of brick, in a rock wall, and then covered and overlapped with pieces of rock, while, of course, needful care was taken to obtain the most picturesque fall of water, which must, by no means, be left to chance, and also to arrange the shrubberies and plantations suitably.

Chapter XII

Earthworks and Esplanades

HERE is not much to be said about this subject, except that such works should be avoided as much as possible. The natural unevenness of the terrain is, as a rule, more picturesque than inequalities painfully wrought out by art. Artificial hills generally make little effect, and should be made only where necessary in order to obtain a view from their summits, to give additional height to a plantation, or to get rid of the earth dug from a lake. The directions given for islands may be substantially followed here, since water has often contributed to the shaping of the natural elevations, partly rounding them or partly tearing them away. The surfaces and sides should be alternated by steep and more gradual lines without running into confusion, and plantations should do the rest.

When fine old trees that you do not wish to remove happen to stand on a spot to be filled in, the custom in England is to surround them with a kind of well constructed of stones, in which air and moisture can penetrate to the roots. With oaks, however, this is not necessary. I have been surprised to find that old as well as

young oaks may be buried up to one third of their height without suffering in the least.

Although in general a certain undulation of the terrain is advisable, at times an excellent effect is brought about by making the bottom of little valleys, having steep surroundings, quite level. We often find such formations in Nature which charm us by the contrast.

On meadows, as a rule, here and there the little ups and downs must be leveled, for practical reasons as well as appearance, but larger undulations of the terrain should in no case be unnecessarily disturbed. But if, nevertheless, it is desirable for other reasons to remove and level any considerable height, and any fine trees happen to be standing there which should not be removed, then I advise leaving them standing on single small hillocks (*tertres*) which give the meadow still more variety, for which reason I have often deliberately planted in this way and with good results. In this connection I will add a remark that would have been more in place in a former chapter. If it is desired to select the best point of view from which to see an unusually fine tree or group of trees, this must be sought, not at the foot of the group, but from a point about half its height, if possible from a steep slope, and at a distance double its height. It will then appear twice as imposing as if seen from the foot, where one must look up to it.

In all soil removals, where no gravel plots, roads, or houses are intended, the humus or top

soil must be carefully removed and spread over the finished surface again, as everybody knows, yet I have seen this precaution neglected more often than one would think.

Chapter XIII

Maintenance

HAVING explained in the preceding chapters how a landscape may be ennobled and in a way created by art, I conclude with a few words as to its maintenance. It is quite impossible to plant a large, extensive park so that it will present the same picture when full grown as it did at the beginning, except on an altered scale, and so that the objects in it shall be forever after in the right relation to one another; for Nature cannot be calculated so accurately and it would also take too much time.

Here we meet with the drawbacks of our art, in a certain sense, though it may also be regarded as an advantage. For it is impossible to create a finished, permanent work of art in landscape gardening, such as the painter, sculptor, and architect are able to produce, because our material is not inanimate, but living; we can say of the landscape gardeners' art, as of all Nature's own pictures, as Fichte said of the German language, "It is about to be, but never is"; that is, it never stands still, can never be fixed and left to itself. Hence a skillful guiding hand is always necessary for works of this kind. If the hand is lacking too long, they not only deterior-

rate, they become something quite different; but if the hand is present, beauties are continually being added without losing or sacrificing those already in existence. The chief tool which we use — that is, our brush and chisel — is the spade for *construction*; the chief tool for *maintenance* and *improvement* is the axe. It must not rest for a single winter, or it will happen to us with the trees as with the water-carriers in the tale of the “Wizard’s Apprentice” — they will grow over our heads.

But the axe is just as necessary for keeping the plantations everywhere at the right height as for attaining the right density, for giving them plenty of air, and for providing against over-crowding. As, moreover, thinning is the quickest and lightest work, and in winter there is not much else to be done, there is always plenty of time for it, provided one never misses a year.

To keep large masses of mixed plantations at a given height one must not, as it were, decapitate them all, but only regularly every year cut out the highest growth, which then for the greater part will produce new undergrowth, and after a certain term of years will begin in turn to be the highest. In this manner the plantations appear always of the same age and natural form, a piece of art of which it may be truly said that it is a pity that it cannot be applied to mankind.

Where there are narrow vistas, single trees must be decapitated here and there, but this can

be done so that the tree will not be disfigured, at least, not when it is covered with leaves. The evergreens must be cut close exactly at the crown of the branches,—I mean at the base of one of its yearly growths,—and then the branches tied together. This conceals the operation very quickly. With deciduous trees also the branches must be cut out only where another branch is growing close by, so that a naked stump is never left conspicuous. The oftener groups of this sort are skillfully cut, the less will be the work and the more thick and natural will they grow. I repeat, however, that one must not miss anything, and at the outset one should calculate how high the plantations are intended to be, for after too long neglect it is difficult to regulate them without damage.

I have said before that density and vigorous growth in vegetation can be got only by thinning the plantations. This is most important; otherwise one rears nothing but wooden sticks, which at times may find place in a park for the sake of variety, but their presence cannot be considered the rule. For free development on all sides every plant requires as much light and air as it can obtain consistently with the health, density, and luxuriosness of all. This is the freedom of the trees, that freedom which we human beings also desire so much for ourselves.

Large sections of forests, which are not intended to be in the nature of a grove, are treated

simply in forester's style; that is, at stated periods they are thinned out according to the nature of the wood; with birches, sixty to eighty (because birches in shade when cut down recover with difficulty); with other kinds, about one hundred larger trees can be left standing on an acre. The only alteration which I permit myself is that the larger trees are left standing, not all singly, but partly in groups, which is more in accordance with landscape, if not with forester's, principles, with us, of course, the first consideration.

All that I have laid down here applies especially to landscape on a large scale—to the park. In the "pleasure-ground" and the gardens one is justified, by the smaller scale and the far larger choice of plants (especially the number of shrubs which serve the purpose), in a looser application of these rules, for only so much thinning out is necessary as concerns the health of the plants, or at times the improvement of their shape.

On the maintenance of meadows I have already enlarged, and so no further remarks are necessary except that every year they must be rolled at least once and if possible twice; that moles must be diligently caught; that in spring and autumn these meadows must be watered; and that every three or four years they must be manured if they are to be always fresh and thick-set. Rivers and lakes require occasional repairs when damaged by accidents, but no maintenance. The more the water gnaws at the shores, and

the more the edges are clothed with green and water plants, the better.

But the cleaning out of ponds which are not very deep is advisable every three years, partly to prevent clogging of the bottom with water mosses and other plants, partly for economy's sake, because the collected sediment or mud makes the best manure for meadows.

I believe I have enumerated herewith all the chief points in the theory of our profession, landscape gardening (although in accordance with my plan, only partially and in a cursory manner), and shall pass on to the second practical part which describes the application of the foregoing to a particular spot.

PART SECOND
DESCRIPTION OF THE PARK IN
MUSKAU AND ITS ORIGIN

Part Second

Description of the Park in Muskau and its Origin

I CONFESS that it is with some trepidation that I begin the present description. Although this little work, in view of its purely didactic nature, can make no great pretension to be entertaining, yet it is to be feared that the following very dry analysis of certain special conditions must be tedious in still greater degree than the foregoing part to any one who does not have a very personal interest in such undertakings.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that I have taken up the pen only for this latter class, and less apology is due them because I found myself obliged, in order to make the matter readable, to introduce much that was personal. No doubt it can interest the great public but little, while those who desire to turn the book to account as a guide and handbook for their own undertakings may find in these personal matters some profit; for many will find themselves in similar situations, either in respect to the whole or in this or that detail, and will perhaps be less intimidated by difficulties and overcome them more easily when they see how I succeeded in mastering them.

I must begin by frankly confessing that who-

ever should expect to find in Muskau already a completed, I mean a finished, work, would be quite disappointed. Hardly a third of the plan has so far been carried out, although perhaps three-fourths of the work has been done; for seldom has a private person had to contend in such undertakings with greater obstacles than I have. Among others more than two thousand acres of the needful terrain were the property of individual citizens of the town or the neighboring villages, and we know how difficult it is to acquire such pieces of land, even at three or four times their value. Moreover, a whole street in the small town, which ran directly past my "Schloss" or castle, had to be bought first, then removed to suit my plan, and a lake had to be dug on the spot. A number of large, and in part even magnificent, buildings belonging to me were so unfortunately situated that they could not remain. Again, the castle itself was surrounded by ancient fortifications, deep moats and walls eight to ten feet thick, which last had been built in the solid old times of our forefathers, and would have to be blown up with powder.¹

But the work of destroying these fortifications and filling up the moats was unavoidable, partly because the stagnant standing water was detrimental to health and partly because the whole

¹ I was compelled to make a regular assault with battering-rams manned by twenty or thirty men, and, in order to get rid of them, to bury the pieces broken down which still stuck together. One does not make such walls nowadays, neither common masons nor freemasons, nor statesmen and nations, however anxious they are to build.

genre appeared foreign to the character and purpose of the building as well as to the whole region.

In order to obtain the earth required for filling in, and at the same time be able to have the command of several pieces of water, it was necessary to plan and excavate a new arm from the river which runs through the park, which arm, in a course of two or three miles, forms two lakes of considerable area. The last and perhaps the greatest difficulty was that five to six hundred acres of land nearest to the castle consisted of barren sand and clay, hard as iron, and this could only be made fertile at great expense.

I therefore was confronted with more difficulties at the very outset than many a man in a more favorable situation finds throughout his entire work. Plate XI, for instance, gives the view from the drawing-rooms of the castle as it is now, and on the flap or folding sheet, as it was. On Plates *A* and *B*, two ground-plans of the park in these different epochs, one can follow every detail of my descriptions.¹

The greater part of the preliminary work is now complete; all that remains is the construction of roads, plantations, and small changes of the surface by grading, and the erection of several buildings, all of which will be easy in comparison with the really colossal earthwork done at the beginning, although considerable time and

¹ I have purposely not drawn these plans in the picturesque manner now so much in favor, since picturesque effects are only adequately shown in pictures, while here it was a question of concise statement of particulars.

expense are still required. The great losses that I suffered for years through war and other untoward circumstances have obliged me since then to proceed slowly, yet I hope to see the main part of the work completed within ten years, with the exception of some of the buildings, which I perhaps must leave for my descendants to complete. Until then, therefore, I request all who visit the park not to expect too much, and to suspend, for the greater part, their judgment on its present condition, and perhaps to rely more upon my book than on my achievements; since they might take for completed what is only provisional, and much would seem a failure to the expert which is only permitted to remain because more important matters necessarily precede its definite removal.¹

It is hardly possible to lay out a park with success in sections; that is, to complete entirely one part before beginning with the next. On the contrary, for the artistic interests of the whole, as well as for economy of time and money, everything must, so far as it is feasible, progress in unison; almost, one may say, as good strategy will unite troops from various positions for the decisive battle, so here the goal will be reached by converging from all sides, not piecemeal.

¹ Thus, I was recently blamed by a very capable expert for planting too many kinds of trees together and for laying out too few groves. He was right, but had not considered that only the plants which are happiest in their growth are destined to remain; the others will be removed; and that groves should be constructed where the growth has reached its best period, and that until then the trees have been properly treated.

When all is finished, the greater, nay, the greatest, part of the real merit of the work will remain unnoticed by the casual stranger, and the more that this is true, the better it is. But this is just the intelligent man's endeavor and triumph to make one believe that everything which he sees must be exactly so and not otherwise, and that from all time it has not been very different. It would grieve me much if, for instance, at the sight of the luxuriant meadows in my park, any one should now trouble himself with the idea that formerly here the thistle scarcely grew, or, when he comfortably rolls by on the level drive amidst abundant foliage he should be suddenly brought up by the reflection, that formerly in this place a bottomless morass hardly afforded an approach to grazing cattle. The perfection of landscape art is reached only in the region where it again appears to be untrammeled Nature, but in her noblest manifestation. We find here a curious affinity between the art of the landscape maker and that of the actor, since these are the only two among all the arts that take Nature herself for material and at the same time for the representation of the theme, the actor endeavoring to portray in his own person ideal man and the landscape maker welding together the material as he finds it in the rough and creating ideal landscape. Unfortunately the similarity can be carried still further, for the creations of both artists are fleeting, although the landscape maker still has some advantages over the actor.

Even so one might compare a higher garden art with music and, at least as fitly as architecture has been called "frozen music," to call garden art "growing music." It, too, has its symphonies, adagios, and allegros, which stir the senses with vague but powerful emotions. Further, as Nature offers her features to the landscape gardener for use and choice, so does she offer to music her fundamental tones; beautiful like the human voice, the song of birds, the thunder of the tempest, the roaring of the hurricane, the bodeful wailing of branches — ugly sounds like howling, bellowing, clattering, and squeaking. Yet the instruments bring all these out and work, according to circumstances, ear-splitting sounds in the hands of the incompetent, entrancing when arranged by the artist in an orderly whole. The genial Nature painter does the same. He studies the manifold material given him by Nature and by his art works the scattered parts into a beautiful whole, whose melody flatters the senses, but unfolds its highest powers and yields the greatest enjoyment only when harmony has breathed true soul into the work.

But I wander too far from my theme. I shall be asked, perhaps, after this enumeration of all my difficulties, why I undertook such a work at all? The grounds for doing so are the following:—

When I conceived the plan of such a large undertaking, my first reflection was this, that it does not become a man, who has succeeded to

estates owned by his forefathers for centuries, to turn his back on them and to seek his occupation or pleasure in life in a foreign country as long as want or honor do not drive him to emigrate.

The property which I took over was very considerable. A free lordship, endowed with subordinate sovereign rights and including the dependent vassal property covering an area of ten to eleven miles square, contains all that such a situation demands, and consequently simplifies the task for making further improvements. In short, it might be regarded as an attractive place to sojourn in itself. But, on the other hand, I found this property carelessly left to its poverty and lack of charm ; some luxury, it is true, but nothing which showed the cult of the beautiful was to be seen. Under these circumstances the field for embellishment before me was a large one, and I therefore held it to be my duty to be useful here, all the more because I am of the opinion that a large landowner, who directs his energies continually to improve as well as to embellish his property, to civilize the inhabitants given over to his care, to increase their welfare and thereby make the burdens of the land easier to them — that man, I say, has at least earned as much gratitude from the State and is as much a true if voluntary and unpaid servant of the State as an official who for a high salary sits for a few hours at a desk, or a diplomat, for whom sometimes a post almost amounting to a sinecure must be paid for with many thousands, — a truth which many of

our rulers still seem to ignore, not exactly to the profit of their country.

Even if I felt free to take the view that I did, it was still a question whether, all things considered, I could have expected, with so few difficulties, such great advantages as I found here.

The drawbacks were:—

(1) A generally sandy region covered for the greater part with pine forests.

(2) A large area of poor soil in the territory destined for the park.

(3) The necessity for tremendous preliminary work before I could be in a position even to begin the new grounds.

(4) The necessary acquisition of more than two thousand acres of land that I did not own.

The advantages were as follows:—

(1) A picturesque “lie” of the ground everywhere, and a great variety of mountain and valley and the prospect of the Silesian and Oberlausitz Mountains.

(2) The presence of a considerable stream which flows through the land which is to form the park and makes, for some distance from the banks, a rich, though narrow, pasture ground.

(3) Many hundreds of the most beautiful old trees, which were already scattered throughout this territory.

(4) The ease with which—as soon as the enclosure of the above-mentioned two thousand acres of land, recently purchased, had been completed—I could extend operations as far as re-

quired on my own soil and land, while in this region the consequent loss of farm acreage was not a very great consideration.

(5) The general cheapness of land labor and cartage.

(6) All building material of my own production, coming from brick kilns, iron foundries, and glassworks, also wood of every kind in profusion, also abundance of field stones, large and small, mostly of granite, rich marl quarries, etc.

(7) Lastly, the various means furnished by such a large estate and by the disposition of so many clerks and dependents whereby, on a large scale, development is secured.

It will be seen that drawback (1) is nullified by the advantages mentioned in advantage (1), and it is almost a moot point whether such an oasis, surrounded with woods, like an island by the sea, cannot be, perhaps, the most favorable spot for grounds of this kind.¹

Moreover, forests of dark pine woods, melancholy when seen near at hand, at a distance make a background and horizon against whose dark masses the young green of deciduous foliage near by appears twice as gay, and colored clouds of heaven afford a more brilliant contrast.

Drawback (2): The soil which was partly

¹ Passing as one must a whole tract of somewhat barren country before reaching Muskau, when all expectations are abandoned, a luxurious landscape, summoned as if by magic, strikes with twice the force, just as (if the comparison does not appear trivial) a rich meal is best enjoyed by a hungry stomach.

bad might be improved by a pasture, and this was done later on ; and drawback (3) was solved in greater part by advantage (4). But here came a still more important consideration. The hardships caused by war were nothing less than unbearable for the poor peasants ; the burdens and state imposts had become exorbitant. Without an exceptional opportunity to earn wages, I may say, as acknowledged by all the people around, a proportion of the inhabitants here would have starved or been forced to emigration of the most helpless kind.

Nearly two hundred people whom I employed for many years almost daily, partly in my factories, which at that time were my only source of income, partly in the grounds, owe their existence to this alone, and so it was a precious boon to me that I could in such an easy manner combine my duty with my pleasure. How seldom is this the lot of poor mankind !

Nevertheless, I encountered much opposition ; and when I began to demolish the road and to use the material to fill the moat, several persons were even doubtful whether I was still in my right mind, and many capitalists who had put money into my property gave me notice at once and withdrew it, only to lose it later in stock speculations. Others asserted that it was *impossible*, even for a man ten times as rich as I, to realize such projects. But he who lets himself be frightened by this word has but little experience ; nineteen times out of twenty a firm will

and patience make the so-called “impossible” quite easily possible.

In my own case faith has literally removed more than one mountain, and erected as many, and when people saw that things were going, they began to put more faith in my plans; and I thankfully acknowledge that I afterwards found friendly support where I expected only resistance. Even my Wendish peasants, constituting the chief part of the population, and standing on a level of culture not exactly of the highest kind, have acquired some sense of the beautiful, so that they have since decorated their villages with trees. If they at times stole wood in my park, yet they only cut the stakes to which trees were tied, without doing the slightest injury to the young trees themselves, a piece of delicate consideration which in the case of Wends deserves ample recognition.

I mention this only to encourage others not to give in too soon when “impossibility” is set up against the realization of their dearest hopes. Thus, I allowed every one, without consideration of persons, access to my grounds, although many landowners assured me that this was likewise “impossible,” since the rough, often drunken, people would cut down all the young trees and pluck all the flowers. It is true that some excesses occurred at first. They were sharply punished when the culprits could be identified, and when not, the damage was quickly and patiently repaired, and the gates remained as before, open

to every one. Very soon people were impressed by this steady perseverance; when often hundreds take their pleasure in the spacious park, I must admit, for the credit of the public, that any serious mischief is quite exceptional.

My whole conduct in this has even obtained the general approval of my former subjects,¹ in spite of the hoards of pettifoggers and overseers which have lately overrun our province, of whom there are many who understand better how to egg on peasants and landowners against one another, emptying the pockets of both, than to further harmony and culture, which is what they forsooth proclaim as their aim. But since then, the greatness of the evil itself, as well as the true humanity of the higher magistrates, have procured remedies, and in the highest manner the graciousness of our Lord the King is never to be sufficiently praised; so I will hasten from such repellent, and, God be thanked, partly past, prose, and return to the innocent creations of fancy.

I take this opportunity of returning once more to the first chapter of this work, where I spoke of the main idea which guided me in the laying-out of this park. I must, however, recount in detail what were the preliminary steps to be taken.

The region which was to serve me as a canvas

¹ They are now called "Hintersassen" (vassals or copy-holders), since subjects are now only held by the sovereign, and in France not even by him. Assuredly the times are marching with seven-league boots!

consisted, as I have already remarked, of boundless pine and fir woods on all sides, in whose center, in a hilly region, the little country town of Muskau lies. The town is especially distinguished by houses which are, without exception, massive, by several pretty churches and towers, and by a certain general neatness, and lies picturesquely on the side of a mountain, up to whose summit the terrace gardens of the burghers climb. Fruit gardens and little summer houses make the aspect very pleasant. On the wide eastern mountain plateau over the town, and in its immediate neighborhood, one sees hidden, in limes and oaks, the village of Berg with one of the oldest church ruins in the Lausitz. Farther south, at the end of the little town, the slope becomes steeper and describes a half-circle, where it is covered by tall beeches, oaks, and isolated evergreens, and presents many romantic ravines. Here is an alum mine with large buildings, refining and other works. The ridge of the chain of hills here turns south again, and reaches its highest point at an old vineyard where there is an extensive view over the river Neisse and the mountains of Silesia, Gorlitz, and Bautzen. Here the hills disappear by degrees into the thick forest.

If one follows the same chain of hills from the other end of the town, toward the north, one arrives at the steep wooded shore of the Neisse; a road runs alongside which from here discloses a view of a bridge and a village crowned by a forest.

The reader may easily follow this description on the plan (Plate XI), where the region is shown as it used to be. He will further observe how directly in front of the town the Neisse meadows broaden out to the east, a completely level valley through which the river runs for its entire length. In this level place lie the old and new castle, with their outbuildings, the theater, stables, etc., close by the town, and a few hundred paces farther a manor house as it used to be and other buildings, now merely an old-fashioned mill, the farmhouse, and some out-buildings to which formerly a street of the town near the castle used to lead.

The castle itself was surrounded on the other side of the moats and fortifications by French and kitchen gardens, later by a few of the novel pseudo-English gardens, misunderstood in the usual way that I have described as typical of the Fatherland, but also by some remarkably fine and wide linden avenues, which a foolish gardener had partly decapitated, to protect a badly placed orange house from the probable fall of such large trees. The same absurdity was repeated farther on, where a pheasantry was placed between meadows and deciduous forests. Several giant firs have been either destroyed entirely, or at least deprived of their crowns, under the pretext that an old, half-blind pheasant keeper could not, it was presumed, shoot the birds of prey which were wont to settle on the tops of the trees. The remaining portion of the level space

was occupied by desolate, bare fields, most of which belonged to the townsmen. Yet the shores of the stream were enlivened everywhere by a quantity of the finest oaks and other tall trees.

On the other side of the stream, continuing toward the east, not far from its shores, there rises another low ridge which forms the second plateau of the park; this at some distance is bordered again by a chain of hills, on the summit of which there stretches a third still larger plateau that slopes, on the farther side very gradually, toward the forest. On the edge of these woods lies the village of Braunsdorf with a farmhouse, to which a badly kept avenue of lindens led, the line of which crossing the country, did not improve the aspect. I had most of them removed later on to give more character to some of the bare spots on the heights.¹

From the highest point of the last-named chain of hills, a very fine and wide view may be enjoyed. The foreground is formed by the Neisse Valley, with the township, the rising terrace gardens of which are picturesquely mingled with the thatched huts of the village of Berg, which here seem to hang almost immediately over the town. Southward in the ravines the alum works

¹ As a remarkable example of the indifference of our forefathers to enjoyment and decorum, I may instance that on these hills exactly opposite the castle the gallows stood for fifty years, the proximity of which, every time the wind blew from the east, was evident in the most disgusting manner. It cost me several thousands to get rid of this disagreeable neighbor.

and potters' ovens are smoking day and night, and their pillars of fire with the approach of dusk light up the whole region every evening. Beyond is an expanse of fields following the course of the river, dotted with old oaks and other deciduous trees, and this part of the picture is finally framed in by forests; only the blue tops of the Landskrone, Tafelfichte, and Schnee Koppe can be discerned above the sea of dark-green foliage. On the right, finally, on the other side of the Neisse, spread wide meadows, shaded by tall trees, over which rises the fir-covered mountain of the glassworks of Wolfshayn, the estate of the famous jurist and philosopher Grävell. Turning around, one sees only the wavy lines of the dense black forest, dwindling to the farthest horizon, unbroken save here and there by the gleaming tips of a few distant church spires.

On this spot now stands a ruined pavilion, and in ancient times stood, according to the legend, a castle or watch-tower, of which there are still some remains of ruined walls and cellars, such as may be found in the neighboring fir woods of Keula. A rather remarkable occurrence during the war threw a new light on this town, which, however, like an *ignis fatuus*, disappeared as quickly as it came. One day a Russian staff officer appeared at the house of the Burgermaster of the town, and springing from his foaming Cossack steed, asked for some man who knew the neighborhood well, to conduct him in a search which was of great importance to him

and for which he had but little time to spare. Under the peculiar circumstances of that time, his request could hardly be refused, but, being rather uneasy about the unknown intentions of the stranger, a reliable person was sought out and directed to make an exact report of whatever happened. This individual afterwards made the following report: The strange officer began by interrogating his guide at great length concerning all the conditions of this place, and at length disclosed, but with strict injunctions of the greatest secrecy, that he was here with the intention of discovering a considerable treasure, of whose existence and probable situation he possessed the fullest particulars. He had been born in Moscow and his Slav forefathers had in former times possessed the town of Muskau, whose name formerly was pronounced in the same manner and had the same Slav origin as Moscow.¹ Their castle used to stand in the forest, and a watch-tower stood on the high hill already mentioned.

Upon this he showed the man a mouldy but yet decipherable plan of the main features of the region, and by pacing off in accordance with the indications thereon, he really discovered the hitherto quite unknown remains of a cellar, and, about forty paces farther on, those of a filled-up well, where they began at once to dig, but could discover nothing but a few small coins which were

¹ It is rather striking that the attribution of a Slav origin is fairly corroborated by an old manuscript chronicle of the town, in which it is written as Moska. On the land charts it is also named in the same way.

covered with green mould, and whose inscription had been quite obliterated. As after continuous toil nothing further came to light, the strange treasure-seeker sent his assistant back, with the announcement that on the morrow he would bring more men with him. But the following day he did not turn up, and when on the third day the guide once more found himself alone on the spot, he discovered that the earth had been rummaged deeper still so that there was no doubt that a fresh search had been made. The results of it, as well as the mysterious officer, remained unknown, and all the digging which some years later I undertook from curiosity, when I learned the events on my return from the campaign, also remained fruitless.

These data are not entirely unconnected with the following development of my plans.

After I had acquainted myself with the locality I have depicted, and the possibility of carrying out my plans, I decided to lay out as a park, with the exception of the gardens already existing, the whole river domain with its bordering plateaus and hill chains, pheasantry, field, manor, mill, alum works, etc., from the last ravines of the hill descending to the south to the villages of Kobeln and Braunsdorf on the north (altogether nearly four thousand acres of land), and by taking in the slope behind the town, and a portion of the village of Berg situated thereon, to surround the town itself in such a way that it would become merely a part of the park.

As it is a town which was formerly subject to me and is still dependent upon me, its inclusion in the project had an historical significance; for the main idea which formed the foundation of the whole conception was nothing less than to present a sensible picture of the life of our family, or of the aristocracy of our country, in such a way that the idea should, as it were, become of itself apparent to the beholder. For this purpose it was only necessary to utilize what was already there, to elevate and enrich in the same spirit, but not to violate its locality and history. Many ultra-liberals will perhaps smile at such a thought, but every form of human development is worthy of honor, and just because that of which I speak is perhaps nearing its end, it assumes a universal, poetic, and romantic interest, which so far cannot be extracted from factories, machines, or even constitutions, *suum cuique*. Yours is now money and power — leave to the poor, worn-out nobility its poetry, the sole thing which is left to it. Honor the weak old age, ye Spartans!

I selected, therefore, as the central point, the mountain dominating the region, as the ruins of walls and the old legends sufficiently indicated that it had once been the site of a feudal castle, and it was decided to erect a building in the simple style which was predominant in the Middle Ages for buildings of this kind, much like some of the oldest castles on the Rhine in a fairly good state of preservation. It was essential

that art should give this castle the appearance of real antiquity, but it was to be no useless ruin, such as when newly constructed too much resembles a mere plaything and must miss a deceptive effect because too much is left to the imagination. It should be merely an old castle, which, in course of time, served other purposes; in short, a partially reconstructed, often repaired, and continually used complete structure, of which there are many such examples in our province. By virtue of its location, it could therefore be very appropriately used as the main building for farm purposes and stables, since from the valley it appears to stand on steep heights on the border of the forest, but on the other side its proximity to the widest plateau makes it accessible from the more level ground. The so-called inner "Burg," with the solitary high watch-tower, from which in these days, of course, no misshaped dwarf is on the lookout for strange foes, was to serve as a dwelling for the master and the tower as a fire-watch, which, with the frequent forest fires of our region, is only too necessary. Besides, if it were thought more in keeping and more romantic, a modern Seni¹ might employ himself with astrology in undisturbed solitude, or an alchemist, for instance (as they are by no means extinct), nay, even the baying of hounds, which was so obligatory in all knightly tales, would not be lacking, as the trainer for the hounds was lodged there.

¹ The name of the astrologer in Schiller's *Wallenstein*.



Photographs by Thomas W. Sears

Two Views of the Castle and Moat at Muskau

But, joking apart, there is no lack of real tradition among the people to give fiction an historical basis. Besides the incidents I have related, the old chronicle of the town records the following, which I translate into modern German with only a few remarks of my own:—

Muskau or Mosca, otherwise called Muzakow, that is “Town of men,” was in the time of the Sorbs a renowned holy place, where four of their temples stood in oak groves. Here the holy image of old times, the god of gods Swantewit, “the holy spirit, the holy fire,” was worshiped. The oracles of the horse dedicated to him were promulgated by the priests, and the places of sacrifice—one quite close to the baths—are easily distinguishable. A large cemetery on the other side of the town, full of urns which are still sometimes exhumed, indicates a place either largely populated, or at least inhabited from time immemorial. At the conversion of the Sorbs by Louis the Pious and to the time of Hildewardt III, Bishop of Meissen, in 1060, the worshipers of the old gods took refuge in these formerly almost impenetrable forests, and their religious rites were conducted for several centuries there with stealth and seclusion. The statue of the god Zeutiber was said to be still preserved here even at a much later date, although in a damaged condition.¹

The first “Graf” at Muskau was Theorious, whose daughter Juliane was given as wife to Wittekind’s son of the same name. The Graf was said to be in great demand, and the renown of his name has descended to our times.

¹ Compare the funeral monuments in the Troad and on the European peninsula of the whole Hellespont as far as Ganochoro and Heraclae, where the last examples are to be found. So in the Neisse Valley here, and especially near Buchwalde and Werdeck, there are high green hills covered with primeval oaks, called “Kraalsroo,” or Kings’ Graves, by the Sorbs and Wends to this day.

The Hungarians, after their great battle, were for the first time entirely dispersed on their retreat in this valley, which was then all forest, by the brave hero, Graf Siegfried von Ringelhain, with the help of Graf Bruno von Askanien.¹

Markgraf Johann, son of Siegfried, built with his portion of the booty the strong and well-protected castle at Muskau as a land or frontier fortress, which even the Emperors Henry III and IV, in 1109, besieged in vain; afterwards the Markgraves had ceded it to Herzog Vladislaus of Poland, from whom it was acquired by Herzog Boleslaus of Bohemia. It was here that Vladislaus lived three years of love and bliss with the Herzog of Bohemia's daughter Michildam, after having eloped with the beautiful maid from the Hrad-schin, for whom her father had other intentions and indeed had refused to give her to him as his bride. There Boleslaus laid siege, beleaguered and stormed the castle of Muskau, and took it. But the father's anger had to yield to pity and mercy when he saw at his feet his daughter a prisoner with her lovely little boy. He forthwith forgave her, and Vladislaus, this young prince, was afterward Herzog in Bohemia, and showed, as Abraham Horsmann tells in his chronicle, much affection for his birthplace of Muskau. The town, which since that time had much grown, was laid waste by the Tartars in the fearful battle of 1241, so important in its results. At that time also the old castle was destroyed, of whose mighty towers no trace is left, and of their site very little. The town was rebuilt on its old site, but the new castle was now placed close up to it. Knightly jousts and so-called "Torniamina" of nobles and other gatherings of important people often-

¹ The great Burgundy *Chronicle*, Dr. Hegemuller's book of heraldry, printed in Munich, and Dr. Sekden's coat of arms, give certain things of this matter, in folio 133. An official letter for Muskau from the Emperor Henry I.

times took place here. Before the Reformation Muskau had a provost. This region from the time of the battle with the Tartars until the last war of liberty continually experienced the horrors brought on by devastation.

First the Hussites pillaged it terribly. In the Thirty Years' War Tiefenbach burned all the villages round Muskau. The Croats plundered the town and castle. Wallenstein lay in 1633 several days in this region with the Imperial army. Soon after the forest was set on fire; it burned for six weeks, and by neglect of the Swedes the new castle was also burned down; it was afterwards rebuilt, improved, and enlarged. The town also was several times on fire, and, especially in the year 1766, was totally laid in ashes, but, thanks to this disaster, has a finer and more tasteful exterior than any other country town of the same size.

So much for the documentary history of the town, of which one may say, without improbability, that on this same spot Vladislaus's beautiful daughter lived sweetly fearful days in love and terror. But as the poets often begin their labor at the end of their works and finish the beginning at the last, I have postponed the building of this town until the last.

In continuation of the chain of hills crowned with forest and at a short distance from the town, the cemetery chapel of the family will be found situated, approached by a bridge with a sharp curve. This chapel or church, the building of which would have been the first duty of our pious forefathers, is therefore probably copied from a like ancient source and, with due regard to its purpose, built in Byzantine, or, better still, in

Roman, style. Farther on may be seen, at about the same distance on the same declivity, a roughly walled prominence on which an old lime tree has grown, where, in a niche of this wall, a Holy Virgin is placed after the old Catholic custom,¹ and a resting-place offered, and the prospect of the other world is allegorically represented by one of the finest views on earth looking toward the evanescent hills melting in pale blue distance.

On the plateau behind these various town buildings and as though belonging to them, the race-course is situated, to which I shall return later.

This whole long chain of hills, as I have already said, presents analogous conditions and constitutes the only view toward the west from the old as well as the new and now inhabited castle.

After the little town had been built on the river, under the protection of the feudal owners, the times, as they became more peaceable and easy, permitted the stern lords on the heights to leave the comfortless castle and settle in more companionable surroundings; at least, the so-called old castle was as a fact built in the fourteenth century in the valley, and now serves as a courthouse for the magistrates. Its characteristics have been carefully preserved, only its gables and old armor have been restored and the statue of the ancestor of our family, famous in the "Nibel-

¹ This figure of the Virgin is a very remarkable statue, found not long ago, carved in petrified wood. It is attributed to the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

ungenlied," Rudigen von Bechlarn, has been added.¹

As the open space before this building serves as a *point de vue* for a street of the town and the chief way to the park is at this entrance, the equestrian statue of the old Magyar will be found here, the best site for it.

At a later epoch my ancestors built, only a hundred paces from the first castle, another one with a much more agreeable exterior, connected with the first by fortifications and moats suitable to their enlarged property and more exalted rank (they had just been elevated to the rank of "Reichsgrafen"). An Italian architect built it as well as a so-called "garden palace" at the same distance on the other side, which was used later on as a theater, and made half as large again but deformed in the most tasteless manner in the process.

One can see from the plan how I converted

¹ It is true, I may say in passing, that in some genealogical works doubt has been thrown on this genealogy of our family, but although it has not been proved historically correct, it has been made highly probable by some attested copies from ancient original documents, which latter were unfortunately lost in a great fire at Schedlau in the beginning of the sixteenth century, as well as by the identity of the name (as our family name was written "Pechlarn" as late as the fifteenth century), and lastly, by the similarity of the arms, as is proved by the monument of Pellegrin, Bishop of Passau, a descendant of Budiger in the ninth century, where the separate limbs of an eagle in four fields (quarterings) are to be seen as in our arms of the present day. The formerly direct branch of my family, the Grafen Pückler Limpurg auf Farrenbach, are said to possess interesting information on the subject, which I hereby invite them to disclose; for who can blame us for setting at a high value the imperishable heroic stories of Germany, even if we only have probability on our side?

the old moats into a lake and stream by a canal leading from the river Neisse, the latter surrounding three sides of the new castle and dividing it from the older quarter and from the theater. According to my plans, to which my talented friend Schinkel has certainly given the most delightful form, the old castle in future will be connected with the new by a high arched bridge, the theater on the other side by a gallery, crossing the water in a higher arch, the whole improvement making a worthier residence in a further extension of more than five hundred paces.

When we turn back for a moment to contemplate past centuries, we retrace the growing development of industry and culture, which no longer permitted the nobleman to be now a pleasure-seeker and then, when the chance came, a robber, but summoned him as well to engage himself in industrial life. In consequence there arose on the river buildings devoted to economic purposes, — mills, breweries, distilleries, etc., — which still show the old-fashioned, irregular style with gables, projecting stories, and small windows. Later the ground itself was explored, and the alum works founded, which showed in the architecture a less old-fashioned, more industrial character. A vineyard closes the category of these older ventures, whose product, however, is not to be recommended. It seems either that our ancestors were satisfied with their poor wine, or that the climate was warmer than at the present time, for who would think at this date that the neigh-

borhood of Berlin, which in regard to beverages can only boast of Weiss beer, formerly was a wine country as is proved by the Berlin calendar?

In recent times, finally, when all the different interests of the people have been more and more amalgamated by the spread of education,—this period marks the beginning of my modest work,—a feeling for art and beauty at last began to awaken in these regions, formerly overlooked in the general march of culture. The leading thought was to reflect the past in one congruous picture, whereby everything which was still in existence should be again emphasized, improved as far as its purposes allowed, and embellished and combined anew in a well-arranged whole. A new source of income was found in the long known, but never exploited, mineral waters which rise near the mines, as well as the strong sulphur springs in most productive meadows in neighboring valleys, which had been doubtless running for centuries past and wasted in the dust of decayed forests. By means of a hydropathic establishment, well furnished with all requisites, it was sought to benefit also the suffering of humanity.

Other undertakings were started, some within the precincts of the castle, some elsewhere; namely, a wax bleachery, a fisherman's cottage, and some colonies of cottages in the vicinity of the village of Kobeln, near the alum works, and on the Braunsdorf plain, each grouped as a whole and arranged throughout as free dwellings for garden hands, miners, and the needy; further, an observ-

atory and extensive *cottage ornée*, called “the English House,” which serves as a Sunday recreation ground for the town and suburbs. As a coping-stone to the whole, as a monument of a work which contended with such innumerable difficulties, I have projected the erection of a temple on an isolated hill in the center of a park and on the shore of a stream, dedicated to “Perseverance,” for further mention of which I refer the reader to the “First Carriage Drive.”

This, then, was in the main the task which I had set myself. How I carried it out, in so far as it is carried out and in so far as this book has explained the remainder, I must leave to the judgment of experts; at least the attempt has been harmless, well intentioned, and not without some artistic endeavor.

The park of Muskau may now be described by districts, as follows, which at the same time enumerate the various epochs with some accuracy.

- I. The “Burg” domain on the farther shore of the Neisse to which belong:—
 - A. The “Burg” itself with its surroundings.
 - B. The cemetery chapel.
 - C. The race-course.
 - D. The stud.
 - E. The manor house with the sheep farm.
- II. The town and its precincts.
- III. The castle domain:—
 - A. The old castle, mill, farmhouses, etc.
 - B. The new castle with its “pleasure-ground.”
 - C. The orangeries and gardens.

- D. The inn.
- E. The pheasantry.
- F. The fisherman's hut with its surroundings.
- G. The temple.

- IV. The vineyard.
- V. The mine with its colonies.
- VI. The baths.
- VII. The observatory.
- VIII. The village, to which belong:—
 - A. The English house.
 - B. The Gobelin colony.

In order to proceed to the more detailed description of these districts, the most practical way will be to follow the same course as would be taken by a stranger in his visits, and therefore I beg the reader to consult the plan in Plate B.

I must first remark, however, that besides the classification which I have just completed and which I would call the “æsthetic” part, another more general classification would be advisable, for the sake of locality, convenience, and review of the whole. Accordingly the whole would fall under three heads only, in which each would be dealt with as it is limited by situation; namely, the castle park, the park of the baths, and the outer park. Each of these presents space and room enough for a walk. The first is bounded partly by a high wood fence, which is nowhere visible, with broad plantations, partly by the Neisse; the second is also bounded partly by a similar fence toward the town, and partly by deep ditches and broad blackthorn thickets. The third is bounded throughout by dikes with acacia

thorn and gleditschia thickets, twelve feet broad, totally impenetrable to man or beast, and contented with the poorest soil. The hares, which are very plentiful in our part of the world, damage them considerably during hard winters, but as they must be partly cut down every three years to renew their density, the damage is seldom of great proportions.

I will assume that one has started from the castle and is taking a walk to the flower gardens and a part of the "pleasure-ground," to which leads no drive. Following the arrow that starts from the wide steps of the court of the castle (*a*, on the ground-plan C and B)¹ is an arrangement for orangery and flowers with light arcades, and above it, rising from large vases, drooping passion flowers. Between the arches are hanging bars, on which many-colored parrots swing, without being able to incommod one by their too great proximity. The orangery makes a shady and fragrant walk on the terrace, extends around the court, and is surrounded with flower stands in which niches are placed, serving as an occasional salon and affording views of the park. The terraces are connected with the drawing-rooms by glass doors.

On the opposite side of these rooms, toward the south, a conservatory is thrown out, running along the wing of the castle, the windows of

¹ I have had copied, for the better comprehension of the reader, a part of the gardens on a larger scale, as far as the footpaths go, and marked them with the same letters. (See Plate C.)

which are taken out in summer, which at all times of the year makes a flower walk. The rooms have a lookout on this promenade through gilded lattices, immediately under the windows, and two steps at the sides give access to it.

The first flower garden starts in front of this conservatory and is bounded by the lake Lucie, with the hills beyond.

It surrounds the whole square of the castle and has a communication under the castle terrace by a tunnel, walled with golden-colored sulphur pyrites and blue slags.

In the laying-out of these gardens I have allowed my fancy free play and have combined regularity with irregularity fearlessly, but I hope, nevertheless, not to have disturbed the harmony of the whole. On the ground-plan, no doubt, there may be a singular appearance in the fan-shape; the "H" set in a star; the square shaped like the breastplate of the Jewish high priest; the cornucopia; the colossal flower made up of various plants; an "S" of roses and forget-me-nots; the peacocks' feathers, etc. As a matter of fact, the effect is rather rich and original, and not more heterogeneous than the bazaar effect is usually in the room of an elegant lady. The sketch in Plate XII gives a part of the appearance presented by these features seen from the balcony of the tower. Two busts can be seen there in front of a flower stand. They are those of two women, who of all those I have met

on my life's journey seemed to me the most lovely.¹

The slightly higher ground under three old limes (*c*), surrounded by the greatest wealth of flowers, is also the central point of the flower gardens, whence a view opens on the lake, the adjoining "pleasure-ground," and the terrace gardens of the town opposite, with the village of Berg above. The water laps the foot of the steep stone wall, on which there is room for a fairly large company. In the evening this Platz is lighted by bright-colored lanterns.

Farther on is the rosary, a rosette made up of monthly roses and box and surrounded by pomegranate trees. The rosary is joined to the conservatory just mentioned, in which a roomy niche surrounded by flower stands can be used as another place for company. Here the shrubbery which surrounds it on all sides allows a view of the water only, under the shelter of large-leaved planes. (See Plate XIII.) On one side of this feature lies the tulip room in the shade of which are planted carnations. A stone step leads from here down to the water to some light gondolas, in which the votaries of rowing, the favorite pastime in these days, may disport themselves, without fear of storm and shipwreck.

Continuing on our path we come to an open platform at the tower. A bower of jessamine and

¹ As recognition of beauty is not offensive, and rank and wealth are as nothing in its realm, I will name them for the enlightenment of the curious: the one is the Grafin Alopaus; the other the Grafin Rossi.

roses leans against the tower under the upper balcony. From this one has a view of the lake in a new direction and in its greatest length, where two bridges and a waterfall serve as an excellent *point de vue*. From this point the walk continues through the shrubbery for a time, after which one comes to an ornamental plot with the letter "S," an aviary, farther a flower parterre, imitating a bundle of colossal peacocks' feathers, then a flower stand with hothouse plants, till the tunnel mentioned above (*d*) is reached. A fountain here makes a spot which is always cool and refreshing in hot summer days, peaceful and solitary, where one may, as the saying goes, give audience to one's thoughts, or, in more prosaic phrase, enjoy a siesta, to which a soft couch of moss and never broken twilight invite one.

I may be allowed to make a digression here and take the opportunity to lay down some rules for flower plantations and the like.

I have unfortunately to contend with an unfavorable climate in the Neisse Valley, and can only rely on half-hardy shrubs with the help of careful covering to prevent freezing, such as some of the *cytisus*, *calicanthus*, *cercis*, *amygdalus*, *hibiscus*, *hydrangea*, *rhododendron*, *comptonia*, etc., while the still more delicate ones, like *liquidamber*, *magnolia*, *azalea*, etc., and even the *Prunus lusitanica*, so hardy in England, *Pyrus japonica*, *arbutus*, *viburnum*, *ilex* varieties and some of the *andromedas*, etc., must be protected every winter in portable houses. I therefore give

the hardier kinds, although they are more common, the preference, since one should refrain as far as possible from trying to force Nature too much or too often; for even a quite common red thorn, for instance, if it is in vigorous bloom, or a bush honeysuckle, etc., has a better appearance than a suffering exotic growth, which in a more suitable climate might possibly have unfolded in its fullest splendor. In general the chief decoration is made by potted plants, which are so arranged in permanent stands that they do not injure the lawn nor let the pots and tubs show in an unsightly manner. For instance, the oleanders surrounding a semicircular bank were placed in long semicircular boxes and lowered into a trench of masonry work built behind the bank, and as the branches reach down to the ground they appear to be growing out of it. Single pomegranate and other trees are enclosed in pretty stands made to fit them exactly, and surrounded with flower pots in such a way that the tub containing the tree is not to be seen and only its crown rises from the midst. Should one desire, however, that an isolated stem remain visible, then the tub as well may be inserted in a walled funnel and the top covered with pots with low flowers set in green moss. If these half-hardy plants have to be removed in late autumn, then they must be replaced by hardier kinds, or by baskets with potted flowers which are not afraid of a little frost, like asters, etc. The walled openings in the earth must be wide

enough to allow plenty of air to reach the tubs, and the tubs too must be set only halfway in the earth.

I have already said that on the whole masses of congenial colors are to be preferred to the mixture of many kinds. But so far as concerns the sequence of the flowers, not to be too discursive, I will only give the example of the way I have treated the specimens I have mentioned, the fan (*e*), the star with the "H" (*f*), the quadruple square (*g*), in the blue flower garden, and the cornucopia (*h*).

The fan (*e*) comes first into bloom with yellow crocus. Then it is planted with gillyflower so that they make rings of various colors all over it, with a dark point in the middle, from which the shadings are graduated to the circumference.

The same device is lastly devoted to *Aster chinensis*, which blossoms right into autumn, when our stay in the country is at an end as a rule. Generally only lovers of hunting are left behind, who demand no flowers; only the hares. The two round baskets next the fan are planted first with dark double golden wallflowers and later with *Lobelia cardinalis*.

The star opposite the fan begins with double tulips; after these come bright red pelargoniums planted from pots, which also last till autumn. Four baskets surround this device also, which begins with bright-colored mixed single tulips, but for second flowering have two with *Eli-*

chrysanthemum bracteatum surrounded by *Verbenia aubletia*, and two with *Heliotropium peruvianum*. The square *g* (in the blue flower garden) begins with double hyacinths, which are arranged in the four compartments shaded in four colors and planted as close as possible. Then follow, but in a different arrangement, *Gomphrena globosa* in three colors; *b*, the cornucopia has a yellow tip, which is made up throughout the year with flowers of *Mimulus guttatus*, which must be put in at various times in order to last till late autumn. Its other sections are variegated in color by *Silene bipartita*, *Viola grandiflora*, and *Lobelia ericoides*. But the mouth where the cornucopia pours out a great mass of flowers is filled throughout the summer with all sorts of bright flowers in pots embedded in moss and some pumpkins placed among them, to make the contours of the outpour as indistinguishable as possible.

All figures of this complicated kind are as a rule bordered with boxwood outlining their form more clearly and firmly, which flower borders can never do with such precision. But with single beds of regular, simple shape, such as circles, ovals, squares, unless wicker edging is preferred, I make use of any of the low flowers which serve the purpose of bordering. Such a border, however, must never be used around shrubs irregular in contour, which would thus give a stiff appearance.

For climbing plants various trellises are made of strong wire, which in themselves are quite

pretty things, and which allow the plants to cling freely on all sides. In England one can find them ready-made and of neat workmanship, whether as gates, arches, overhead trellis, broken pillars, or little obelisks; here, however, they must be made by capable smiths from drawings.

Among other effects a very pretty one is *Glycine sinensis* trained on an overhead shelter like an umbrella, when its thick blue clusters of flowers show through the wire interstices. (See Plate XIV, 1; and the arch 2, for an ornamental entrance planted with *Cobea scandens*; and 3, the gilt aureole glory (*Vergoldeten Glorie*), on which various kinds of clematis are climbing; or 4, the blue basket with gilt tips crowned with red *Bignonia radicans*; 5 is a flower basket whose edge is made of leaves made of tiles.) The leaves are furnished underneath with long spikes which fix them in the earth, and so can with little trouble be put in and taken out one by one. It is a cheap, durable, and at the same time very ornate, border.

We now return, with the reader's permission (whose patience I hope I have not exhausted), to our promenade, and we ascend the steps (i) which lead to the great castle landing where we must linger awhile. One can see on the plan that a flight of steps forty feet wide starts from the landing, and leads by fifteen steps of granite to the lawn of the bowling green before the castle. In front of the steps are four flower beds, and a little farther on a resting-place at a colos-

sal Ariadne lying on her pedestal, surrounded by rose trees supported by gilt stakes. Beyond this ornamental foreground may be seen the mountains in the distance, with the "Burg" precincts. The river cannot be seen from this spot, as it is hidden by the dams, nor was a water view desirable here, since it may be had on three other sides of the castle. The middle distance thus unfolds merely a wide green flat extending from the castle to the iron fence which divides the "pleasure-ground" from the park. This fence is adorned with blooming shrubs and some masses of flowers. After this only meadows grazed by sheep and cows are to be seen, and also groups of tall trees, under whose foliage the mountains and buildings crowning them seem to retreat to a greater distance than is really the case. The second middle distance is formed by the row of hills on the other side of the river, with its plateau and large clumps of bushes scattered over them. This view, which was formerly entirely hidden by an avenue of tall limes that I opened out, is already familiar to the reader from Plate II. The cutting of the avenue was undertaken by me with such precaution that I invited the younger Repton from England merely for the purpose of consulting him on this important point. Mr. Aday Repton is, however, more of an architect than a landscape artist, and apart from the fact that he confirmed me in my plan by his authority, I must confess that (partly on the grounds I have given on page 16) he

could be of little service. But I must accord him all praise for the readiness, I may say the heartiness, with which he, contrary to English habits, bestrode my hobby-horse with me. A very well-recommended English gardener, whom I had also written for, showed himself very serviceable in technical matters, but in matters of taste too much a slave of custom, as soon as one left him, if only for a moment, to his own devices. Among other things I could not make him understand that groups need not always be planted more or less *en quinque*. He maintained that in England this shape is considered the best (wherein no doubt he was right), and there he stuck. Besides this, the fact that they lack adequate knowledge of our language always remains with such people a great hindrance; therefore, I soon found myself obliged to send him back, which I mention in order to keep others from making the same mistake.

Much better service was rendered me by the inexhaustible pains and capable adaptation of my plans by my German head gardener Rehder, a member of the Prussian Society of Gardeners. Certainly not a little was contributed by him to the conquest of many difficulties, among which the unfavorable climate of North Germany stands first, which, especially in our cold region, makes the gardener's a truly difficult calling. I make this remark because many gardeners spoil the best instructions because of their self-conceit, so typical of the German middle classes. The bet-

ter they have been grounded in their specialty, and naturally, therefore, the more competent they are technically than their masters, the more are they inclined to assume as well their superiority in æsthetic questions, and thus spoil everything by thinking to do everything better, instead of energetically supporting and furthering the success of the artistic ideas of others by means of their technical science. An adaptable, patient, and at the same time clever, practical man is not at all so easy to find as one may think, and it would be a good thing if particular stress were laid on these requirements of education in our new schools for gardeners. Young men who from the beginning think too much of themselves and want to be too important are of no use; and I would say, half in jest and half in earnest, a gardener to my taste must have more of the character of the good Wagner in him than of the restless Faust, and very rarely kick against the things of this world, least of all against patience, and especially obedience.

The flight of steps, where we last paused, is also built after Schinkel's drawing. From both sides of the landing-stage extends a series of steps ten feet wide alongside of the building, where orange trees are set, and between these on each step are iron pillars surmounted with lanterns. Festoons connect these pillars and at the same time give the trees the very necessary support which their exposed situation requires. On festive occasions, moreover, they serve for stringing



PLATE XV. View of the Castle from the Bowling Green, showing Steps with Orange Trees and (to the left) the Old Castle

lamps upon, which make a very charming effect in the foliage of the orange trees. Iron chains separate the trees from the road. Plate XV gives the aspect of the flight and the castle view from the bowling green.

Descending the flight of steps from the left, we now come into a shrubbery, where an ornamented grate leads to the second flower garden, of quite a different character. To distinguish it from the other it is called the "blue garden," because it is enclosed with steel-blue halberds and chains, and all edgings, bridges, benches, etc. (made of iron throughout), are painted sky-blue and white.

The newly dug arm of the Neisse flows through the middle of these grounds, which are terminated on one side by thick woods, on the other by a tall avenue of limes, between whose branches only a few narrow views have been arranged, in order not to encroach on the character of secrecy and seclusion, which is my chief aim here. The former outlook on the "Burg" precincts is altogether hidden here, but one follows the continuation of the same chain of hills covered with a wide wood, from which the salient points are a few primeval oaks on the highest hilltops.

Not far from the entrance on an eminence stands a bench surrounded with flowers (*k*) with a view between the linden branches of the hill, in the middle of the landscape, on which the temple of Perseverance is to stand. Its summit

is provisionally crowned only by a terrace and pavilion. At the side under the bench mentioned is a very thick and shady grove of limes near the water (*l*), and here a small boat is stationed for quicker communication with the avenue opposite. A gleaming colored lantern of peculiar construction, which forms the center of a broken iron hoop, marks this point at night at a long distance off.

Behind the grove, through a wire arch into the third garden, called the "Herrengarten," the path leads as far as the river, which serves as its boundary on this side. Soon afterwards we come to an airy resting-place like a kind of temple (*m*) whose thin iron pillars serve as supports for various kinds of clematis. The view between them opens to the west and north. In the first direction one can see the town and one of the farms on the height; in the other, one follows the bend of the river in the valley, and various parts of the forest on its shores, not hitherto visible. (See Table XVI.) At the side stands another bench among flowers on the lawn, made of tree-trunks turned upside down so that the roots form a crown. These interwoven roots are richly embellished with clematis, mosses, and flowers in pots, and present an original appearance, far removed from the commonplace. The last resting-place is under four oaks near a waterfall (*n*) where the river plunges over a smooth wall of broad stones in full torrent, natural-looking and unbroken by any ob-

stacle. From here one returns to the castle in a diagonal direction to the exit through masses of shrubbery and flower beds, mingled with various decorations over the grassy carpet. A visit to the stables, the race-course, and the theater (*o*), which one passes on one's return, may terminate the walk for those who are interested in such things.

So as not to become tedious, I must pass over the numerous promenades in the closed "pleasure-ground," as well as in the open park; so I offer the obliging reader a seat in the garden wagon (called "Ligne," on which several persons can be seated and look around on all sides) for the

FIRST CARRIAGE DRIVE

As it begins from the castle, one cannot any longer follow the historic arrangement which I gave the park previously, but must choose the second, which allows more freedom, and as the first view has left a good idea of the estate as a whole, one may now be free to enjoy a pleasant change. But if one would like to proceed quite systematically, he could also look over the park more especially along the footpaths according to the divisions suggested by the fundamental idea; the park also may be visited, which carries out the same main idea.

So, beginning from the castle, we will first visit (following the arrow) the orange houses (*p* on the ground-plan B; for the whole *établissement*

see the ground-plan D). From the salon in the middle of the first orangery (1) looking beyond a large bed of rhododendrons, we have a view of an avenue of limes a hundred years old, about a thousand paces long, and in winter, on both sides of the salon, there are also two avenues of orange trees to be seen, which will be terminated by palm houses. From here one passes (2), through a flower house in the form of a gallery, into the hothouses. From this gallery we see on the left the winter garden (3), and on the right a landscape, not without charm, even in winter, of which the features are the lake Lucie, the town, and the mountains rising beyond. Next we enter the hothouses (4), in front of which is the flower nursery surrounded by trellis walls (5), at the side the large kitchen garden (6), then the hotbeds (7), the garden courtyard, the garden inspector's house (8), and the second orange house (9), as well as the concealed places (10 and 11), where everything is kept, which, although useful and necessary, presents nothing agreeable to the eye. All the sheds and outhouses, etc., are collected here, and finally a large space (12) at the end of the garden, near the stables of the garden horses, which is used solely for the compost heaps. This arrangement makes it possible to keep the vegetable garden itself always clean and elegant, and to use the shelter of its walls for a sunny promenade. After inspection of these features we pass the "pleasure-ground," close behind the house, and drive



A View of the River as Arranged and Improved by Prince Pückler in his
Park at Muskau

Redrawn from an Old Print



Photograph by Thomas W. Sears

A Rough Stone Bridge in the Park of Muskau

through an open grove of trees on the lawn to the meadow flats which lie between the castle and the Neisse, and which open several views toward the castle region as well as toward chains of hills. The most favorable points are always marked by simple stone seats on the road.

In a little time we reach a small wood near the river, follow this for a time, and on passing out of the wood we cross, by a rustic stone bridge with a rough stone weir, over the newly channeled arm of the Neisse not far from its junction with the main stream, and then, turning back, we climb the western side of the Neisse Valley.

On reaching the top (*q*, Plan B) we see below, bordering on an oak grove, a lake of considerable area with some wooded islands and a magnificent forest prospect with the mountains in the background. At the side down below stands a fisherman's hut on a projecting tongue of land, around which all kinds of nets spread out and other utensils for fishing invite the votaries of this sport to a rich harvest. Near it we see, partly hidden by bushes, some wax-bleaching grounds, connected with a watchman's house and an ice cellar. From here, for those who like a promenade on foot, there leads a narrow path into thick bushes along the steep shore of the Neisse to a convenient bathing-place, a resting-place on the height with various picturesque views toward the wooded shore of the river, and then, continuing to the bridge over the Neisse at Kobeln, on the border of the park (*r*), from

whence we can return to the castle on the other side of the river, passing the English house, or any other favorite spot by sequestered and shady footpaths.

We will follow meanwhile the drive, and reach, after a short distance a side of the "pleasure-ground" new to us, at the entrance of which a gayly colored *Gloriette*, executed from a drawing by Herr Geheimrath Schinkel, looks down from its mound of bloom into the valley (*s*). This side is closed toward the road, but presents toward the interior of the park four separate bays, which frame in each one a separate picture. The first to the left is that mentioned on pages 41-42, which I quote as an example of the way in which unity could be combined with variety (N. B. of the same kind). (See Plate XVII.) The second embraces a wide stretch of meadow, with groups of tall trees, the Neisse with its tributaries in the middle, and hills covered with foliage behind, without the break of any habitation. (See Plate XVIII.) The third bay shows in the distance, about a quarter of an hour's walk from the castle, a side view of a portion of the town with the German church emerging from the trees, and in the farther distance on the horizon the village of Lucknitz (*t*) standing out against a darkly wooded hill. (See Plate XIX.) Finally, the last bay frames in the ruins of the old Catholic church (*u*) of the village of Berg, flanked by two tall lime trees.

We will drive now within the "pleasure-

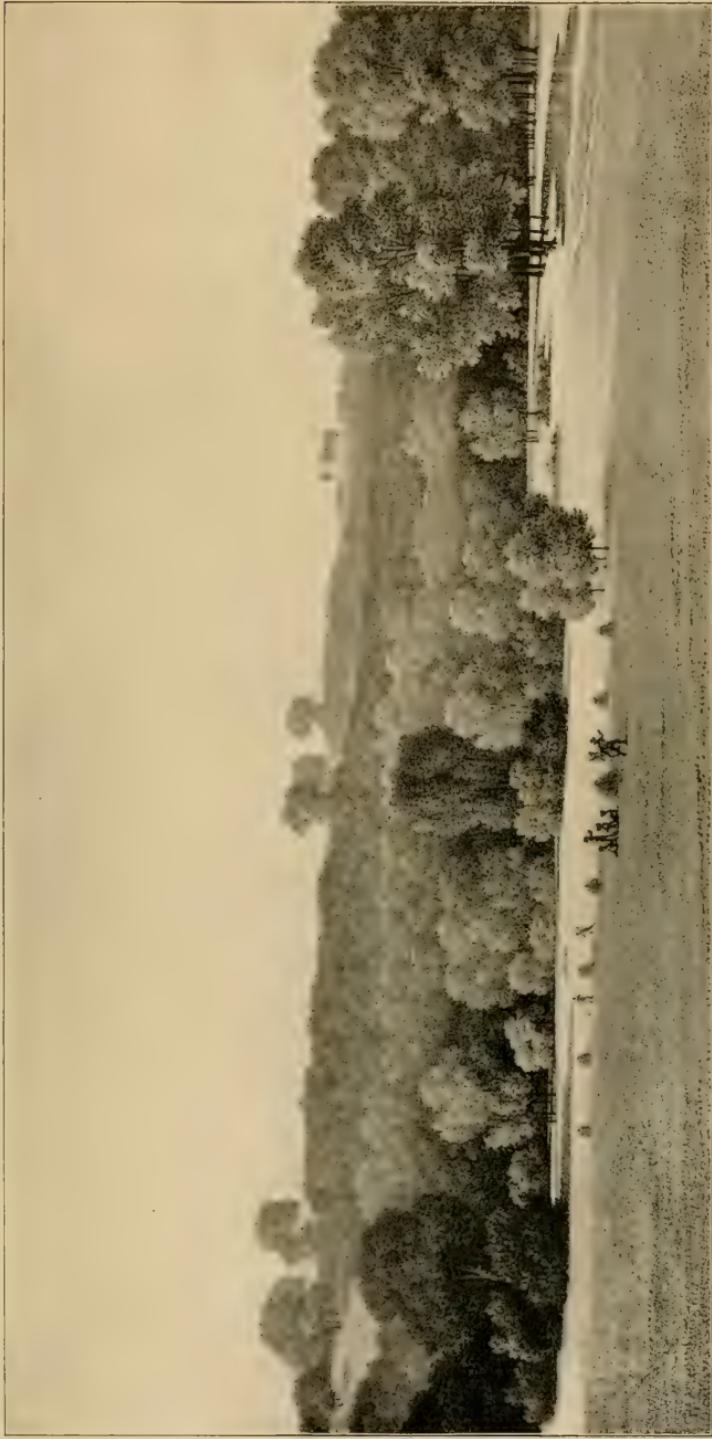


PLATE XVIII. View of Meadow, Trees, River, and Hills



PLATE XIX. Another View of the Castle and Lawn

ground," which is everywhere divided from the park by a rail fence to keep off the grazing cattle as well as to distinguish quite clearly the limit which should divide art and nature, and proceed under a grove of foreign woods and bushes, and then gradually descend into the valley, getting a near view of the castle from the west, turn left to the old castle, passing the Platz with the equestrian statue of the Nibelungen hero, and arrive, turning sharply east, at a bridge, from one side of which both castles are seen mirrored in the water, and (Plate XX) from the other (*v*) a waterfall, made of colossal granite stones, of which plenty are to be found in this region. The waterfall was constructed as I have indicated, so that it by no means is intended to represent a bed of rock, which is not natural in these parts, but rather to look as if the river in some flood had rolled the stones here, and, finding an obstruction, had merely heaped them up to an unusual extent. Therefore, several blocks are scattered in front and as many behind the waterfall, to bring about the natural effect, but the sides are clothed with overhanging bushes and water plants, and herbaceous plants and pots of flowers, packed in moss, are scattered between the stones so that they seem to grow out of the rockery and enhance the rich and natural effect of the whole. A view of it has already been given.

Behind the waterfall we leave the "pleasure-ground" and continue on the meadow level of

the park, along the arm of the river as far as the Lock, where the branch has been led off from the main stream. Here a weir has been built, to keep the mass of water which is to be let into the newly dug channel always under control. Near the weir a bridge crosses to the opposite shore. From this point the road rises gently up the eastern bank on the right of the Neisse in the woods, as far as the pheasantry (*w*), which is not yet completed. I have projected it in an uncommon form, after the model of a Turkish country house, for which I must thank Herr Rittmeister von Mollière, who copied it during the Russo-Turkish campaign. It will be roofed with bright glazed tiles, and besides the necessary dwelling-houses for the keeper and his family, will be furnished with a salon, which is quite separated from the rest of the building. From here one steps out on to a terrace (*x*) where, looking under a few acacias, the whole pheasantry is seen spread out, while above it, through a wide gap in the foliage, one may descry the river, the post-bridge on the highway toward Sorau, the baths, and the alum and refining works in the distance. (See Plate XXI.) A walk in the fenced-in pheasantry is not without interest, as gold, silver, and black and white pheasants are kept here, and in the green square with a pavilion in its center one can conveniently watch the feeding of the pheasants and the hundreds of birds gathering in an instant at the call of the keeper, and their comical excitement as they dis-

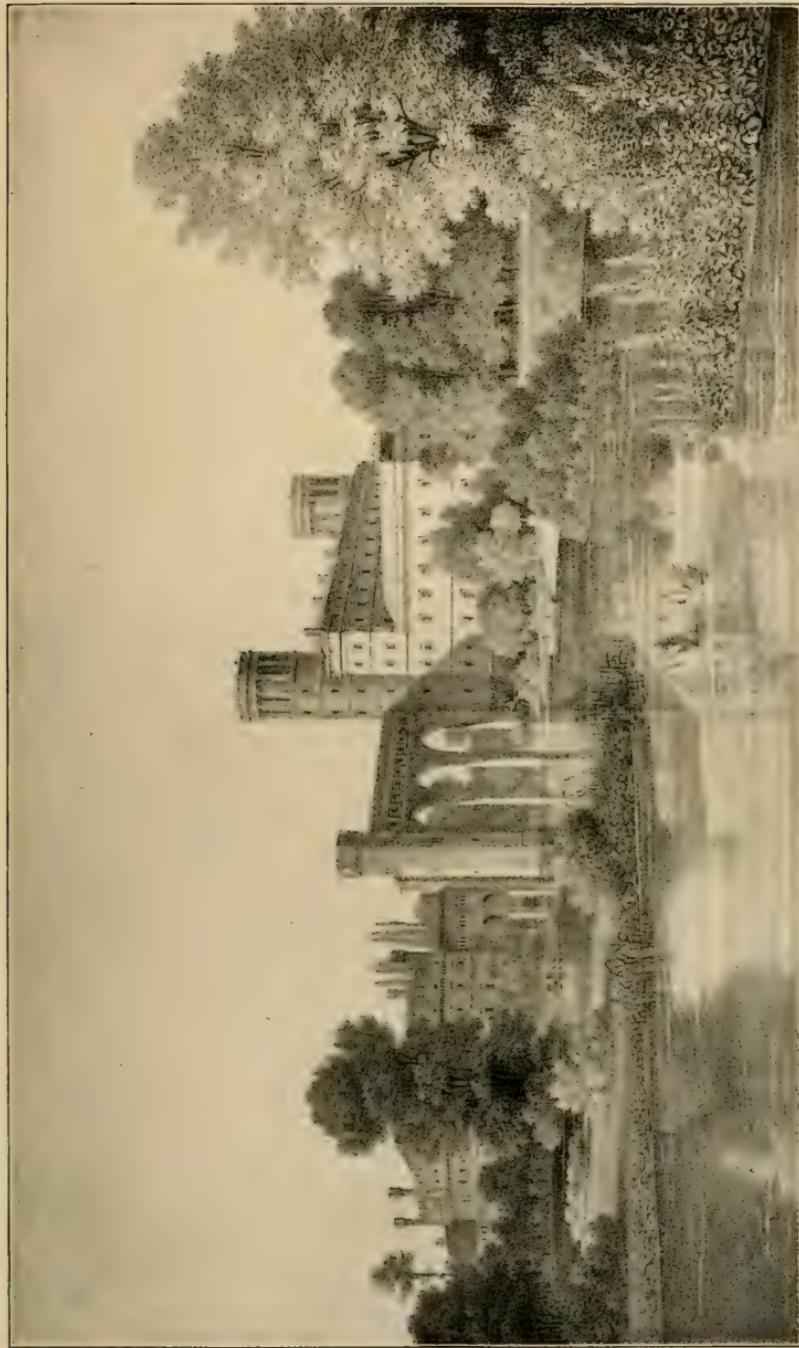


PLATE XX. View of Old and New Castles and Lake Lucie

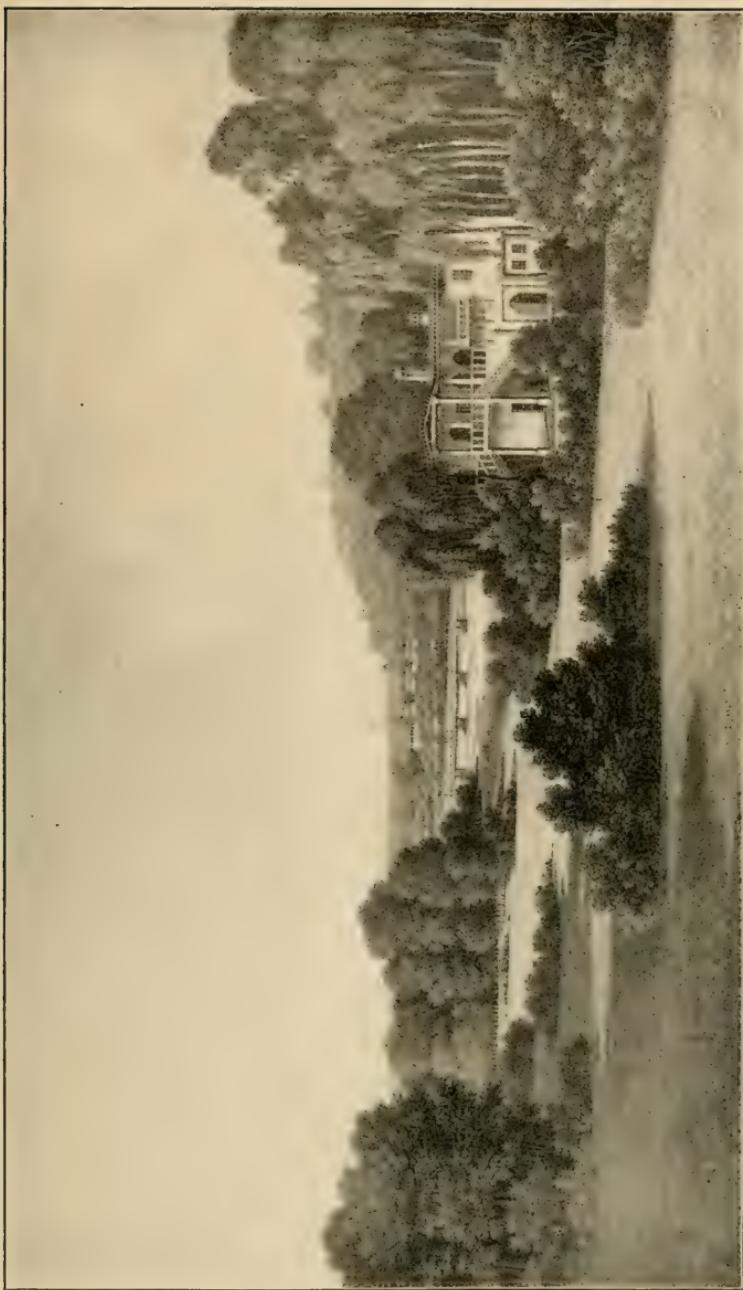


PLATE XXI. The Pheasantry, with the Post-Bridge over the River beyond

pute for the grains of wheat, quite fearless of human beings.

This last section, which is not visible on the plate, I have tried to plant entirely with evergreens to give it a charming appearance in winter as well as summer, and to act as a background for the many colors of the birds.

Connected with the pheasantry, but outside of its fence, I have built a small dairy for Swiss cows which are kept here in the neighborhood for the convenience of the castle. At a short distance a high chain bridge crosses over a deep ravine eighty feet wide, and an extended view over the northwest Neisse Valley opens suddenly on the other side under an ancient oak. In the foreground on the slope of the hill is the dairy (*y*) arranged in English style, in which milk foods of all kinds can be kept and prepared and eaten on the spot in a cool and elegant house, a refreshment which is very welcome after the long walk.

As many people, perhaps, have no exact conception of what a "dairy" is, I will describe one in a very few words: It is a simple pavilion with a basin of water in the middle, in which the milk pans float. All around you find tables and chairs ready for use. The windows are generally provided with colored glass, and various milk preparations stand in china and porcelain dishes on tables, arranged with tasteful symmetry. Some beds of sweet-scented but not conspicuous flowers, like violets, mignonette, etc., surround the dairy outside.

The next item to attract our attention in continuing our drive is the temple of Perseverance (z) to which also an exceptionally *lonely* path leads from the dairy in thickets of beech so dense that the sun has only room to gild the green dome of leaves. A mountain stream trickles through this wood and parts, near a rough bridge of oak-trunks, in the most hidden corner of the bushes, into several little waterfalls, which have been managed by heaping up very large stones collected for the purpose. Many of these small footpaths in the park are named after ladies who suggested them, and the inscription shows these names on a stone at the beginning of the path, which is useful at the same time for the guidance of the visitor.

One can arrive at the temple by the drive or the footpath; in either case one will first be aware of it only on arrival at the spot. A little wood of oak conceals it until that moment, and the roads are purposely laid out for this effect of surprise. The moment one enters this temple the view unfolds between single standing pillars of Silesian marble set on a granite base, and covered with a gilded iron roof, crowned by an eagle with wings outspread.¹ From the seat at the back wall of the temple one has a wide view, which is composed of the course of the stream on the right, as it gradually disappears in the wood, in

¹ To avoid all misunderstanding, I repeat that, in order not to break the thread of my description at every moment, much which is only proposed has to be described as though already complete.

We now proceed, without any distant views in the woods, first on the heights, then descending under a small bridge (see Plate XXV) made of oak branches with the bark left on, and continuing toward the river, along which we go for a little while, then crossing a broad meadow called the "Erlwiese" (formerly a bottomless morass) and dedicated to the "Erlkönig," and ascending the height once more, we see at the last bend of the road the English house (*aa*) which, in contrast with the temple scene, presents the characteristics of gay rural social life. A "cottage" in the foreground, overgrown with roses and Virginia creeper, contains some rooms reserved for the "Herrschaft." On the left in the shade we can see between the branches a covered bowling alley; a grass plot, with three arbor-like seats near by for those who wish to enjoy Nature and the open air. In the central arbor are placed pier glasses which reproduce the most attractive points of the surrounding landscape.

A second "cottage" adjacent serves as a dwelling for the café keeper, and as shelter for guests in unfavorable weather. On the other side is seen a pavilion, which contains a small ballroom and two rooms for games. Farther on a bird pole and targets have been set up for marksmen, besides a range for pistol shooting, the same thing seen in Paris at Lepages; also in Pyrmont and other places.

On a hill opposite stands an isolated salon in the bushes, built of rough logs of bark, which is

front of the broad side of the castle with its ornamental flight of steps, and on the left the mill, the dam, and the foaming, roaring waterfall. (See Plate XXII.)

The temple is to be adorned with nothing but a bronze bust standing in the center. I have used the bust of our King Frederick William III, because he is a monarch who in every respect shines forth as a model of Perseverance of our times, the virtue to which the temple is dedicated. A cornucopia, hanging down from above, symbolically pours its treasures over him, but in the evening it will light up with a ray of glory the head so dearly beloved. (See Plate XXIII.) A formal flower garden protected by an iron palisade ends at the steps, not without significance—for perseverance in good and right prepares for our lives a bed of flowers, even though they only bloom within our souls.

We drive now over a second bridge over a ravine, which I have named "Prince" bridge.¹

¹ The giving of this name is in token of one of the most agreeable happenings in our region. I speak of the presence in Muskau of His Royal Highness the Crown Prince and his Consort. When I had the good fortune of escorting their Royal Highnesses, the Crown Prince, a fine connoisseur, made the very judicious remark that a bridge at the end of a waterless ravine which it crosses has never a good appearance, and hence should be more concealed than shown. I had felt this blemish myself, but had no facilities for altering it, as the road, for other reasons, could not be changed. His Royal Highness then gave me the advice to face the whole side of the wooden bridge with a trellis of young oak staves in the form of an arch and to have it overgrown with Virginia creeper, beneath which the ravine would be seen in the depths as though under a natural grotto. This gracious advice was followed, and the effect not only did away with a blemish, but substituted for it a considerable improvement. (See Plate XXIV.)

PLATE XXIV. The "Prince" Bridge over a Ravine

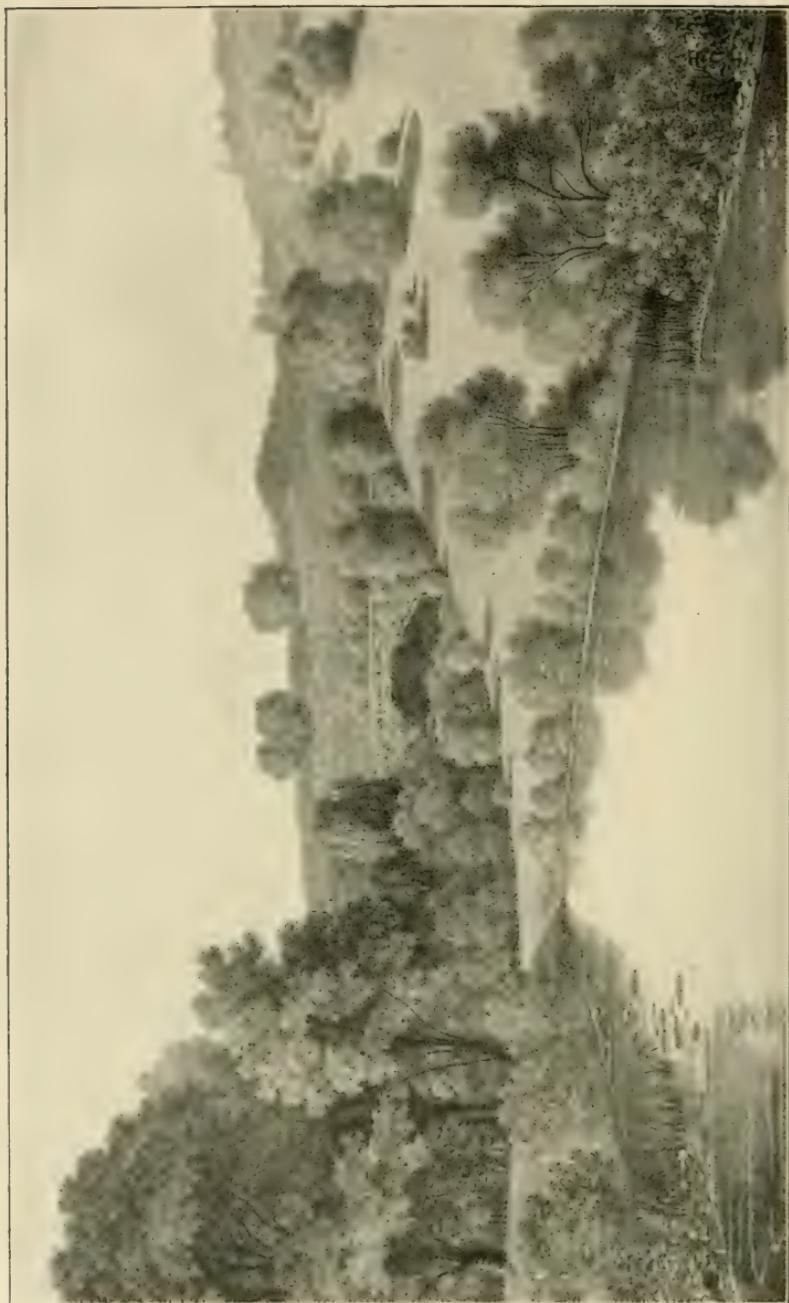
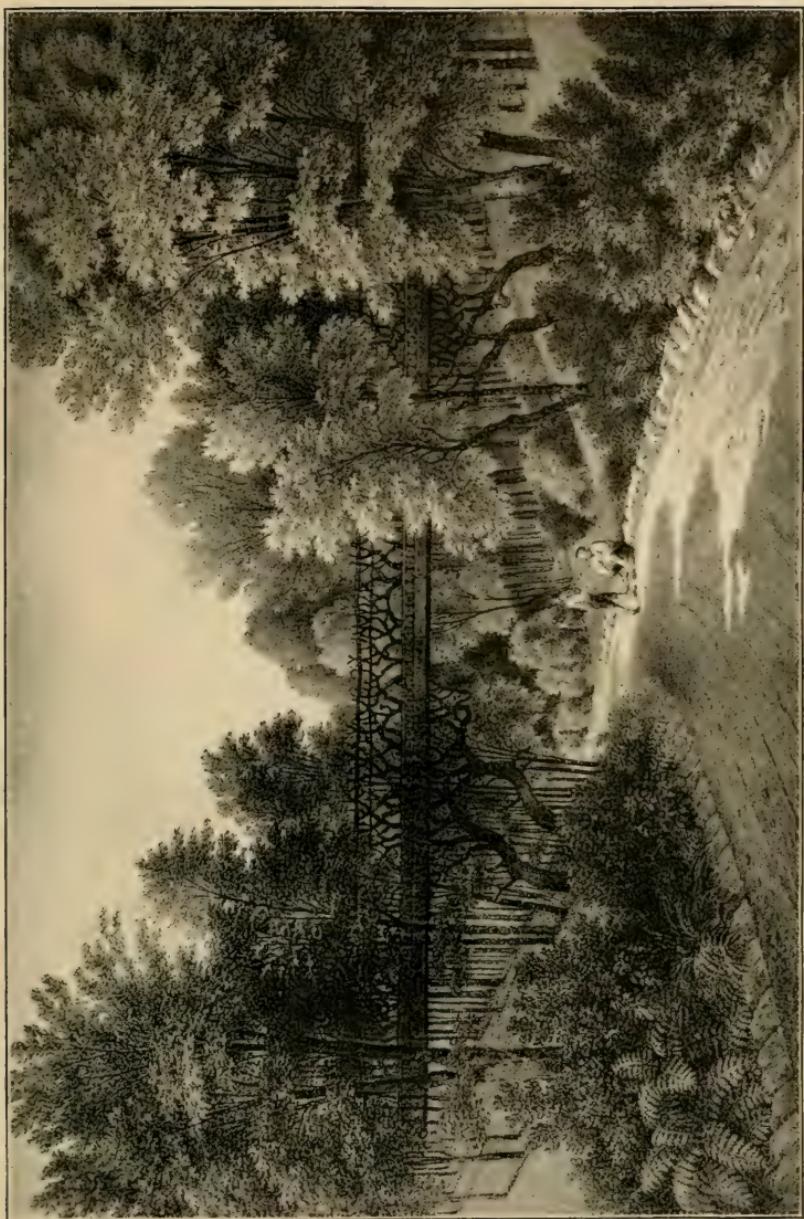


PLATE XXXV. Bridge made of Oak Branches



also reserved for the Herrschaft, and from which the whole tableau of the crowd enjoying themselves below may be viewed just as one may choose without coming into closer contact. The village of Kobeln on the outskirts of the park spreads out behind this animated foreground, and remains in harmony with the character of the whole. In the middle of the village a small bell-tower was erected, to announce daily the approach of dusk. The lovers of the idyllic can now with delight watch the shepherds driving their flocks home over the plain, and the laborers, after their day's work is done, hastening home with song at the welcome sound of the bell.

The whole district, with a few walks in the bushes, which in spring are alive with nightingales, is fenced with a trellis of rough branches, and treated as a "pleasure-ground" not so carefully laid out. (See Plate XXVI for the aspect it presents, and Plate XXVII for the view from it.)

The road which we now follow leads from the English house, gently ascending to the highest point of the chain of hills. First there are views of the Gobelin colony (*bb*) and the wide flat surrounding it; later on they lose themselves in the woods where only here and there a narrow glimpse is afforded of the "Riesengebirge," which assumes an increasingly solemn and silent character, till one reaches the eminence in the "Burg" precinct, where is placed a lonely statue of the Holy Virgin, this sweetest and mildest emblem of the Christian religion, and farther on the

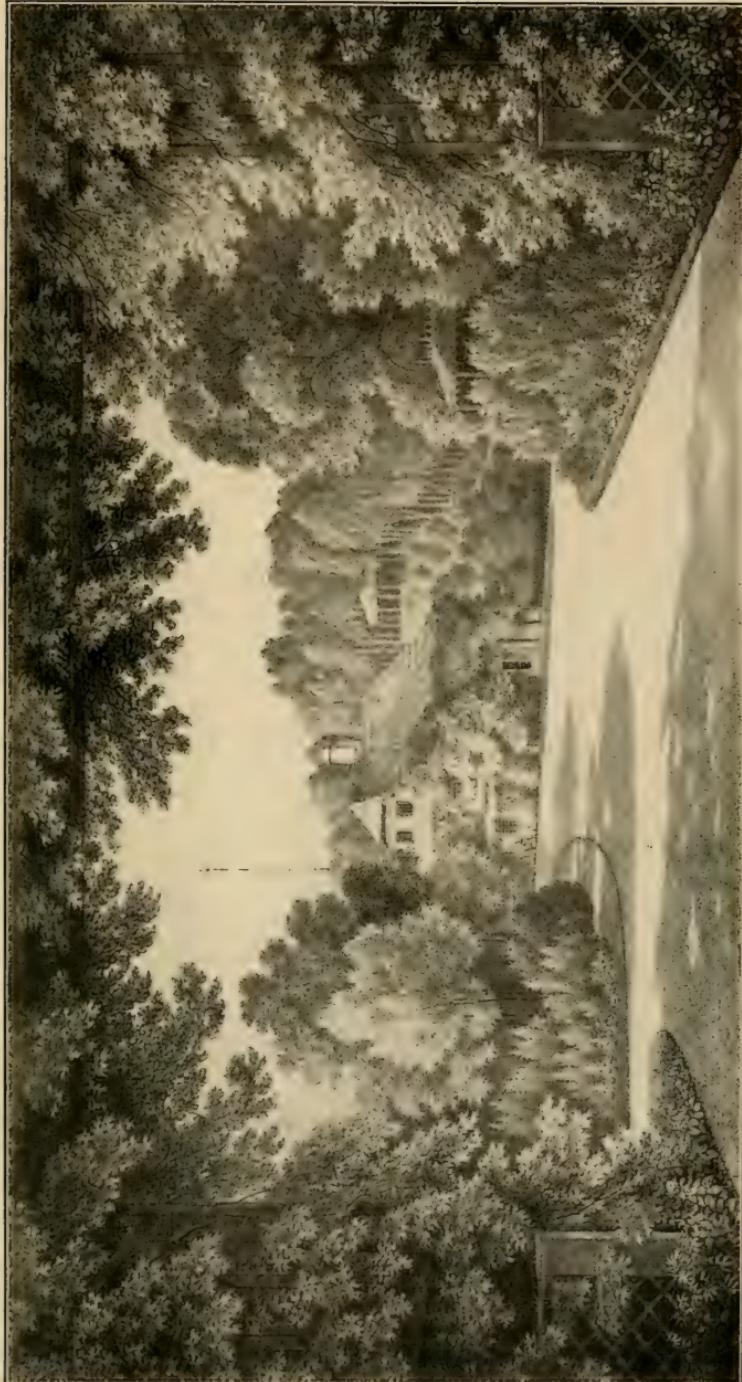
terrace, where the cemetery chapel is proposed (*dd*). (See Plate XXVIII, after a drawing by Schinkel.)

Eight windows from the old town church of Boppard on the Rhine, which I was lucky enough to obtain, and which in the opinion of experts are by the same hand as the paintings in the Cologne Cathedral, will adorn this church, as also a crucifixion on the altar by Hemskerk.

As there are Catholic inhabitants in several of my villages, and in the town itself, without any church of their own, they cannot attend, as often as they might wish, the nearest mass two miles distant. It is my intention to arrange this chapel for their worship as well, although its main purpose is to serve as cemetery chapel for the family of the owners of Muskau, a *memento mori*, in constant view of the castle windows, though softened and mellowed in the distance (as death generally appears to us in life).

One sees on the plan the sexton's house near the chapel, with its little garden, and in front of it a spacious courtyard. The last is surrounded by thick lime walks cut *en berceaux*, which have been named after two living men, well known to the public and my good friends, the philosopher Gravell and the poet Leopold Schefer. Religion cannot be in better company than that of poetry and philosophy, and the truest religion consists precisely of the most intimate association of both. Hence it will be an appropriate adornment if, as I intend, the footpaths

PLATE XXVI. English Cottage in Park



surrounding the churchyard which I have dedicated to my friends shall be graced with statues of those heavenly sisters, Poetry and Philosophy, whilst the temple itself owes its existence to the conjunction of both. In a place so big with meaning as this I thought it allowable to have an inscription which should show its meaning, and have chosen the following as indicating my own faith and the purpose of this church:—

“ In memory of loved ones
Here reposes only the vesture of the soul,
Which in those eternal regions
Transformed and ever progressing,
Ever creating, ever growing,
Ever shaping and ever plastic,
Godlike lives with God.”

On entering the courtyard one observes against the wall an ancient altar found here, surrounded by the emblems of the steeds of Zeutiber and Svantevit, which represent the dragon conquered by Christian angels for the salvation of man. Entering the church itself, we see at the end the high altar I have just mentioned, with an altarpiece carved in wood, brightly painted and gilt, a beautiful and appropriate work of some old master. We also see at the sides two small chapels destined for the obsequies of the family. In the middle of the church on the right stands the pulpit, which will be built on the following plan, in imitation of an old church in Silesia: Moses with the Tables of the Law, and the Jewish high priest with the scapegoat decked for sacrifice, as

the root of our religion, are sculptured in life-size. Between them rises a stem surrounded by a light spiral stair, which unfolds at the top in the form of a gigantic lily constituting the pulpit. From the leaves of the lily appear the three beatitudes, Faith, Hope, and Charity, and the Angel of Judgment crowns the baldachin above, with the scales of good and evil in his right hand. On the pillars opposite the pulpit is the golden calf in high relief, with the Israelites dancing round it, as an ever-present warning against the greatest lust of man — the worship of Mammon. Behind the high altar a draped portal leads through a short corridor into a dark temple, at the end of which a niche is disclosed, where, brightly lighted from above and from each side, stands the Apollo Belvedere.

I hope that sensible people will not charge me with blasphemy in my intention to bring into such close contact the temple of Apollo and his cult of joy with the Christian temple, since I had in view here the illustration of the general idea of religion, and therefore it seemed to me appropriate to surround its most sublime flower — the Christian church — on the one side with a piece of crude heathendom, as the rudimentary beginning, and on the other with that of one of the noblest, though sensuous, cults — that of the gods of Greece. For all religions have something Godlike, and God has been patient with them all, is patient with so many to-day. Why should we reject the mem-



PLATE XXVIII. Proposed Cemetery Chapel

ory of them totally, since we now know the better way? Not as present objects of religious veneration, but as indications of historic developments do they find their place here.

A quarter of an hour's walk from the chapel we reach the "Burg" (*ee*) crossing, by a stone bridge of five arches, a ravine one hundred and twenty feet wide and forty feet deep, overgrown with evergreens at the sides. The view from here has already been described at the beginning of this chapter. In the interim, during the construction of the projected buildings, a bench is placed, surrounded by a mixed forest, so that one must mount a step to get an open view. The arrangement of this "Burg" plan also is due to my worthy friend Schinkel, without whose inexhaustible talent, and amiability no less inexhaustible, I should perhaps never have been enabled to arrive at a satisfactory execution of my ideas.

It is indeed no small advantage for us to have such a man, whose beneficial activity on behalf of the Fatherland is, however, hardly yet sufficiently appreciated. How often have I wished that the English, who spend such enormous sums daily for artistic purposes, almost without results, could obtain a talent equal to his with all their good-will and their wealth. What treasures has not Mr. Nash spent in such matters, and what would not Schinkel have achieved with the same sum!

Yet even here in my own country are many things to regret.

Schinkel's name is renowned, it is true, and becomes more so every day, yet to the general public only his architectural achievements are known, far less the extraordinary universality of his genius, that native artistic force, which in every branch of art is entirely at home, and which can animate the rigid stone to make the grandest architectural monuments, can in sculpture find the most manifold subjects for its exercise, and can conjure on canvas with ready hand the most impressive pictures.

I feel impelled to say a few words concerning one of the most marvelous compositions in the latter art, pictures which in my opinion have not since the time of Raphael perhaps been vouchsafed to genius. And although my remarks are really foreign to the matter of this book (which is less ambitious in its aim), yet perhaps they may not be quite unprofitable or quite unwelcome to many.

I am speaking of those grandiose and profound poems, destined for the wall of the museum in Berlin, which have aroused the greatest attention and enthusiasm of all artists in our country, and whose completion for some unknown reason is still postponed. Yet we may with confidence hope that the magnificence of our King, to whom native art already owes so much, since he has provided for his people something to look at for centuries to come, will not withhold forever from the most intellectual section such a rich mine of instruction and pleasure. A few pious

persons who, probably by reason of the happy contrast, have selected the chief city of Frederick the Great for a rubbish-heap, and whose property goes so far that they would provide every Cupid with a pair of breeches and every Venus with underskirts before permitting them to be exposed to the public eye, have immediately come to the front with the dictum that the nude in these pictures is in any case highly immoral, but still more inappropriate in the vicinity of the holy cathedral. (Even so these cheap holy ones have recently protested against telegraph wires on the church towers.) Yet with just as much right should the whole museum be condemned, where for some years now the unutterable has occurred, and great and little have had plentiful opportunity for becoming familiar with the nude and "the gods of Greece." If we can view these Christian pictures, countless altarpieces, edifying representations of the pains of hell, etc., mingled heterogeneously with the old classic art, why should the Christian cathedral be unable to endure the proximity of Schinkel's world-embracing and world-historic ideas personified in beautiful human form? Yet St. Peter's in Rome, the cathedral of Christendom, permits, in the near proximity of the Vatican, profane wall-paintings, nude pictures and statues of all kinds; and does not, in the Capitol, the altar of *Ara Cæli* lie, as it were, cheek by jowl with a Bacchus and the Venus of Praxiteles in the bare adornment of nature? But I forget that Catho-

lics are not so orthodox as Protestants, and that the Pope is far too liberal for our too Puritanical ones. Better that I should take my comparisons from our daily life here, where in my opinion the contrast is equally remarkable. For do not the theater and the church here clasp hands in the most amicable manner, do not opera dancers every night do their honorable best to initiate Catholics and Protestants, pious and impious, into the mystery of the natural lines of the human body? Gauze and stockings do not prevent the study of the human form, but nobody objects.

More considerable and important than this obstacle seems to me the desire that Schinkel's great works may be completed while their creator *is still alive to direct their completion*, for how quickly, how suddenly, the flame of life is extinguished, even in the most robust, often unforeseen by all! Schinkel, too, is not immortal, but his works will be if only their free and complete development is permitted, and they be not strangled or silenced in their very birth.

We had stopped at the feudal castle in my park. Plate XXIX shows it and its surroundings.

During the excavations in this neighborhood, only a year ago, a well-preserved skeleton was found in an overgrown thicket, only three feet underground, apparently that of a fine young man; for it had excellent proportions, a phrenologically well-formed skull, and all the teeth without a single gap. Whatever is found in the

park, alive or dead, should be used for the benefit of the place; and so I have also utilized this dubious find. A grave of green grass with a simple stone cross has been made for this skeleton. The inscription states that the bones of the unknown rest under the cross, and from the bank near it the eye plunges into a wide and deep forest ravine.

Almost the whole of the considerable space which is taken up by the feudal castle buildings is used for service; only the detached tower with the so-called old castle is arranged for the use of the master. Not far from the castle Platz is a narrow plain about a mile round, used to make a little race-course with "obstacles," in which I have taken the liberty of using as my model, not the domestic but the Irish style, which, even for the best riders and most excellent horses, present real obstacles; as, for instance, clay banks six feet high with a ditch beyond; stone walls five feet high, woodpiles and ditches twelve and sixteen feet wide. The course is so small that one can see all the evolutions quite distinctly from the amphitheater in the middle, which is to be provided with three rows of rising seats which are to be dug in the sides of the hill; and during the whole race one need never lose sight of the horses.

This is the utmost point of to-day's excursion, from which we return to the castle by a road, marked with an arrow in the plan, whose acquaintance we have yet to make.

During this drive an advantageous view is disclosed from the double bridge (*ff*) of the mill (*gg*) (see Plate XXX), and at the end one may in passing cast a glance at the gay colors of the blue flower gardens (see Plate XXXI), with which we take our farewell of all the park and garden scenes.

SECOND CARRIAGE DRIVE

Although this drive, like the third which still confronts the reader, covers as much ground as the foregoing, I may say that, since there are fewer objects to enumerate, a shorter description will suffice.

We first take our route (follow the arrow) directly to the guest house, an extensive establishment, arranged for the convenience of visitors, which is not yet finished. This short piece of road, which we passed yesterday, but from the opposite direction, and the neighborhood with all its views, appears, although seen from the same point, a very different one, on account of the altered direction.

We soon find ourselves in a new domain on the western hills, which stretches along the town, climbs the steep slope behind it, and then proceeds through the village of Berg, through fruit gardens, until we reach the Wendish farmhouse (*bb*) called "Sorgenfrei" (Sans Souci), which is built quite in the style and within the means of a well-to-do farm-owner in the village. From this point we can see nearly the whole park spread

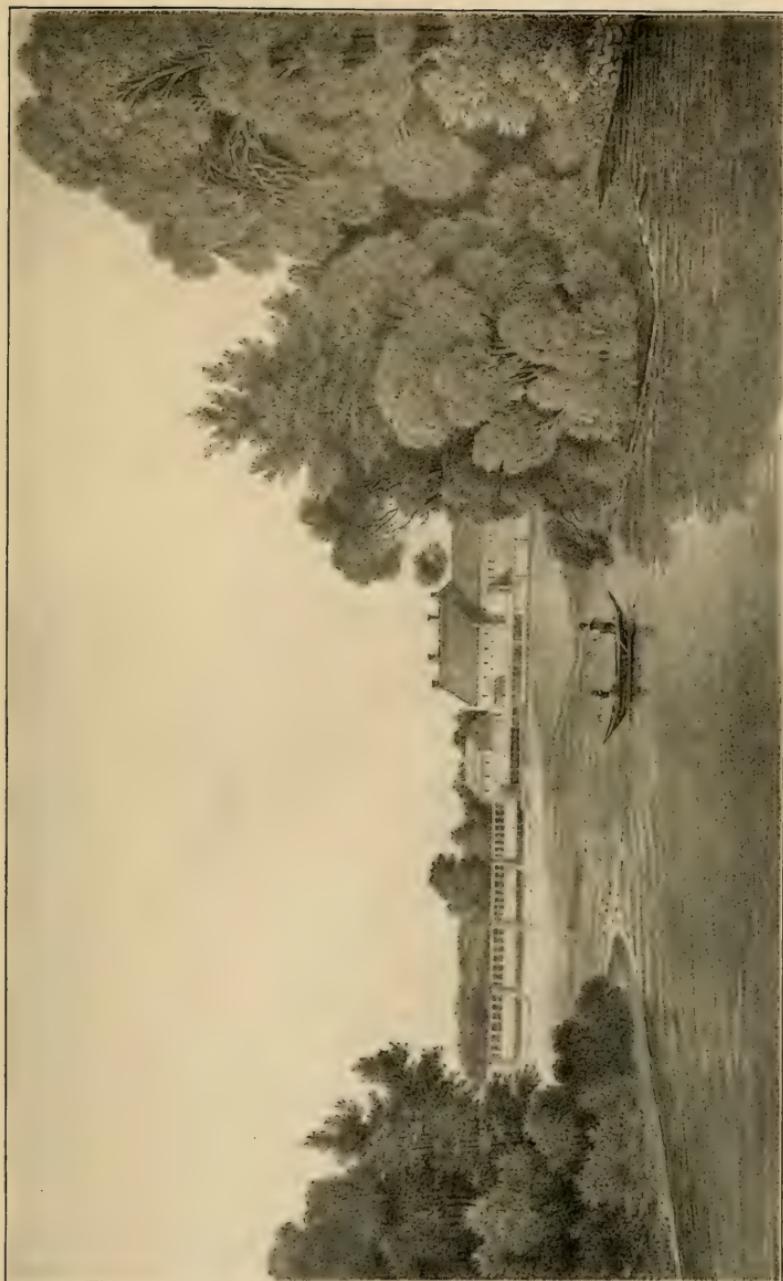


PLATE XXX. River and Mill

out, and immediately at our feet we can overlook, as on a map, high above the roofs of the town, the streets in all their detail, the castle (whose towers do not rise to the level of our feet), the lake Lucie, the flower gardens with the "pleasure-ground," and now the sky is covered with thick clouds, which only permit a glimpse of the distance. A little garden of grass and fruit surrounds the house, in whose precincts stands the ruins of the oldest church in the Oberlausitz, for the upkeep of which help was asked in Rome in the last century. Although small, from an architectural point of view it is not without interest, and is very picturesquely placed in the middle of the old churchyard under the shade of tall limes. (See for this view Plate XXXII.)

Even in my grandfather's time there stood on this point an old tree surrounded with benches, to make the most of this pleasant spot, and it often serves me, I gladly acknowledge, as a double memento, first of thanks to God, who gave me the sense to rejoice as a child in his sublime works, and second, in recognition of that simplicity which, even though by a conceited person it is considered only momentarily, is yet the condition in which peaceful happiness smiles most, and from which evil cares stay farthest. The road along this whole tour was very difficult to make, as the many ravines and deep bays could only be made passable by bridges. Luckily wood here is cheap and superabundant, as in many other places in the Fatherland. With-

out this convenience the completion would perhaps have been too expensive for my income. The greater part of this plan just described is planted with fruit trees only, an idea which I have borrowed from Chief Gardener Lenné, the carrying-out of which certainly gives very fine results when the place selected is suitable. Here between village and town, and extending between the gardens of both, visible in the far distance from the valley, there was no course more practical than further to cover with masses of fruit trees the mountain which was already terraced and skirted with fruit trees, so that in summer the bright green of fine grass might be seen shimmering under the tree-stems. But since the shape of most fruit trees is poor and ugly, I have tried to amend this by the mixture of the beautiful wild apple tree.

From the fruit plantation we arrive, close behind the village, at the upper edge of a narrow valley, whose steep sides are lined with old beeches, and where here and there the headings and shafts of the alum works are visible. The road then turns again toward the plain of the mountain projection and skirts a little wooded lake near the village, until, in a quarter of an hour, we reach (*ii*) the vineyard, passing by several nice cottages of the hill folk, where, above the vineyards, a very wide prospect is opened on the regions of Bautzen and Gorlitz. In the middle, the highest point six miles off, appearing singularly isolated, divides the horizon, and is

surrounded by the sea of forest which covers the whole region. After refreshments at the vine-dresser's hut, we follow the hillside by a zigzag drive which encloses the alum works, cross the wooden chute by which the ore is conveyed, and maybe alight once more from the vehicle, to visit some of the shafts, which are illuminated on certain days during the bathing season, decorated with colored alum crystals, and inspect the huts and other works in detail, if we take an interest in such things.

Nature is wild here, and although the soil is sandy and for the most part covered with firs, it is much interspersed with colored gravels, black ore, or brown coal deposits which rise to the surface, and many very picturesque aspects are shown in the precipitous, abrupt character of the ground, which seems as if it had been hurled about in an earthquake. We even find in one spot a sort of small volcano, yet not an artificial one, but a fire in the earth, which is shown by a perpetual wreath of smoke and occasional bursts of small flames from the subterranean glow of a brown coal deposit, causing a good deal of anxiety to the miners.

In striking contrast to the chaotically torn strata, directly behind the foundries are the gardens of the baths, which come as a pleasant surprise with their wealth of roses.

A convenient drive leads from the "Kurhaus" (II) round an extensive "pleasure-ground" to the mineral baths (mm), the moor baths, and

the lodgings (*mn*), and many promenades to the nearer mountains. Much care has been taken to get as great a contrast as possible with the views of the regions visited yesterday by dwelling on its varied and rugged character, as well as by introducing new subjects, or at least leading to them in a new direction.

The lover of free, untrammelled Nature will therefore be most pleased with this region. It will be easy for him to find deepest solitude in dense forest and glade, where there is nothing to disturb his thoughts, except at most the monotonous tap of the iron hammer, close by at Keula, or a more gently hammering woodpecker, or perhaps the sudden apparition of a miner's black head, which appears and disappears like a ghost out of the earth.

The "pleasure-ground" here is also treated quite differently from that in the neighborhood of the castle. Public baths, it is obvious, have quite other requirements than those which are suited to a private residence. Shady walks and a number of comfortable and roomy resting-points are here specially called for, as well as a choice of plants whose flowering season is due in late summer, the principal bathing season. A small flower garden is on the right of the "Kurhaus," and is enclosed by high and steep bluffs, which are by nature so rich in odd formations that I hit upon the contrivance of treating them in the taste of an Oriental garden with various brightly colored pavilions on the steep and sheer heights.

Isolated as it is, and, as I have remarked, suggesting, on account of its natural peculiarities, an original treatment, the carrying-out of my plan will I hope be quite appropriate, especially as in grounds, which are intended for the general public, something to suit all tastes is more of a consideration than in the case of a decorative garden, which requires a more critical arrangement. Already and without much assistance this part of the "pleasure-ground" has something exotic about it. (Plate XXXIII shows this finished on the map; Plate XXXIV gives a view of the whole baths; Plate XXXV the view from the salon of the moor baths; and Plate XXXVI, the garden of the pavilion for drinking the waters (*oo*), a little place, closed all round, decorated only with baskets of centifolia rose and a large antique camp bench with hortensias all round it.)

When we have visited all these, which will occupy some hours, we get into the carriage again, and follow the previous drive in a long and high mountain ravine, where we meet first a range for shooting at the target, and farther on, in a wide basin formed by the mountains around, various games and booths (*pp*) as well as an open race-course and a jumping arrangement for the exercise of the horses.

We then continue up the hill, pass a coal-works and a railway which leads through the galleries of the mine to the alum huts, and enjoy from the height another wide view, of which

the chief point is the "Wussina," a deer park, distant a short mile, which I shall describe more fully later on.

After this beautiful drive completely around the bath and its surroundings, we go downhill and leave the mining region, returning along the Neisse and passing by several lodgings in various styles for the bathers, and finally reach the castle. Here, as one can see, only the short stretch of road used yesterday is traveled: however, because we come from the opposite direction, we get different views.

THIRD CARRIAGE DRIVE

It is impossible to deal always with the same material without becoming somewhat monotonous. Nevertheless, for the exact study of the plan of the grounds, a detailed guide is indispensable to the reader. All that I can do to lighten the task is to strike a middle course which, without boring him too mercilessly, should put him in a position to work out the whole in his own mind with the help of the plans.

Our "trip" this time begins where the drive of the first day left off (follow the arrow), and after passing the inevitable short portion of the road taken already, but this time in the opposite direction, we reach a region which was only seen in previous days at a distance and cursorily, near the great Neisse bridge. We drive for some time along a dam between the river and some tall oaks, until we climb the Lucknitzer Hill,

where a belvedere (*pp*) has been built. (See Plate XXXVII.) The extended drive along the ridge of the mountain embraces the real Neisse Valley with the fields and meadows of the town burghers, which lie at the foot of the high alum mountains and through which the river runs in sharp curves.

The six towers of the little town appear from this place so high and so distant from one another that a stranger might think he was entering a big town. This view gradually disappears behind the hills, and next we enter a young deciduous woods with no distant view, which takes half an hour to cross by a lonesome road, until we reach the highest plateau in the park, where at a sharp turn of the road the wide country and the whole chain of mountains, from the snow summits to the most easterly of the Bautzner Range, lies before us, embracing half the horizon. The foreground is formed of dark spruce forest and the projecting pinnacles of the "Burg." Here an observatory has been planned. On the other side are meadows gradually shelving away, and coupled with other enclosures, together with the large race-course intended for racing country horses and the ancient buildings of the stud (*rr*). (See Plate XXXVIII.)

The road from here leads through pasture grounds, partly also through loosely connected woods in which the acacia dominates, and in a short time reaches the above-mentioned stud, which offers no interest except to a horse-lover.

We will, therefore, not linger any time here, but lead the reader quickly to the "Burg" farm by the meadow, where a model farm was not sought, but only a good income. Model farms are no doubt of much public benefit, yet are in themselves only sacrifices to others whereby satisfactory results can be achieved only by means of extremely costly experiments, which are then imitated by one's neighbors without further test expense, and hence they are the only ones to profit by them. Now, since the artistic purpose of my grounds occasioned quite sufficient outlay, I found myself compelled to limit my endeavors to the establishment of a model park, whose results, of course, as I cannot deny, would not bring in so much *money* as the lessons of model *economy*.

With these observations, dear reader, we have arrived at the sheep farm (*ss*), whose high-bred sheep I was for two years compelled to degrade on account of the unfavorable wool idea of that time; that is, to make them more lucrative by a coarser but richer wool crop. We come next to the large race-course (*tt*), the use of which I intend shortly to offer to the "National Association for Breeding Fine Horses." It is half a German mile long, one hundred and twenty feet broad, with plenty of room for lookers-on, and forms a large oval, the interior of which is divided into seven separate fields, each planted with different fruit trees. From the heights this presents the view of a colossal star.

From the "stands," which are erected on a high point, one overlooks the whole course as well as a romantic region, with some small lakes. Stables for the horses "in training" and all the other requisites will be furnished close by. One of the above lakes will serve a purpose of a peculiar character. It will be planted, including its islands, with a mass of weeping willows, and quarried rocks scattered about, inscribed with the names of dear departed ones in silent memory (*uu*). The race-course at one point passes close by this lake of mourning, where at the same moment one may look down as into a hollow at the race-horse in his joyous flight and upon the monuments of those who now repose so deeply and whose race on this earth has forever been run. The large nursery from which the greater part of the park was planted might also be thought worth our attention as we pass (*vv*). The neighboring lake yields the needful water, which, however, is sparingly used for watering, in order to harden the young plants from the beginning, for which reason also a soil of only medium quality was selected. From the race-course the road leads to the Gobelin colony, a collection of cottages of various shapes, which we have already mentioned (*bb*). (See Plate XXXIX.) They are mostly inhabited by the garden laborers, and are scattered on a height, with a few old oaks, which may, perhaps, be several centuries old. Among them a few years ago a small treasure was found, buried probably

at the time of the Thirty Years' War, of which I have kept several coins. This is the only treasure which I can boast of having found with all my rummaging in the earth; on the other hand, that treasure has not failed me which the father bequeathed to his son when he urged him to dig for it round his vineyard, and I therefore recommend the same experiment to every land-owner.

We return to the castle past the village of Kobeln (*ww*), which also is inhabited only by garden laborers, along the Neisse, by a road on which, for the greater part, we have not driven before. I must remark once more that we are driving in the opposite direction from that part of the road with which we are already familiar, in order to lay stress on the fact that, with all our various drives and crossings during these days, we have never seen exactly the same picture repeated, and yet have touched at all the chief points, and have omitted nothing but those manifold details which require too much time, those never-ending variations of the inexhaustible music of Nature, which are only quite discoverable in all their *nuances* by the sturdy pedestrian.¹

¹ I need hardly point out that in the present disposition of the grounds, if the three carriage drives are made entirely in the opposite direction from that here described, an almost wholly new series of different views must be presented, although they are formed out of the same materials, as also quite different views may be obtained by short cuts which I have not described. If we add the footpaths as well, eight days would be necessary to know the park from end to end.



PLATE XXXIX. The Gobelin Colony: Cottages of the Garden Laborers

Although the description of the park ends here, a few words are due concerning more remote questions which are connected with the subject. As I have the great advantage of extensive and connected territories, and as no advantage should be neglected, I have attempted to utilize it in the following manner:—

A mile southeast of Muskau, toward the Silesian Mountains, I laid out a park for wild deer with a villa and huntsman's hut; and in a south-easterly direction, at a distance of two miles, a larger park for stags and wild boars. The foundation for this last was afforded by an old hunting and pleasure castle, where for centuries plenty of game was sacrificed to the hunting nobility. Both parks are connected by twin roads, going to and fro, which are reserved for the owners alone and never leave my land, and lead through the most interesting portion of the country, connected with the castle park, so that one may prolong the drives already described in one or other of these places for the whole day, if one wishes. A fifth road, besides, has been projected, for direct connection between the two parks for wild animals, which will lead unbroken for several miles through the main woods, and which, as the chronicles mention, borders the royal graves and Swantewit's hills of sacrifice. I have attempted to restore, in the form of sacrificial altars, some grotesque stone forms found during excavation.

The first grounds laid out, which I have al-

lowed to retain the former Wendish name "Wussina" (Wilderness), consists mostly of deciduous trees, up to a very wild part covered with tall firs, which has been given the name of "Wolf's Lair," in honor of the huntsmen. Occasionally we make the place resound at midnight with the Devil music of Weber, which has a doubly gruesome effect in these appropriate surroundings. A forest stream flows through the Wussina, and into the Neisse, which bounds two sides of the grounds. The third boundary is formed by a broad road and a low fence, which the deer can easily leap, as they do not thrive in fenced-in grounds, for, although one of the most delicate of beasts, the gentle deer, it seems, can least of all endure loss of freedom. The terrain is very mountainous, and lonely forest ravines, with deep meadow valleys at the foot and various views toward the "Riesengebirge" from the higher portions, make up the chief characteristics of these grounds. (See Plate XL.)

A quite different character, on the other hand, is shown in the large deer park, a district formerly enclosed by a high fence, which it takes *six to eight hours to circuit*. The enclosure has recently been pulled down by my orders and simple canals substituted; partly because with such an accumulation of game I lost too much from the poachers, who became very bold in consequence of the light punishment which was imposed when they were caught; partly because I found that wild animals in a confined space degenerated very

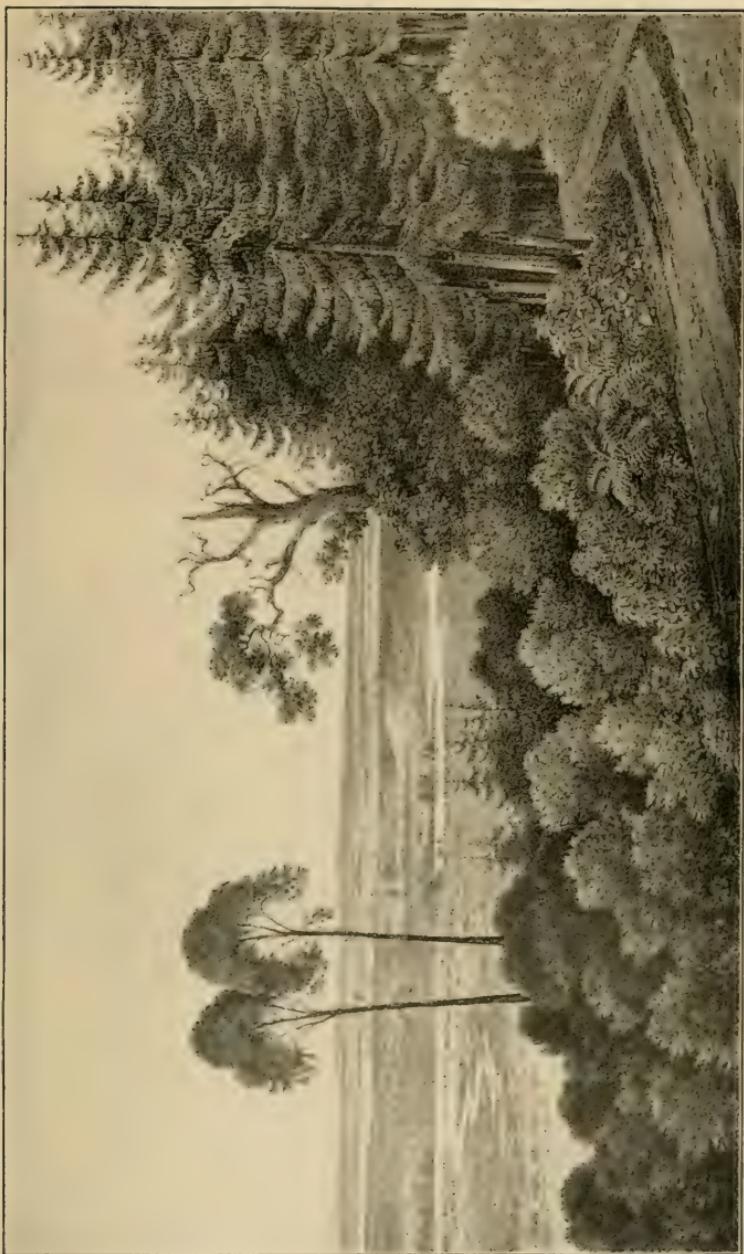


PLATE XL. View from the Wussina Deer Park, Muskau

much, becoming smaller, leaner, and less tasty, and also too tame, almost like the fallow deer which in England resemble flocks of sheep. Besides, game can be kept together in certain districts without fencing, by appropriate fodder and other practical means without hermetically sealing them from other pastures, and letting them pine and deteriorate in depressing captivity. An experience of fifteen years has quite convinced me on this point.¹

It was singular that two of my most opulent neighbors began to lay out fenced deer parks at the very time when I had my own fences pulled down. They had taken fifteen years to make up their minds to imitate me. I have no doubt that fifteen years later they will again follow me, for every one likes to become wise by *his own* experience.

The park lies quite in the plain, and presents merely an endless wooded tract with very few elevations, but is remarkable for its very fine old timber, mostly oaks, spruces, and pines of unusual size. The latter, with their tall, smooth trunks, sometimes one hundred and fifty feet high, are more like the pines of Italy than our common and picturesque kinds.

But what makes this wood so fresh and de-

¹ To prevent the liberals from falling on me on account of this, I may inform them that out of consideration for the farmers I hold only a third of the game which the law permits, in proportion to the area, which contains one hundred and thirty thousand acres, and that I let them have wood free besides, to enable them to fence *their own* fields wherever there are gaps.

lightful, and gives it a particular charm, is the almost unbroken carpet of huckleberries, cranberries, ferns, and wild rosemary which densely cover the ground. The bright green and shining leaf of the huckleberries, alternating continually with fern, is undoubtedly preferable in a wood to the finest lawn, and certainly cannot be artificially created in such lusty growth; nay, even where these plants were taken away in former times for litter, they have never grown again in the shade. It seems that more than a man's lifetime is required before large stretches become richly clad with them. This deer park, the castle of which contains plenty of room for many hunting guests, is used as head rendezvous for stag, boar, and roe hunting. The most interesting hunting for many, however, is heathcock shooting; growing elsewhere rarer every year, it can still be enjoyed here in great abundance. Indeed, one may hear from thirty to forty birds "calling" simultaneously in the territory of the park. For this sport one must rise very early, and as city folk are averse to this, the following plan of mine met with much appreciation: One drives from Muskau at midnight by torchlight through the woods, one of the cheapest as well as most agreeable methods of illuminating, then spends the rest of the time blowing the reveille at the hunting castle, and immediately afterwards "beats up" the heathcock, as it is called in hunting terms. In this manner ladies could frequently take part, and on their account I may be excused for men-



PLATE XLI. Spruce Tree in Muskau Park
One Hundred Feet High

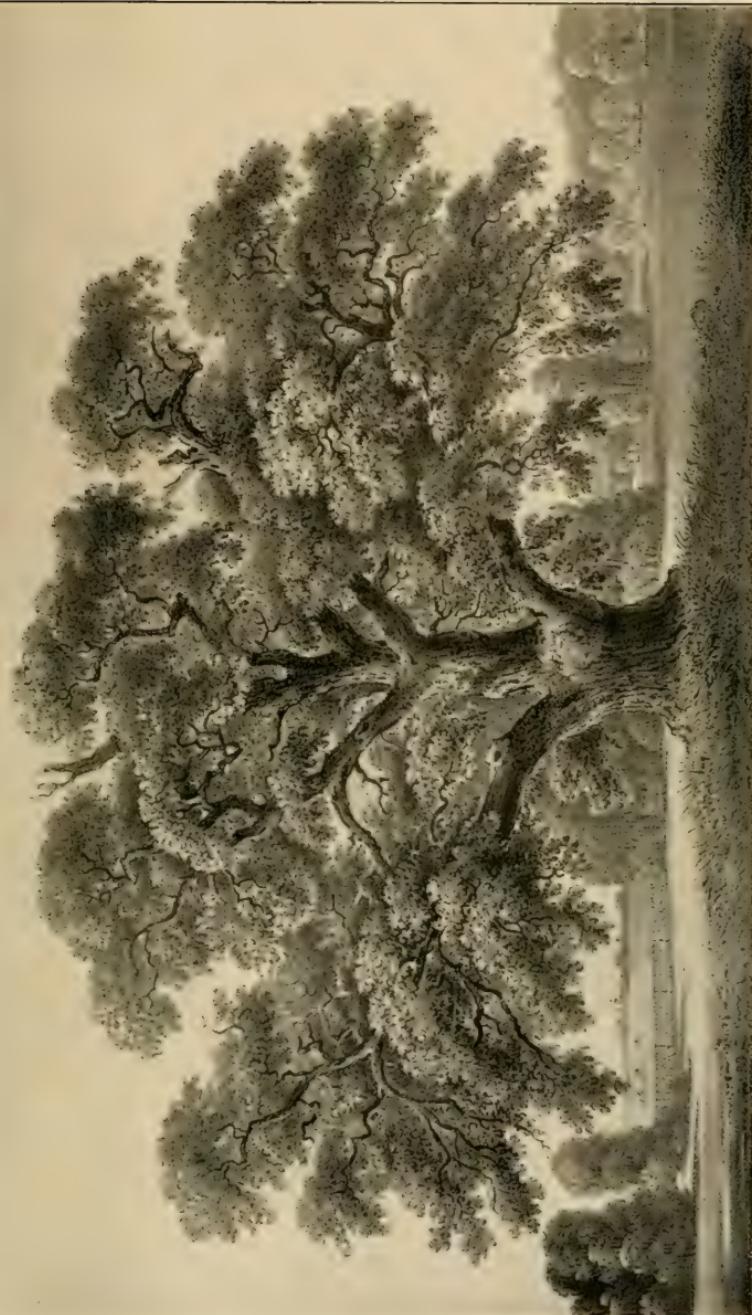


PLATE XLII. Oak Tree in Muskau Park

Eighty-Five Feet High

tioning this detail, which is hardly pertinent to the matter.

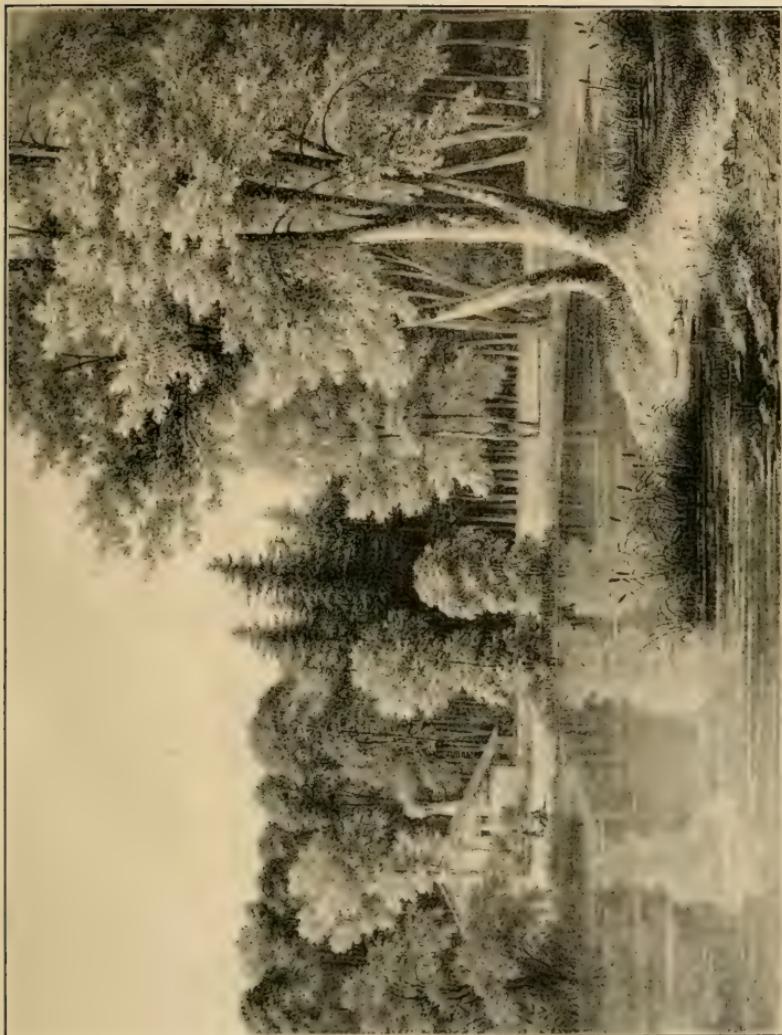
For stalking other game ten or twelve different tracks have been made, which also lead to the finest parts of the wood. These are divided among the guests strictly as their temporary property, so that each one may make use only of the one designated for him, and is certain, therefore, to avoid any accident on it. The huntsmen would consider it a very unbecoming intrusion on the rights of the others if anybody refused to abide by this rule. Therefore, the possessor may be certain day and night of being able to follow his pleasure, *comme il l'entend*. I owe this contrivance, as practical as it is pleasant, to the kindly assistance of Herr Oberforstmeister and Professor Pfeil in Berlin, after whom one of these labyrinthine, serpentine paths is even now called the "Pfeilstrasse."

Here there is such a number of splendid trees that I could not deny myself the pleasure of having two of them portrayed. Plate XLI represents a spruce tree standing alone, only one hundred feet high, it is true, but from which masses of needles hang down from the lowest branches to the length of seven feet. I once had it illuminated with paper lanterns in the form of colossal fruits like a Christmas tree, such a Christmas tree as perhaps has never been seen elsewhere. Plate XLII shows a remarkably shaped oak, eighty-five feet high, with a circumference of the trunk of twenty-four feet one

ell (yard) above the earth. The strongest branches are nine feet in circumference.

The last plate, XLIV, gives a view of my cottage in the garden of the hunting castle, a quiet, secluded spot, whence I bid a hearty farewell to the amiable reader, if he has held out so far with this dry matter, sincerely hoping that my small efforts may have been of some service to those who have devoted themselves to the same hobby, and also that I have drawn the attention of others to an occupation which perhaps has appeared to them in too subordinate a light. For when once the landowner has begun to idealize his property, he will soon become aware that cultivation of the soil will secure for him not only pecuniary advantage, but also real artistic delight, and how thankful Nature is to him who dedicates his powers *with love*. So then, if each one does his best for his own tirelessly and thoroughly, and the thousand facets combine easily and well to form *one* ring, the lovable dream of the St. Simonians might become true of a universal cult of our mother earth. For this purpose, however, it would be well to turn aside a little from these sad politics, which absorb everything and give so little in return, and revert a little more to happy art, whose service is in itself a reward; since for the ruling of the State we cannot all strive. But to seek to improve himself and his property is in the power of each one of us, and it is even a question whether in such a simple manner, in honest and homely endeavor, the so-much-de-

PLATE XLIV. Cottage near the Hunting Castle



sired freedom may not be attained with more calm and safety than by the many experiments in superficial theoretic forms of State. For he only can be free who commands himself.

THE END

INDEX

Index

Architecture in connection with landscape design, 32-33.
Ashridge, 38.
Bautzner Range, 181.
Blumenbach, 9.
Braunsdorf, 127.
Brown, landscape architect, 29.
Buckingham Palace, 70.
Buried treasure, 183-84.
Buxus (Box), 71.
Cattle in parks, 19-21, 26.
Chiswick, 71.
Claude Lorrain, 22.
Comparison of landscape art with that of the actor, the architect, and the musician, 117-18.
Cultivation of grass land, 55, 56, 57.
Cutting down trees, 59.
Deciduous trees, how to be used, 28-29.
Deer, maintenance of, 186-87.
Distant view, treatment of, 27, 30.
Drainage, 50-51.
Eaton Hall, 38.
Employment of trees around buildings, 33-34.
England, 35.
Evergreen trees, how to be used, 28, 29, 74.
Farm, model, 182.
Fern, 188.
Fichte, 105.
Fir, 28.
Flower beds, 45, 73.
Flower garden, 178, 179.
French parterre, 33.
Garden, true function of, 22.
Garden art, true principle, 22; of France, 22; of Romans, 22; of Switzerland, 22.
Gardener's Magazine, 35.
Gardens, design, definition of, 42, 74.
German landscape gardening, criticism, of, 1-7.
Gobelin colony, 183.
Goethe, 34.
Gothic building, 33, 34, 42.
Grasses, 49-54; 56-57.
Ha-ha ditch, 27, 43.
Harmony of colors of trees and shrubs, 69.
Holly, 71.
Huckleberries, 188.
Italy of the Renaissance, 33.
Juniper, 28.
Kobeln village, 184.
Lake in St. James's Park, design of, 91.
Landscape gardening, English, criticism of, 3-7, 19-20, 126.
Laurel, 71.

Lawns, 43-44.
 Lenné, landscape architect, 7, 176.
 Lilacs, 76.
 Lombard poplars, 33, 66, 79.
 Malahide, 37.
 Memorial Lake, 184.
 Michael Angelo, 18.
 Mistakes, treatment of, 14-16.
 Moss under trees, 53.
 Mountains, Oberlausitz, 120;
 Silesian, 120.
 Muck or humus, 49.
 Muskau, 15.
 Nash, Wm., 71, 72, 73, 91.
 Nature, 117.
 Neisse Valley, 127, 180.
 Oaks, 187.
 Pantheon, 18.
 Park design, definition of, 13,
 42, 60.
 Parks, English, 19.
 Paths, 74.
 Pine, 28, 33, 120, 187.
 Plans, of parks and garden, 16-17.
 Planting trees, 60-66.
 Pleasure-grounds, 19, 39, 178.
 Prussia, 21.
 Pückler, fitness to teach "art of
 gardening," 7-9.
 Raphael, 170.
 Regent's Park, 91.
 Repton, 9, 36, 91.
 Rhododendron, 71.
 Roads, construction of, 86-89;
 design, 81-85.
 Rousseau, 40.
 St. James's Park, 91.
 St. Peter's at Rome, 18, 171.
 Shrubberies, 75.
 Site of building, 31-35.
 Spruce, 28, 33, 187, 189.
 Symbolic expression in landscape
 design, 34, 35.
 Temples, 34, 42.
 Warwick Castle, 37.
 Weber, 186.
 Windsor Park, 70.
 Wussina, 186.
 Yew, 28.



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